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LITURGY AND HYMNS

FOR

THE USE OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH

OF THE

UNITED BRETHREN,

OR

Unitas Fratrum.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

Come before his presence with singing.—PSAL. c. 2.
I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy.—PSAL. lix. 16.
Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.—COL. iii. 16.
I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.
1 COR. xiv. 15.

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IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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PREFACE.

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This Collection of Hymns, for the use of the Protestant Church of the Unitas Fratrum, or United Brethren, consists partly of translations from the German, (marked by an asterisk,) and partly of original compositions.

Like the previous editions of 1801 and 1826, it has for its ground-work, the Hymn-book published in 1789, embodying the more useful and valuable hymns in the voluminous collection of 1754, of which Bishop Gambold was the principal editor.

A further revision of this work being considered desirable, the Provincial Conference of 1835 unanimously requested Br. James Montgomery to undertake this difficult and delicate task,—a request to which he kindly acceded. The result of his labours was presented to the Provincial Conference of 1847, by which a Committee was appointed, to prepare for the press a new Edition of the Brethren's Hymn-book, with full liberty from the venerable reviser to adopt, reject, or modify any of his proposed emendations. By the valuable service thus rendered, and by his kind permission to make free use of any of his own compositions, he has lai his brethren and sisters under deep and lasting obligations.

The volume now published consists of two parts,—the Liturgy and the Hymns of the Brethren's Church.

The former has been slightly modified, and, in its present form, received the sanction of the General Synod, held at Herrnhut, in the year 1848.

It is, however, to the collection of Hymns that the attention of the committee has been more immediately directed;

and they have endeavoured to discharge the duty assigned to them:—

1. By a careful collation of the existing text with that of older editions, and the restoration of the original form, as often and as far as this seemed desirable and practicable;

2. By the emendation of such hymns or stanzas, especially translations from the German, as appeared to be deficient in correctness or perspicuity;

3. By the omission of a number of hymns of inferior merit, or but seldom used;

4. By the insertion of others, derived from the earlier collections of our own church, from the collections in use in other churches, and from private sources, keeping in view the peculiar characteristics of the psalmody, which these additions are intended to enrich.

The present Hymn-book contains a greater number of hymns than any preceding edition. The chief object of this abundance is to furnish an enlarged store of Christian doctrine and experience conformable to the Holy Scriptures, the only infallible standard and inexhaustible fountain of divine truth. Our Hymn-book is designed to be a manual of private devotion, as well as a spiritual treasury, by means of which family devotion may be enlivened, and the services of the Lord's house rendered increasingly instructive and delightful. To this end, it is earnestly recommended, that the children and youth of our congregations be early taught to commit hymns or verses to memory.

Among the new hymns, will be found a large proportion of English compositions in the ordinary metres. Though many of these are of the first excellence, and well adapted for public worship, it is hoped that their introduction may not tend to bring into disuse the more characteristic psalmody, either of our own church, or of the foreign churches to which ours has been so largely indebted.

The nature of our services warrants the use of a great variety

of metre, which, though not altogether consonant with the genius of English verse, compensates for this defect, by the striking thoughts it serves to embody, and the noble melodies it has helped to inspire. The decline among us of the ability or the inclination to turn this variety to proper account, would be greatly to be deplored; and every effort should be made to prevent it, or to stay its progress, by teaching our children and young people to sing our tunes, and by using, on all suitable occasions, the hymns and melodies referred to. This may be done, especially in our singing meetings,—services peculiar to the Brethren's Unity,—in which, in conformity with the precept of the apostle in Col. iii. 16, we endeavour to render this beautiful portion of divine worship a vehicle, not only of praise and prayer, but also of mutual instruction, comfort, and edification.

May all who use these Hymns experience, at all times, the happy effects of compliance with the apostolic injunction,—(Eph. v. 18, 19,)—"Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." Yea, may they anticipate, while here below, though in an humble and imperfect strain, the song of the blessed above, who, being redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, are standing before the throne, and singing in perfect harmony with the myriads of angels that surround it, (Rev. v. 9 to 12; and vii. 9 to 14:) "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever. Amen."

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LITURGY

OF THE

CHURCH OF THE UNITED BRETHREN.

FOR THE MORNING SERVICE ON THE LORD'S DAY.

The Minister and Congregation shall repeat responsively:

O COME, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the LORD our Maker.

For he is our God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations. (Ps. xcv. 6, 7; c. 3—5.)

The Minister shall then repeat one of the following portions from the Holy Scripture:

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. (Ps. li. 17.)

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. (1 John i. 8, 9.)

If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. (1 John i. 7.)

Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; and having an High Priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith. (Heb. x. 19—22.)

Or,

Lord, Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that wilt by no means clear the guilty; (Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7.)

Incline thine ear and hear: for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousnesses, but for thy great mercies. (Dan. ix. 18.)

Or,

I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. (Luke xv. 18, 19.)

Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified. (Ps. cxliii. 2.)

I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. (Ps. li. 3, 9.)

THE CHURCH LITANY.

LORD, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

O God, the SON, the Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.
O God, the HOLY GHOST,
Abide with us for ever.

T. 22. Most holy, blessed TRINITY,
We praise thee to eternity. :‖: :‖:

T. 182. p. 2. Thou LAMB once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

From coldness to thy merits and death,
From error and misunderstanding,
From the loss of our glory in thee,
From the unhappy desire of becoming great,
From self-complacency,
From untimely projects,
From needless perplexity,
From the murdering spirit and devices of Satan,
From the influence of the spirit of this world,
From hypocrisy and fanaticism,
From the deceitfulness of sin,
From all sin,

Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.

By all the merits of thy life,
By thy human birth and circumcision,
By thy obedience, diligence, and faithfulness,
By thy humility, meekness, and patience,
By thy extreme poverty,
By thy holy baptism,
By thy watching, fasting, and temptations,
By thy griefs and sorrows,
By thy prayers and tears,
By thy having been despised and rejected,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

By thine agony and bloody sweat,
By thy bonds and scourgings,
By thy crown of thorns,
By thy cross and passion,
By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
By thy dying words,
By thy atoning death,

By thy rest in the grave,
By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By thy sending the Holy Ghost,
By thy prevailing intercession,
By the holy sacraments,
By thy divine presence, (Matt. xxviii. 20.)
By thy coming again to thy church on earth, or our being called home to thee,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

T. 96. We humbly pray with one accord,
Remember us, most gracious Lord;
Think on thy sufferings, wounds, and cross,
And how by death thou savedst us:
For this is all our hope and plea,
In time and in eternity.

We poor sinners pray;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Rule and lead thy holy Christian church;
Increase the knowledge of the mystery of Christ, and diminish misapprehensions;
Make the word of the cross universal among those who are called by thy name;
Unite all the children of God in one spirit; (John xi. 52.)
Abide their only Shepherd, High-priest, and Saviour;
Send faithful labourers into thy harvest; (Matt. ix. 38.)
Give spirit and power to preach thy word;
Preserve unto us the word of reconciliation till the end of days;
And, through the Holy Ghost, daily glorify the merits of thy life, sufferings, and death:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Prevent or destroy all designs and schemes of Satan, and defend us against his accusation; (Rev. xii. 10.)
For the sake of that peace which we have with thee, may we, as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men; (Rom. xii. 18.)

Grant us to bless them that curse us, and to do good to them that hate us; (Matt. v. 44.)
Have mercy upon our slanderers and persecutors, and lay not this sin to their charge; (Acts vii. 60.)
Hinder all schisms and offences;
Put far from thy people all deceivers and seducers;
Bring back those who have erred, or have been seduced;
Grant love and unity to all our congregations:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Thou Light and Desire of all nations, (Matt. iv. 16; Hag. ii. 7.)
Watch over thy messengers both by land and sea;
Prosper the endeavours of all thy servants, to spread thy gospel among heathen nations;
Accompany the word of their testimony concerning thy atonement, with demonstration of the Spirit and of power; (1 Cor. ii. 4.)
Bless our congregations gathered from among the heathen;
Keep them as the apple of thine eye; (Deut. xxxii. 10.)
Have mercy on thy ancient covenant-people, the Jews; deliver them from their blindness; (Rom. xi. 25, 26.)
And bring all nations to the saving knowledge of thee:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O praise the Lord, all ye heathen:
Praise him, all ye nations.

Give to thy people open doors to preach the gospel, and set them to thy praise on earth; (Rev. iii. 8.)
Grant to all bishops and ministers of the church soundness of doctrine and holiness of life, and preserve them therein; (Tit. i. 7, ii. 1.)
Help all elders to rule well, especially those who labour in the word and doctrine; that they may feed thy church, which thou hast purchased with thine own blood: (1 Tim. v. 17; Acts xx. 28.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Watch graciously over all kings, princes, and governments, and hear our intercessions for them; (1 Tim. ii. 1, 2.)

Grant and preserve unto them thoughts of peace and concord;
We beseech thee especially, to pour down thy blessings in a plentiful manner upon our gracious Sovereign, Queen *VICTORIA*, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family;
Grant that our Queen may enjoy a long and happy reign over us; stablish her in thy faith, fear, and love, that she may walk before thee as thy servant, and protect thy true religion in these nations;
[Bless both Houses of Parliament, and direct their counsels;]
Guide and protect the magistrates of the land wherein we dwell, and all that are put in authority; and grant us to lead under them a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty: (1 Tim. ii. 2.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Teach us to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for thy sake; and to seek the peace of the places where we dwell; (1 Pet. ii. 13; Jer. xxix. 7.)
Grant them blessing and prosperity;
Prevent war, and the effusion of human blood;
Preserve the land from distress by fire and water, hail and tempest, plague, pestilence, and famine;
Let the earth be like a field which the Lord blesseth;
Give peace and salvation, O God, to this land, and to all orders of men therein:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

To be prayed in time of War.

[Grant, O Lord, unto our Queen, in these times of danger, thy gracious counsel, that in all things she may approve herself the mother of her people;
Be thou the gracious Protector of these nations, and of our fellow-subjects in all parts of the world;
Turn the hearts of our enemies; defeat every evil design against us; and continue to show thy tender mercy unto this United Kingdom, as thou hast done in the days past;
Cause us to bow down before thee, to confess our sins, and to

acknowledge with contrite hearts, that it is of thy mercies that we are not consumed; (Lam. iii. 22.)

Stop in thy tender mercy the effusion of human blood, and make discord and wars to cease;

To this end, put into the hearts of the rulers of the nations thoughts of peace, that we may see it soon established, to the glory of thy name:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.]

T. 235. p. 2. Promote, we pray, thy servants' good,
Redeem'd with thy most precious blood;
Among thy saints make us ascend
To glory that shall never end:
O Lord, have mercy on us all,
Have mercy on us, when we call:
Lord, we have put our trust in thee,
Confounded let us never be: Amen.

Supply, O Lord, we pray thee, all the wants of thy church;

Let all things be conducted among us in such a manner, that we provide things honest, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men; (2 Cor. viii. 21.)

Bless the sweat of the brow, and faithfulness in business;

Let none entangle himself with the affairs of this life; (2 Tim. ii. 4.)

But may all our labour of body and mind be hallowed unto thee:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O thou Preserver of men, (Job vii. 20.)

Send help to all that are in distress or danger;

Strengthen and uphold those who suffer bonds and persecution for the sake of the gospel; (Hebr. xiii. 3.)

Defend, and provide for fatherless children, and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed; (Ps. lxviii. 5.)

Be the support of the aged; (Is. xlvi. 4.)

Make the bed of the sick, and, in the midst of suffering, let them feel that thou lovest them; (Ps. xli. 3.)

And when thou takest away men's breath, that they die, then remember, that thou hast died, not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world: (1 John ii. 2; Rom. v. 18.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O Lord, thou who art over all, God blessed for ever, (Rom. ix. 5.)
Be the Saviour of all men; (1 Tim. iv. 10.)
Yea, have mercy on thy whole creation; (Rom. viii. 19, 22.)
For thou camest, by thyself to reconcile all things unto God, whether things in earth, or things in heaven: (Col. i. 20; Eph. ii. 16.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Thou Saviour of thy body, the church, (Eph. v. 23.)
Bless, sanctify, and preserve every member, through the truth; (John xvii. 17.)
Grant that each, in every age and station, may enjoy the powerful and sanctifying merits of thy holy humanity; and make us chaste before thee in soul and body;
Let our children be brought up in thy nurture and admonition; (Eph. vi. 4.)
Pour out thy Holy Spirit on all thy servants and handmaids; (Acts ii. 18.)
Purify our souls, in obeying the truth, through the Spirit, unto unfeigned love of the brethren: (1 Pet. i. 22.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labours:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O Christ, almighty God,

Have mercy upon us.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Own us to be thine. (John i. 29.)

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Be joyful over us.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Leave thy peace with us.

O Christ, hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

We práise thee, O God;—we acknowledge thée to be the Lord.
All the earth doth wórship thee,—The Fáther everlasting.
To thee all angels crý aloud,—the heavens, and áll the powers therein.
To thee cherubim and séraphim—contínually do cry,
Holy, hóly, holy,—Lord Gód of Sabaoth;
Heaven and eárth are full—of the májesty of thy glory.
The glorious company óf the apostles—práise thee.
The goodly fellowship óf the prophets—práise thee.
The noble árm̧y of martyrs—práise thee.
The holy church throughout all the world doth acknówledge thee,—the Father of an ínfinite majesty,
Thine honourable, true, and ónly Son,—also the Holy Ghóst, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of glóry, O Christ;—thou art the everlasting Són of the Father.
When thou tookest upon thee to delíver man,—thou didst not abhór the Virgin's womb.
When thou hadst overcome the shárpness of death,—thou didst open the kingdom of heáven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hánd of God,—in the glóry of the Father.
We believe that thóu shalt come—to bé our Judge.
We therefore pray thee, hélp thy servants,—whom thou hast redeemed wíth thy precious blood;
Make them to be numbered wíth thy saints—in glóry everlasting.
O Lord, save thy people, and bléss thine heritage;—govern them, and líft them up for ever.
Day by day, we mágnify thee;—and we worship thy name éver, world without end.
Vouchsáfe, O Lord,—to keep us thís day without sin.
O Lord, have mérey upon us,—have mérey upon us.
O Lord, let thy mercy líghten upon us;—as oúr trust is in thee.
O Lord, in thee háve I trusted;—let me néver be confounded.

Glory be to the Father, and tó the Son,—and tó the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and éver shall be,—world without end: Amen.

EASTER MORNING LITANY.

I BELIEVE in the One only God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who created all things by Jesus Christ, and was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.

I believe in God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world;

Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son;

Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ;

Who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

This I verily believe.

We thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.

Father, glorify thy name.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

I believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him;

I believe that he was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and took on him the form of a servant;

By the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, was conceived of the Virgin Mary; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; was born of a woman;

And being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin:

For he is the Lord, the Messenger of the covenant, whom we delight in. The Lord and his Spirit hath sent him to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord:

He spoke that which he did know, and testified that which he had seen: as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried;

The third day rose again from the dead, and with him many bodies of the saints which slept;

Ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the throne of the Father; whence he will come, in like manner as he was seen going into heaven.

T. 58. p. 2. Amen, come, Lord Jesus; come, we implore thee:
With longing hearts we now are waiting for thee;
Come soon, O come.

The Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead.

This is my Lord, who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil;

Not with gold or silver, but with his holy, precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying;

To the end that I should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness;

So as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

This I most certainly believe.

I believe in the Holy Ghost, who proceedeth from the Father, and whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after he went away, that he should abide with us for ever;

That he should comfort us, as a mother comforteth her children;

That he should help our infirmities, and make intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered;

That he should bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God, and teach us to cry, Abba, Father;

That he should shed abroad in our hearts the love of God, and make our bodies his holy temple;

And that he should work all in all, dividing to every man severally as he will.

To him be glory in the church, which is in Christ Jesus, the holy, universal Christian church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity. *Amen.*

I believe, that, by my own reason and strength, I cannot believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to him;

But that the Holy Ghost calleth me by the gospel, enlightneth me with his gifts, sanctifieth and preserveth me in the true faith;

Even as he calleth, gathereth, enlightneth, and sanctifieth the whole church on earth, which he keepeth by Jesus Christ in the only true faith;

In which Christian church, God forgiveth me and every believer all sin daily and abundantly.

This I assuredly believe.

I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; I shall never taste death; yea, I shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead: for the body which I shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: my flesh shall rest in hope.

And the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, shall also quicken these our mortal bodies, if so be that the Spirit of God hath dwelt in them. *Amen.*

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God;

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brethren, *N.N.*, and with our sisters, *N.N.*,* who have entered into the joy of their Lord; (and whose bodies are buried here;)

Also with the servants and handmaids of our church, whom thou hast called home in the past year, and with the whole

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* Here may be mentioned, in each Congregation, the names of those who have departed into eternal rest, since the preceding Easter.

church triumphant; and let us rest together in thy presence from our labours. *Amen.*

T. 15. They are at rest in lasting bliss,
Beholding Christ our Saviour;
Our humble expectation is
To live with him for ever.

Glory be to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life; He was dead, and behold, He is alive for evermore; And he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him; for ever and ever. *Amen.*

T. 151. p. 2. Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until we hence are taken
To see thee face to face.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

LITANIES AT BAPTISM.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN. No. 1.

(After the singing of a suitable hymn, and a short discourse.)

CHRIST, thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Leave thy peace with us. Amen.

By thy holy sacraments,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

Baptism is the answer of a good conscience towards God, who hath saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Children, also, may be made partakers of this grace;

For Christ hath said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

T. 90. An infant we present to thee,—As thy redeemed property,
And thee most fervently entreat,—Thyself this child to consecrate
By baptism, and its soul to bless,—Out of the fulness of thy grace.

(The child having been brought in, the minister offers up a prayer.)

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?

Into his death.

N.N., into the death of Jesus, I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

(During the imposition of hands the minister continues:)

Now art thou buried with him by baptism into his death;

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

Now therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 132. p. 2. This grant according to thy word,
Thro' Jesus Christ our only Lord,
O Father, Son, and Spirit.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

(Questions which may be put to the children and answered by them.)

1. What is baptism?
2. May children also be made partakers of this grace?
3. What is the ground of this hope?

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN. No. 2.

(After the singing of a suitable hymn, and a short discourse.)

O THOU Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Have mercy upon us, and give us thy peace.

By all the merits of thy life, sufferings, death, and resurrection,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

Baptism was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, who said unto his disciples, Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy

Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.

He also gave this promise, He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.

In baptism, we have assurance of the forgiveness and washing away of sin, by the blood of Jesus Christ, who loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word.

As many of us as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ.

T. 22. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
Our beauty is, our glorious dress;
Thus well array'd we need not fear,
When in his presence we appear.

Children, also, may be made partakers of this grace:

For Christ hath said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

(The child having been brought in, the minister offers up a prayer.)

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?

Into his death.

N.N., into the death of Jesus, I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

(During the imposition of hands the minister continues:)

Now art thou buried with him by baptism into his death;

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

Now therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 58. That our Lord's views with *him* may be attain'd,
We now commend this child, with faith unfeign'd,
To the Father's blessing, to the Son's favour,
The Holy Spirit's guidance, now and ever:
Hear us, O Lord.

The Lord bless thee, &c.

(Questions which may be put to the children and answered by them.)

1. Who instituted baptism?
2. What promise did he give?
3. What assurance have we in baptism?

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

T. 22. CHRIST, the almighty Son of God,
Took on him human flesh and blood,
And willingly gave up his breath
To save us from eternal death.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,—And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
That we're from condemnation freed,—Since Christ our ransom fully paid.

(After a short discourse follow these petitions.)

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

O God, the SON, the Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.
O God, the HOLY GHOST,
Abide with us for ever.

T. 132. p. 2. Thou LAMB once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

By thy divine presence,
By thy holy sacraments,
Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

(Questions put to the candidate for baptism.)

Dost thou believe in God the Father, almighty Maker and Preserver of heaven and earth?
ANSWER. *I do.*

Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, our Lord, who loved us, and gave himself for us?
ANSWER. *I do.*

Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Christian church, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting?
ANSWER. *I do.*

Dost thou believe that thou art a sinful creature, deserving of wrath and eternal punishment?
ANSWER. *I verily believe it.*

Dost thou believe that Jesus Christ is thy Lord, who redeemed thee, a lost and undone human creature, from sin,

from death, and from the power of the devil, with his innocent suffering and dying, and with his holy and precious blood?

ANSWER. *I verily believe it.*

Dost thou, in this faith, desire to be baptized into the death of Jesus, to be washed from thy sins, and to be embodied into the congregation of the faithful?

ANSWER. *This is my sincere desire.*

Dost thou, in this faith, renounce the service of sin and Satan, and determine to live under Christ in his kingdom, and serve him in holiness and righteousness all the days of thy life?

ANSWER. *I do most heartily, in the strength of Jesus Christ, my Lord, and of his Holy Spirit.*

T. 155. Unto *him*, O Lamb of God,—Open thy salvation's treasure
In rich measure;—Graciously *his* sins forgive,
Him receive,—Grant *him* peace and consolation;
Join *him* to thy congregation,—As the purchase of thy death.

T. 22. The water flowing from thy side,
Which by the spear was open'd wide,
Be now *his* bath; thy precious blood
Cleanse *him*, and bring *him* nigh to God.

(The candidate for baptism kneeling, the minister offers up a prayer.)

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?

Into his death.

N.N., into the death of Jesus, I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

(During the imposition of hands the minister continues:)

Now art thou washed, justified, and sanctified by the blood of Christ: therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life, which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

(Then, the congregation kneeling, the following verses may be sung:)

T. 22. May Christ thee sanctify and bless,
His Spirit's seal on thee impress;
His body, torn with many a wound,
Preserve thy soul and body sound.

The blood-sweat trickling down his face,
Thy condemnation doth erase;
His cross, his sufferings, and his pain,
Thy everlasting strength remain.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Will thee protect, we humbly trust.

The Lord bless thee, &c.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS FROM THE HEATHEN.

Our Lord Jesus Christ,
Be gracious unto us.
By thy divine presence,
Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

By all the merits of thy holy humanity, life, sufferings, death, and resurrection,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

T. 22. Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to thee,
That thou didst deign a man to be,
And for each soul which thou hast made,
Hast an eternal ransom paid.

T. 132. O Jesus Christ, thou Son belov'd
Of thy celestial Father,
By whom all enmity 's remov'd,
And all the lost find succour;
Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

T. 127. O Lamb of God unspotted,—our crucified Saviour,
Who hast to shame submitted,—with patient, meek behaviour:
Thy bearing our transgression—hath sav'd us from damnation:
Have mercy on us, O Jesus, O Jesus.

T. 30. Lift up thy pierced hands, most gracious Saviour,
Now pour out on *him* (*them*) that grace and favour,
Which in thy loving—and kind heart for us is ever moving.

(After these or other verses suited to this transaction have been sung, and a short discourse delivered concerning the aim of baptism, and the grace imparted by it to those who receive it, the minister shall put the following questions to the candidate)

Dost thou believe that thou art a sinful creature, and on account of thy sins deservest the wrath of God and eternal punishment?

Answer. *I do believe it.*

Dost thou believe that Jesus Christ became a man for us, and by his innocent life, sufferings, blood-shedding, and death, reconciled us sinners to God?

Answer. *I verily believe it.*

Dost thou believe that he hath purchased for thee, by his blood and death, remission of sins, life, and happiness?

ANSWER. *I verily believe it.*

Wilt thou, in this faith, be baptized into the death of Jesus, and be washed from thy sins in his blood?

ANSWER. *That is my sincere desire.*

Dost thou also desire to be delivered from the power of sin, and of Satan, and to be received into the fellowship of Jesus Christ, and of those who believe in him?

ANSWER. *That is my sincere desire, and I renounce the devil and all his works and ways.*

T. 22. Soul, body, spirit, Lord, are thine,
The purchase of thy blood divine;
O take *him* as thy property,
And keep *him* thine eternally.

(During this verse the candidate for baptism kneels down, and the minister prays, that he may be cleansed from all his sins in the blood of Christ, delivered from guilt and punishment, and from the dominion of sin and Satan, buried by baptism into the death of Jesus, and raised together with him unto newness of life, and thus, together with all believers, received into, and made a partaker of the fellowship of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.)

T. 75. Through thy atoning blood,
That precious, healing flood,
Remove all sin and sadness,
And fill *his* heart with gladness;
Lord, hear thou *his* confession,
And blot out *his* transgression.

or, T. 22. The water flowing from thy side,
Which by the spear was open'd wide,
Be now *his* bath; thy precious blood
Cleanse *him* and bring *him* nigh to God.

(After singing one of these, or any other suitable verses, follows the baptism.)

N.N., into the death of Jesus, I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Now art thou buried with Christ by baptism into his death; therefore, from henceforth live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 14. With awe and heartfelt thankfulness,
Him in the dust adore;
He who hath look'd on thee in grace,
Hath bliss for thee in store.

(The congregation now kneels down, and the person baptized falls prostrate, during which may be sung:)

T. 22. May Christ thee sanctify and bless,
His Spirit's seal on thee impress;
His body, torn with many a wound,
Preserve thy soul and body sound.

or, T. 22. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
Thy beauty be, thy glorious dress;
Thus well array'd, thou need'st not fear,
When in his presence all appear.

or, T. 79. p. 2. His death and passion ever,
Till soul and body sever,
Shall in thy heart engrav'd remain.

T. 22. All power and glory doth pertain
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain,
And hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

(The congregation rising, the minister pronounces the blessing:)

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

T. 11. Praise on earth to thee be giv'n,
Never-ceasing praise in heaven;
Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine.

CONFIRMATION.

After a suitable discourse, the minister addresses the candidates for confirmation, putting some appropriate questions to them, to which they reply. They then kneel down, and the minister imparts to each the blessing of confirmation with imposition of hands, pronouncing at the same time a text of Scripture, such as:

"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and, I pray God, your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

(1 Thess. v. 23.)

Or, "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ."

(Heb. xiii. 20, 21.)

After this the minister adds:

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

All then kneel down, and the persons confirmed are commended in prayer to the Lord. The service is concluded with a hymn.

All candidates for confirmation are, previous to it, carefully instructed by the minister in the doctrines of Christianity, with a particular reference to the Lord's supper, of which they are invited to partake at the next celebration of this holy ordinance, subsequent to their confirmation.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

The service is opened by singing verses expressive of penitence and contrition of heart, after which a prayer for absolution is offered up. The congregation rising, a verse is sung, and the bread is consecrated by pronouncing the words of institution:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake

it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me."

The consecrated bread is then distributed by the minister and his assistants among the communicants, during the singing of hymns, treating principally of the sufferings and death of our Lord. After all the communicants have received the bread, the minister repeats the words:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, "Take, eat: this is my body, which is given for you."

The congregation partake all together at the same time, kneeling, either in silence, or while a verse is sung, expressive of the solemn act. The congregation rising, verses of thanksgiving are sung, after which the minister consecrates the wine by pronouncing the words:

"After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it: this is my blood, the blood of the new testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me."

The minister then partaking of the consecrated cup, delivers it to his assistants, by whom it is administered to the congregation; during which hymns are sung, treating of the remission of sins in the blood of Jesus, and of its healing and sanctifying power.

The service is continued with hymns, treating of brotherly love, communion with Christ, and thankfulness for his incarnation, passion, and death, and concluded with the blessing.

ORDINATIONS.

The service being opened by the singing of the hymn, "*Come, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our God*," &c., or some other suitable verses, the bishop addresses the congregation in an appropriate discourse, ending with a charge to the candidate (or candidates) for ordination, after which he offers up a prayer, imploring the blessing of God upon the solemn transaction, and commending the candidate (or candidates) to his grace, that he may be endowed with power, and unction, and the influences of the Holy Ghost, for preaching the word of God, administering the holy sacraments, and for doing all those things which shall be committed unto him, for the promotion of the spiritual edification of the church. The bishop then proceeds to ordain the candidate (or candidates) with imposition of hands, pronouncing the following or similar words:

I ordain (*consecrate*) thee, N. N., to be a Deacon (Presbyter) (*Bishop*) of the church of the United Brethren, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

The bishop, having returned to his place, kneels down with the whole congregation, all worshipping in silent devotion; the brother then ordained prostrating: after a suitable pause, one of the following *Doxologies* is sung by the choir, the congregation joining in the *Amen, Hallelujah.*

The service is concluded with a short hymn, the bishop pronouncing the New Testament blessing.

N.B. At the consecration of bishops, two or three bishops generally assist.

DOXOLOGY. No. 1.

To be used on Festal Occasions.

Unto the Lamb thát was slain, (Rev. v. 12.)

And hath redeemed us out of all nátions of the earth; (Rev. v. 9.)

Unto the Lord who purchased our souls fór himself; (Acts xx. 28.)

Unto that Friend who lóved us,—and washed us from our sins ín his own blood; (Rev. i. 5)

Who died fór us once, (Rom. vi. 10, 11, 12; 2 Cor. v. 15.)

That we might díe unto sin; (1 Pet. ii. 24.)

Who róse for us,

That we álso might rise; (1 Cor. xv.)

Who ascended for us ínto heaven,

To prepare á place for us; (John xiv. 2, 3.)

Choir. And to whom are subjected the angels, and powers, ánd dominions; (1 Pet. iii. 22.)

To Him be glory át all times,

In the church that wáiteth for him,—and in that which ís around him,

Choir. From everlasting to everlásting: *Amen.*

Min. Little children, abide in him; that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him át his coming. (1 John ii. 28.)

In none but him alone I trust for ever,
In him, my Saviour.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:
In the name of Jesus: Amen.

DOXOLOGIES. No. 2.

(a) To be used at the Ordination of Deacons.

Glory be to thy most meritorious Ministry,
O thou Servant of the true tabernacle,
Who didst not come to be ministered unto,
But to minister.
Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

(b) To be used at the Ordination of Presbyters.

Glory be to thy most holy Priesthood,
Christ, thou Lamb of God;
Thou who wast slain for us;
Who by one offering hast perfected for ever them that are sanctified.
Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

To be used at the Consecration of Bishops.

Glory be to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.
The great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant;
Glory and obedience be unto God the Holy Ghost, our Guide and Comforter;
Glory and adoration be to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Who is the Father of all who are called children on earth and in heaven.

O might each pulse thanksgiving beat,
And every breath His praise repeat.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

LITANY AT BURIALS.

No. 1.

LORD, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, hear us.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

O God, the SON, the Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

By thy human birth,
By thy prayers and tears,
By all the troubles of thy life,
By the grief and anguish of thy soul,
By thine agony and bloody sweat,
By thy bonds and scourgings,
By thy crown of thorns,
By thine ignominious crucifixion,
By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
By thy atoning death,
By thy rest in the grave,
By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By thy divine presence,
By thy coming again to thy church on earth, or our being called home to thee,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

O God, the HOLY GHOST,

Abide with us for ever.

T. 83. Christ is risen from the dead,
Thou shalt rise too, saith my Saviour:
Of what should I be afraid?
I with him shall live for ever:
Can the HEAD forsake his limb,
And not draw me unto him?

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Therefore, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

T. 79. This body, now to rest convey'd,
Into the earth like Jesus' laid,*
Like his shall rise again:
Christ soon in glory will appear,
Then we, and these interred here,
With him o'er death shall ever reign.

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God:

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brother (sister) N.N., whose remains we here inter, and with the whole church triumphant, and let us rest with him (her) in thy presence from our labours. *Amen.*

Our late brother (sister) desired to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better, and he (she) shall never taste death, but attain unto the resurrection of the dead; for this body which he (she) hath put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption. His (her) flesh here rests in hope.

The Father and the Son, who quicken whom they will, and the Spirit of him who raised up Jesus from the dead, will also quicken this body, because the Spirit of God hath dwelt in it. *Amen.*

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* During the singing of this verse, the corpse is committed to the grave.

T. 22. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Thus well array'd I need not fear,
When in his presence I appear.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's: for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be the Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ.

Glory be to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, who quickeneth us, while in this dying state, and after we have obtained the true life, doth not suffer us to die any more.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

LITANY AT BURIALS.

No. 2.

LORD, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Holy Father, accept us as thy children in thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, who came forth from thee, and came into the world, was made flesh, and dwelt among us, took on him the form of a servant, and hath redeemed us, lost and undone human creatures, from all sin and from death, with his holy and precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying; to the end that we should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness; forasmuch as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end. *Amen.*

Therefore, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.

Whosoever liveth and believeth in Christ, shall never die; for He is the Resurrection and the Life, and went to prepare a place for us, and will come again, and receive us unto himself, that where he is, there we may be also.

Meanwhile none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's: for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

T. 14. Now to the earth let these remains*
In hope committed be,
Until the body chang'd obtains
Bless'd immortality.

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God:

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labours. *Amen.*

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* During the singing of this verse, the corpse is committed to the grave.

(* As touching children, Jesus saith, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall n t enter therein.)

We desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better: we shall never taste death; and we shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead: for the body, which we shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: our flesh shall rest in hope.

The Father and the Son, who quicken whom they will, and the Spirit of Him who raised up Jesus from the dead, will also quicken these our mortal bodies, if so be that the Spirit of God hath dwelt in them.

Glory be to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. He was dead, and behold he liveth for evermore. And he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

T. 79. While here, the great salvation,
Procur'd by Jesus' passion,
Our favourite theme shall be:
By virtue of his merit,
We shall true life inherit
In heaven to all eternity.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

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* To be used only at the burial of a child.

HYMNS.

I. THE WORD OF GOD.

1.* T. 119.

HOLY Lord, :‖:
Holy and almighty Lord,
Thou who, as the great Creator,
Art by all thy works ador'd;
Source of universal nature, [blood,
And to man, redeem'd by Jesus'
Sovereign good; :‖:

2 Thanks and praise, :‖:
Thanks and praise be ever thine,
That thy word to us is given,
Teaching us with power divine,
That the Lord of earth and heaven,
Everlasting life for us to gain,
Once was slain. :‖:

3 Day nor night, :‖:
Never let us hold our peace;
In his blood-bought congregation
Never shall his praises cease;
God, as man, made an oblation,
Suffer'd, bled, and died, my soul,
Joyful be. :‖: [for thee;

4 Lord our God, :‖:
May thy precious, saving word,
Till our race is here completed,
Light unto our path afford;
And, when in thy presence seated,
We to thee will render for thy grace
Ceaseless praise. :‖:

2.* T. 22.

GOD'S holy word, which ne'er shall cease,
Proclaims free pardon, grace, and peace,
Directs to Jesus and his blood,
And teaches us the will of God.

2 As guilty creatures could not bear
The awful voice of God to hear,
By men the Spirit of the Lord
Reveal'd his holy covenant-word.

3 This sacred word exposes sin,
Convinces us that we're unclean;
Points out the wretched, ruin'd state
Of all mankind, both small & great.

4 It also shows God's boundless grace
Towards the fallen human race,
And offers life to every one
Who turns in faith to his dear Son.

5 This gospel cheers the poor in heart,
And heavenly riches doth impart;
Sets forth the mystery of the cross,
And that Christ's blood aton'd for us:—

6 It gathers God's elected flock,
Beneath the shade of Christ the rock,
Serves to instruct us and reprove,
Confirms our hope, inflames our love:—

7 It keeps believers in the faith
Of Christ and his atoning death;
Prompts us to do God's holy will,
And leads us safe to Salem's hill.

8 Receive our cordial thanks, O Lord,
For granting us thy holy word;
O may we thereby guided be,
Till we in heaven shall dwell with thee.

3.* T. 84.

DEAREST Jesus, we are here,
By thy word to gain instruction;
Grant to each an open ear,
And thy Spirit's manuduction;
That we, freed from things terres-
May aspire to joys celestial. [trial,

2 Reason gives no saving light
Unto fallen human nature;
But thy Spirit clears our sight,
Makes the sinner a new creature;
And by his divine emotion
Prompts our hearts to true devotion.

3 Holy Ghost, eternal God,
We now humbly ask the favour:
Shed in all our hearts abroad
The great love of God our Saviour;
Bless our prayer and meditation,
And accept our supplication.

4. T. 106.

SPIRIT of truth, essential God,
Who didst the saints of old inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad.
And touch their lips with sacred fire:
Thou Guide divine, who dost impart
The truth to man, instruct each heart.

2 Most holy and almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
May we believe the written word,
By thy own inspiration given:
Thou only canst its truths explain;
Without thy aid we search in vain.

3 Come, thou divine Interpreter,
Our sloth and ignorance thou know'st:
Ah, teach us humbly to revere
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For all the mercy, truth, and grace,
We in the holy scriptures trace.

5. T. 22.

'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 O God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name, who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

6.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, with thy children stay
Till dawn of thy eternal day;
And let thy glorious gospel-light
Meanwhile dispel the gloom of night.

2 In these degenerate, evil days,
We pray for constancy and grace,
That we keep pure, most gracious Lord,
Thy holy sacraments & word.

3 Thy sacred word is all our boast;
In this thy church can boldly trust;
This doth alone to bliss direct:
All other doctrines we reject.

4 Lord, from such teachers us preserve,
As from the holy scriptures swerve,
And by false doctrines would deceive
The souls who love thee, and believe.

5 The cause and glory, Lord, are thine;
Thy word is pure and truth divine:
Assist us to rely on thee,
And keep us thine eternally.

7.* T. 16.

FROM the doctrines I'll ne'er waver,
In the holy scriptures stor'd;
O what sweetness do I savour
In each sacred covenant-word.

2 And if I myself examine,
While the book I 'fore me hold,
To each truth my heart saith Amen,
One the other doth unfold.

3 Speak, O Lord, thy servant heareth
With deep awe attentively;
What thy holy word declareth
Shall my rule and practice be.

8. T. 22.

FAIN would I, dear Redeemer, learn,
Fain what is excellent discern;
Thy will would search, my duty know;
O let thy word the secret show.

2 Sigh after sigh to thee I send,
That I thy word may comprehend,
That word, which, learnt and understood,
Affords the soul enduring food.

3 Let human arts make others wise,
My learning from the cross shall rise;
Thy wounds, thy passion, death, and grave
Are all the knowledge that I crave.

4 With pity view me at thy feet;
To be instructed, Lord, I wait;
Here will I lie, nor wish to rise,
Till by thy cross I am made wise.

9.* T. 97.

GIVE us thy Spirit, Lord, that we,
With gladness and humility,
The holy scriptures may believe,
And with a grateful heart receive
As thy own word, to make us truly wise,
And not as man's invention or device.

10.* T. 97.

HERE in thy presence we appear,
Lord Jesus Christ, thy word to hear;
Our wandering thoughts & hearts incline,
With thirst to imbibe thy word divine;
That all our minds, drawn from this earth to thee,
May love thee more, and serve thee faithfully.

2 God Holy Spirit, now impart
Thy unction to each longing heart;
Us with thy heavenly light and fire
To sing, to pray, & preach inspire;
Thus blest in spirit and in truth shall we
Give praise unto the Father, Son, and Thee.

11. T. 14.

JESUS, thy word is my delight;
There grace and truth are seen;
Ah, could I study day and night,
And meditate therein.

2 The gospel, as a polish'd glass,
Thy glory lets us see;
And by beholding there thy face
We're render'd like to thee.

3 O Lamb of God, the book unseal,
And to our hearts explain;
Let all its life and spirit feel,
And heavenly wisdom gain.

4 That thou for us didst live and die,
Make known to us, dear Lord;
To us the promises apply,
Recorded in thy word.

12. T. 22.

O HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord:
It guides me in the peaceful way;
I'll think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health?
What are all joys compar'd with those
Thine everlasting word bestows?

13. T. 14.

HOW precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given,
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of everlasting day.

14.* T. 83.

O WHAT peace divinely sweet
Fills my soul, when I've the favour
To sit down at Jesus' feet,
And his gracious words to savour;
Then I open heart and ear:
What he saith finds entrance there.

15. T. 89.

PRECIOUS Bible, what a treasure
Does the word of God afford;
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food & medicine, shield & sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind;
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines here I find;
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield:
For this word of consolation
Is to me both sword and shield:
While the scripture-truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

16. T. 14.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

2 Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne;
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

3 More priz'd than gold,—than gold
Refining fire expels; [whose waste
Sweeter than honey to my taste,
Than honey from the cells.

4 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to my eyes.

5 By these may I be warn'd betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

6 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

17.* T. 11.

LET the splendour of thy word
Light unto our path afford;
That we in thy truth and grace
May proceed throughout our race.

II. THE FALL AND REDEMPTION OF MAN.

18.* T. 166.

WHEN Adam fell, the frame entire
Of nature was infected; [dire,
The source, whence came the poison
Was not to be corrected:
The lust accurs'd, indulg'd at first,
Brought death as its production;
But God's free grace hath sav'd our race
From misery and destruction.

2 By one man's guilt we were enslav'd
To sin, death, and the devil;
But by another's grace are sav'd
Through faith from all this evil:
And as we all by Adam's fall
Were sentenc'd to perdition;
So for us has Christ by his death
Regain'd true life's fruition.

3 Since God bestow'd his only Son
On his rebellious creature,
To save our souls, which were undone,
And free our sinful nature
From shame and guilt, by his blood
His death and resurrection; [spilt,
Do not delay, make sure this day
Thy calling and election.

4 I send my cries unto the Lord,
My heart implores this favour,
To grant me of his living word
A never-failing savour;
That sin and shame may lose their
To hinder my salvation; [claim
In Christ, the scope of all my hope,
I fear no condemnation.

5 His word's a lamp unto my feet,
My soul's best information;
My surest guide and path to meet
Eternal consolation;
This light, where'er it doth appear,
Revealeth Christ our Saviour
To all the lost, who firmly trust
In him alone for ever.

19.* T. 132.

OUR whole salvation doth depend
On God's free grace and Spirit;
Our fairest works can ne'er defend
A boast in our own merit:
Deriv'd is all our righteousness
From Christ and his atoning grace;
He is our Mediator. [done,

2 The Law cried, Justice must be
And man doom'd to damnation;
But Mercy sent the eternal Son,
Who purchas'd our salvation,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And answer'd every legal claim,
To spare the sons of Adam.

3 Christ, having all the law fulfill'd,
Thro' his blest cross and passion,
Is now the rock whereon we build
Our faith and whole salvation:
He is the Lord our righteousness,
Whose death hath purchas'd life and
And ransom'd us for ever. [grace,

4 The law reveal'd sin's sinfulness,
Enhanc'd the accusation;
The gospel brings us saving grace,
Hope, joy, and consolation,
Bids all lay hold on Jesus' cross;
The law could ne'er retrieve our loss,
Ev'n with our best performance.

5 True faith, by Jesus in us wrought,
By works is manifested;
That faith is empty, which is not
By works of love attested:

Yet faith alone us justifies;
Love to our neighbour but implies
We are sincere believers.

20.* T. 166.

WHEN the due time had taken place,
God look'd upon the sons of men,
Saw them a fallen, sinful race,
Perverse, polluted, and unclean:
Then Jesus came to set us free,
And for our guilt to shed his blood:
His death procur'd our liberty,
And reconcil'd us unto God.

2 Our Lord now calls continually:
"Come, sinners, come to me and [live;
Surrender ye yourselves to me,
Repenting sinners I receive:
My life I freely gave for you:
Now all your wants I will supply,
Yea, pardon, rest, and life bestow;
O turn to me, why will ye die?"

3 Sinners, attend to Jesus' voice;
He is the Lord our righteousness:
Mourn not, but in his name rejoice,
Accept of his redeeming grace:
He fills the hungry soul with good,
The thirsty heart may take its fill;
He guides us in the narrow road
That leads to Salem's holy hill.

4 Ah, come, Lord Jesus, hear our prayer, [high,
Thou worthy Son of God most
We humbly ask: our souls prepare,
That we may to thy mercy fly;
That we may all believe on thee,
And on thy flesh & blood may feed,
True members of thy body be,
For ever join'd to thee our Head.

21.* T. 89.

IN thine image, Lord, thou mad'st me,
Gav'st me being out of love;
Though I fell, yet thou hast sent me
Full redemption from above:
Sacred Love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

2 Love, by whom I was ordained
In thy church to have a place,
Ev'n before I life obtained,
Or could know thy saving grace:
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever thine.

3 Love, who hast for me endured
Keenest pains of death and hell;
Love, whose sufferings have procured
More for me than tongue can tell:
Sacred Love, &c.

4 Love, my life, and my salvation,
Light and truth, eternal Word,
Thou alone dost consolation
To my sinking soul afford:
Love almighty, &c.

5 Love, thy yoke I gladly carry,
It is easy, gentle, light;
Grant that I may ne'er be weary
Thee to serve with all my might:
Sacred Love, &c.

6 Love, my advocate in heaven,
Pleading for me when oppress'd,
Bearing still my name engraven
Upon thy high-priestly breast:
Love almighty, &c.

7 Love, thou me wilt raise to glory,
In thy likeness, from the dust,
And as conqueror place before thee,
Crown'd with bliss among the [just:
Sacred Love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

22.* T. 590.

CHRIST, the good Shepherd, God's [own Son,
From all eternity,
Urg'd by his love, exchang'd his [throne
For human misery;
His wandering sheep gone far astray
He sought with pungent pain,
And did for all a ransom pay
To bring them home again.

2 One of those sheep, in deserts [lost,
Art thou, my sinful soul;
His life it hath the Shepherd cost
To save and make thee whole;
Now hear his voice with gratitude,
Call on his saving name;
For thee he shed his precious blood,
And now his own doth claim.

23. T. 79.

THOU holy, spotless Lamb of God,
Didst leave thy glorious, blest abode,
In love to sinners vile;
Earth's face the curse had overrun,
Man was corrupt, condemn'd, undone,
Entangled fast by Satan's guile.

2 Thou, for their sake who hated thee,
Didst shed thy blood upon the tree,
Thy life for ours didst give;
Thou barest our curse; our debt was paid,
Thy soul for sin an offering made,
Thou diedst, that we with thee might live.

3 Thus hast thou bought us with a price,
Open'd our way to paradise,
Become our righteousness:
The wrath of God abides on none
Who come to him through thee, his Son,
Take and put on that wedding-dress.

4 Never may I depart from thee;
Thou hast procur'd my liberty,
Thanks to thy boundless grace:
Thy wounds, whereon I trust by faith,
My refuge are from sin and death,
My feeble soul's abiding-place.

24.* T. 221.

YE bottomless depths of God's infinite love,
In Jesus Christ to us reveal'd:
Its motions how burning, how flaming they prove,
Though from man's wisdom quite conceal'd:
Whom dost thou love? Sinners, the vilest race;
Whom dost thou bless? Children, who scorn'd thy grace;
O Being most gracious, whom angels adore,
Thou takest delight in things worthless and poor.

2 Our thirsting can never, O merciful God,
Equal thy love and boundless grace;
On us thou more blessings and love hast bestow'd,
Than stripes deserv'd our trespasses:
O teach us to trust thy fidelity,
And closely united with Christ to be,
The Spirit's kind teaching in all things to prove,
Yea, live to thy honour, thee serve, praise, and love.

3 We pray thee, O Being most gracious and mild,
Instruct our minds and teach us [now,
So that in Immanuel, thine image and child,
How great thy name is, we may [know;
Ah, show us how easy it is to bear
Thy yoke, and to trust thy paternal care,
That, till the short period of trial shall end,
Our faith and our love may their author commend.

25. T. 14.

HOW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin how deep it stains,
How Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
Believe in Christ the Lord."

3 My soul, obey the gracious call,
And haste to gain relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help mine unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, & helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteous-
My Jesus and my All. [ness,

26. T. 582.

NOT one of Adam's race,
If in the balance tried,
Can by his works of righteousness
'Fore God be justified;
The works which we have done
Are all, alas, unclean;
But we are sav'd by faith alone,
And cleans'd thereby from sin.

2 Ye sinners, who with grief
Your condemnation feel,
Look up to Jesus for relief,
And to his blood appeal;
God gave his only Son
That sinners who believe
Might not be lost, but be his own,
And in his kingdom live.

27. T. 14.

I, WITH the fallen human race,
Lay weltering in my blood;
O'erwhelm'd with shame and deep disgrace,
And banish'd far from God.

2 The loving Jesus passing by,
His bowels yearn'd to see
Me, wretched sinner, helpless lie
In deepest misery.

3 He turn'd to me in tenderness,
His instant aid to give,
And, pitying my sore distress,
He said, "Arise and live."

4 He wash'd away my every stain,
And cleans'd me in his blood;
Deck'd me with righteousness divine,
And brought me nigh to God.

5 My heart no condemnation fears,
Nor hell, nor Satan dreads,
Christ as the mercy-seat appears,
His blood my pardon pleads.

6 Against the fiercest powers of hell
He is my strength and shield;
Beneath his cross I safely dwell;
He fights, I win the field.

7 Since he became my sacrifice,
My bonds and chains he broke;
Now to my willing neck he ties
His soft and easy yoke.

8 A pardon'd sinner I remain,
But sin its power hath lost;
Sin still I have, but grace doth reign;
Mercy is all my boast.

9 Arise, my happy soul, arise,
Redeem'd by sovereign grace,
Open to thee is paradise,
Go in and take thy place.

28. T. 22.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean; [fall
Sprung from the man whose guilty
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin engender death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

3 O God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true,
O make me wise betimes, to see
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace: [clean,
No outward forms can make me
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 My sin I feel, my guilt I know,
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

29. T. 79.

ARISE, ye who are captive led,
Complain no more, for Christ our Head
From sin can set you free:
Redemption Jesus freely gives,
Repenting sinners he receives,
He came to save both thee and me.

2 He meekly all our sorrows bore,
Us fallen sinners to restore
To life and liberty:
For us he suffer'd deep distress,
Was without form or comeliness;
O depth of love, O mystery.

3 The almighty Judge condemned was,
That he by death might gain our cause;
The Prince of life was slain:
And since he suffer'd in our stead,
We need no condemnation dread,
Eternal life in him we gain.

4 The Holy One, made sin for us,
Was nail'd to the accursed cross,
And shed his precious blood;
Thus he obtain'd a righteousness
For all who mourn for pardoning grace; [God.
Thro' Jesus we have peace with

5 Rejoice, O heavens, & earth reply,
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
All grace his death procures;
Your woes to blessings he will change,
You in his children's order range,
Thro' him eternal life is yours.

III. THE INCARNATION AND BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST.

30. * T. 97.

JESUS, the almighty Son of God,
Takes up with mortals his abode;
He who was sworn to Abraham,
Who ever was and is the same,
Came in due time and mysteries reveal'd, [were conceal'd.
Which from the world's foundation

2 We, dead in sins and trespasses,
The narrow way to life and peace
Had neither will nor power to find;
Nor were our stubborn hearts inclin'd [know,
To wish, or seek that happiness to
Which love alone on sinners could bestow.
[me still
3 Then Love brake forth, "Behold
Prepar'd, O God, to do thy will;
I freely come, I freely die,
For guilty man to satisfy;
I in his stead will suffer on the tree,
From sin, and death, and hell to set him free."

4 And thus, to save our souls from guilt, [spilt;
Our Surety's precious blood was
The sins of all on him were laid,
And he for all hath fully paid:
Now God, as children, freely will receive [believe.
Repenting sinners who in Christ

5 Out of mere grace unmerited,
Salvation showers upon our head;
Because the Lamb was crucified,
Because the Lord of glory died,
Are we invited to possess a throne,
Before the world was made ordain'd our own.

31.* T. 22.

TO God we render thanks & praise,
Who pitied mankind's fallen race,
And gave his dear and only Son,
That us, as children, he might own.

2 What grace, what great benevolence,
What love, surpassing human sense:
For this great work no angel can
Him duly praise, much less a man.

3 The Word eternal did assume
Our flesh and blood, & man become;
The First and Last with wonder see
Partake of human misery.

4 He came to seek and save the lost;
We sinn'd, & he would bear the cost,
That we might share eternal bliss;
O what unbounded love was this.

5 For what is all the human race,
That God should show such matchless grace,
To give his Son, that we might claim
Life everlasting in his name.

6 How wretched they who still despise
Jesus, the pearl of greatest price:
Those who neglect to hear his voice,
Must perish by their own free choice.

7 Unhappy those who turn away,
Or such as carelessly delay
To meet their Saviour, tho' he came
Their souls from misery to reclaim.

8 Come, sinners, Jesus will receive
The chief of sinners; come and live:
"I'll dwell with you," our Saviour saith;
Receive him in your hearts by faith.

9 Your crimes & self-made holiness,
Your carnal reason and distress
Give up, and trust to Christ alone,
Who did for all your sins atone.

10 Thus sav'd by God's unbounded grace, [praise,
You'll humbly render thanks and
With all the numerous ransom'd host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

32. T. 590.

BEHOLD, to us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
Unto the wretched and forlorn
Descends the Lord from heaven:
The promis'd seed, Immanuel,
The everlasting God, [hell
Comes down to save from death and
Poor sinners by his blood.

2 Great is the hidden mystery
That God became a man:
He had from all eternity
In mercy form'd a plan,

To save from misery and distress
The fallen human race;
And now the Sun of Righteousness
His healing beams displays.

3 The Father lov'd us as his own,
Tho' we from him had stray'd,
And freely gave his only Son,
To suffer in our stead:
The Son, in love to us, declar'd:
"Father, to do thy will
Is my delight: I come prepar'd
Thy counsel to fulfil."

4 The Holy Ghost had long foretold
That Jesus should appear;
And thus the patriarchs of old
Did his salvation share:
Of him blest Mary did conceive
The holy child she bore:
And he instructs us to believe
In Christ, and him adore.

5 Thus Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In this decree are one,
To save us sinners, vile and lost,
By Jesus Christ the Son:
The Father's love we plainly trace
In Christ the incarnate God;
What we possess of life and grace
The Spirit hath bestow'd.

6 Come, sinners, view the incarnate Word,
Who us and all things made;
This helpless babe is Christ the Lord,
Tho' in a manger laid:
For us to die is Jesus born,
Adore his saving name;
Rejoice, rejoice, for all that mourn
May his salvation claim.

33.* T. 151.

HOW shall I meet my Saviour?
How shall I welcome thee?
What manner of behaviour
Is now requir'd of me?
I wait for thy salvation,
Grant me thy Spirit's light,
Thus will my preparation
Be pleasing in thy sight.

2 While with her sweetest flowers
Thy Zion strews thy way,
I'll raise with all my powers
To thee a grateful lay:
To thee, the King of Glory,
I'll tune a song divine,
And make thy love's bright story
In graceful numbers shine.

3 What hast thou not performed,
Lord, to retrieve my loss,
Whilst I was so deformed
By sin and nature's dross;
Fair gifts of my creation
Quite spoil'd, made me despair,
But thy blest incarnation
Brought my redemption near.

4 I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou cam'st to set me free;
My shame I was bemoaning,
With grace thou clothedst me;
Thou raisedst me to glory,
Endowedst me with bliss,
Which is not transitory,
As worldly grandeur is.

5 Love caus'd thy incarnation,
Love brought thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procur'd my liberty;
O love beyond all measure,
Wherewith thou dost embrace
Mankind, 'midst all that pressure
Which since the fall takes place.

6 No sinful man's endeavour,
Nor any mortal's care,
Could draw his sovereign favour
To sinners in despair:
Uncall'd he comes with gladness,
Us from the fall to raise,
And change our grief and sadness
To songs of joy and praise.

7 Ye who with deep contrition
Bemoan your sinful state,
Fear not, Christ gives remission
Of sins, however great:
He comes, repenting sinners
With life and love to crown,
And make them happy winners
Of glory like his own.

34.* T. 50.

JESUS, all praise is due to thee,
That thou wast pleas'd a man to be:
A virgin's womb thou didst not scorn,
The angels shout to see thee born:
Hallelujah.

2 The Son of God, who fram'd the skies,
Now humbly in a manger lies:
He who the earth's foundation laid,
A helpless infant now is made:
Hallelujah.

3 The eternal and almighty God
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood;

He deigns with sinful men to dwell,
Is God with us, Immanuel:
Hallelujah.

4 He is the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose healing beams the nations bless;
He doth dispel sin's gloomy night,
That we may share his saving light:
Hallelujah.

5 To grant us pardon, peace, & rest,
He in this world became a guest,
And open'd, thro' himself, the way
To life and everlasting day:
Hallelujah.

6 For therefore poor on earth he came,
That we might heavenly riches claim,
To make us heirs of glory bright,
With all the ransom'd saints in light:
Hallelujah.

7 For us these wonders hath he wrought,
To show his love surpassing thought:
Then let us all unite to sing
Praise to our Saviour, God, & King:
Hallelujah.

35.* T. 22.

REJOICE, our nature Christ assumes,
Born of a virgin, lo, he comes,
As the Messiah fore-ordain'd;
Adore and wonder, every land.

2 He left his bright, his glorious throne,
He bow'd the heavens, to earth came down
And thus his wondrous race began,
As God with God & man with man.

3 To save mankind from ruin sent,
From God he came, to God he went;
He stoop'd to death and to the tomb,
Ere he his glory did resume.

4 Behold a great, a heavenly light,
From Bethlehem's manger shining bright,
Around those who in darkness dwell,
The night of evil to dispel.

5 Incarnate God, exert thy power,
Arise, thou glorious conqueror:
Subdue sin, death, and every foe,
Erect thy kingdom here below.

36.* T. 157.

RISE, my soul, shake off all sadness,
Christ is near—thee to cheer;
Angels sing with gladness;
Unto you is born a Saviour
On this day;—don't delay
To accept God's favour.

2 Our eternal, kind Creator
Leaves his own—glorious throne,
And assumes our nature:
From perdition full exemption
To procure,—and endure
Death for our redemption.

3 O the amazing demonstration
Of his love,—which we prove
By his incarnation:
If mankind by him were loathed,
How could he—deign to be
With our nature clothed?

4 See your Saviour in a manger;
'Midst his own,—yet unknown,
Treated like a stranger,
Tended by an earthly mother:
Him believe,—and receive,
He is Christ your Brother.

5 Ye that feel quite poor and needy,
Come, who will,—take your fill,
All things now are ready:
He is come to be your Saviour,
Full of love,—to remove
Guilt and curse for ever.

6 Jesus, hear my supplication,
Grant me grace—to embrace
Thee as my salvation:
Then like Simeon, (O what favour,)
I desire—to retire
Hence in peace for ever.

37. T. 166.

INFINITE Source whence all did spring,
The whole creation's Head and Lord,
Almighty and eternal King,
Who art in heaven & earth ador'd:
Thou whom the heavens cannot contain,
Didst deign to leave thy throne above,
To be an infant poor and mean:
O mystery deep, O boundless love.

2 The cause of this, I know it well,
Was thy great love and my great woe;
To rescue me from death and hell,
Thou didst consent to stoop so low;

My misery mov'd the God of grace,
Who in the Father's bosom lay,
When the due time had taken place,
His great compassion to display.

3 What offering shall I bring to thee,
Immanuel, my King and God;
Who didst vouchsafe a man to be,
To save me by thy precious blood;
Thou, at whose birth the angels sing,
"Peace upon earth, good will to men,"
To whom the sages humbly bring
Their gifts, though thou appear so mean.

4 This will I do, thou Child divine,
I'll give thee that for which thou cam'st;
My soul and body, Lord, are thine,
And them, in love to me, thou claim'st:
My humble sacrifice receive,
Dear Jesus, born to bleed for me,
That I by faith in thee might live,
And with thee live eternally.

38. T. 58.

O COME and view the greatest mystery;
He who made all the world, the seas and sky,
Now is born an infant: the Virgin Mary
Upon her arms the Lord of hosts doth carry,
A feeble child.

2 He who prepar'd for every bird a nest,
And gave the foxes holes wherein to rest,
Poverty endured, became a stranger
In his own world; then rested in a manger,
The Lord of all.

3 But why was Jesus born in poverty?
Why did our Maker in a manger lie?
'Twas that he might purchase life and salvation,
And gain for us a glorious habitation
In realms of bliss.

4 O Jesus Christ, thou only holy child,
How canst thou love us sinners so defil'd?
But since such thou lovest, we now adore thee,
We humbly praise thy name and bow before thee: Hallelujah.

5 Thy sacred meritorious infancy
Our crown and everlasting glory be:
From world, sin, and Satan keep us estranged,
Till we shall once around thy throne be ranged
For evermore.

39. T. 590.

COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your grateful tribute bring,
And celebrate with one accord,
The birth of Christ our King:
Let us with humble hearts repair
(Faith will point out the road)
To little Bethlehem, and there
Adore the incarnate God.

2 All glory to Immanuel's name
The choirs of angels sing;
Gladly these heralds peace proclaim,
Peace from our God and King:
Well might the shepherds haste away
This wondrous babe to see:
Well might the sages homage pay,
And bow to him the knee.

3 We all have reason to rejoice,
When we this mystery view,
That God assum'd our flesh and blood,
O wonder ever new:
We humbly in the dust adore;
Lord, who is like to thee,
That thou, vile sinners to restore,
Didst deign a man to be.

40. T. 126.

SINNERS, with adoration
Receive this wondrous child,
Who came and brought salvation,
The eternal Father styl'd:
Behold him in our nature dress'd,
And emptied of his glory,
In his own world a guest.

2 Behold, laid in a manger,
The Ancient of all days;
Upon this heavenly stranger
With awe and reverence gaze;
He who the world's foundation laid,
Must now be fed and nourish'd
By creatures whom he made.

3 Though to his boundless mercy
No limits can be set,
Yet without controversy
The mystery is great;

Angels into its depths can't pry,
'Tis vast, immense, stupendous:
Immanuel, born to die.

41.* T. 169.

ARISE, my spirit, bless the day
Whereon the ages' Sire
A child became; thy homage pay,
Receive him with desire:
This is the night in which he came,
Was born and put on human frame,
Us sinners to deliver
From sin and death for ever.

2 Welcome, thou Source of every [good,
O Jesus, King of glory;
Welcome, thrice welcome, Lamb of [God,
To this world transitory:
In grateful hymns thy name I'll [my days;
praise,
With heart and voice throughout
For thy blest incarnation
Procured my salvation.

3 Ah Jesus, thy unworthy bride
Deserved to be loathed,
And yet thou hast her to thyself
Upon the cross betrothed:
Her portion had been infamy,
Eternal shame and misery,
Hadst thou not left thy glory;
Who duly can adore thee?

4 O lovely Infant, thou art full
Of grace above all measure;
Thou art more precious to my soul
Than earth with all its treasure:
Come, Jesus, come, abide with me,
And let my heart thy dwelling be;
Then I, without cessation,
Shall joy in thy salvation.

42. T. 79.

ALL glory be to God on high;
Ye sons of Adam, fill the sky
With songs of thankfulness;
God, mov'd by everlasting love,
Decreed with his dear Son above,
A sinful world to save and bless.

2 Stand still and see what God hath [done;
His only and beloved Son
For us he freely gave:
That Son for our rebellious race,
(O miracle of sovereign grace,)
Died on the cross our souls to save.

3 He as a poor mean child was born;
His birth no palace did adorn,
A manger was his bed;
Look, look upon this rising sun,
Till tears of love your eyes o'er-run;
This lowly babe is Christ our head.

43. T. 11.

WHAT good news the angels bring,
What glad tidings of our King;
Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Christ, who takes our sins away.

2 He who rules both heaven & earth,
Hath in Bethlehem his birth;
Him shall all the faithful see,
And rejoice eternally.

3 Lift your hearts and voices high,
With hosannas fill the sky:
Glory be to God above,
Who is infinite in love.

4 Peace on earth, good will to men:
Now with us our God is seen:
Angels join his name to praise,
Help to sing redeeming grace.

5 Jesus is the loveliest name,
This the angel doth proclaim;
Sinners poor he came to save,
They in him redemption have.

6 They who see themselves undone,
And take refuge to the Son,
They shall all be born again,
And with him in glory reign.

44.* T. 11.

ALL the world give praises due;
God is faithful, God is true;
He to man doth comfort send
In his Son, the sinners' friend.

2 What the fathers wish'd of old,
What the promises foretold,
What the seers did prophesy,
Is fulfill'd most gloriously.

3 My salvation, welcome be;
Thou, my portion, praise to thee;
Come, and make thy blest abode
In my heart, O Son of God.

4 Grant thy comforts to my mind,
Since I'm helpless, poor, and blind;
O may I in faith abide
Thine, and never turn aside.

5 Jesus, when in majesty
Thou shalt come my judge to be,
Grant in grace, that I may stand
Justified at thy right hand.

45.* T. 22.

IMMANUEL, to thee we sing,
Thou Prince of Life, almighty King,
That thou, expected ages past,
Didst come to visit us at last.

2 Thou, Lord, tho' heaven belongs to thee,
On earth a stranger deign'st to be:
Thou clothest all, yet wear'st a dress
Which doth the poorest state express. [head,

3 On wither'd grass reclines thy
A wretched manger is thy bed:
Tho' thou appear'st among thine own,
No kindness unto thee is shown. [thou

4 I thank thee, gracious Lord, that
On my account didst stoop so low:
Oh that my words, my works, and ways, [praise.
May all proclaim thy matchless

46.* T. 22.

CHRIST, whom the virgin Mary bore,
We now with humble hearts adore;
O might all nations, tribes, and tongues,
To our Immanuel raise their songs.

2 God, who to all things being gave,
The fallen human race to save,
Assum'd our feeble flesh and blood,
And for our debt as surety stood.

3 He who the wants of all supplies,
Now in a manger helpless lies;
He who the whole creation feeds,
An earthly mother's nursing needs.

4 The angels at his birth rejoice,
And sing his praise with cheerful voice; [born,
The shepherds, hearing Christ is
To Jesus, our chief Shepherd, turn. [given,

5 Thanks to the Father now be
Who sent his Son to us from heaven;
Thanks to the Son who saves the lost;
Thanks to our Guide, the Holy Ghost.

47.* T. 22.

TO-DAY we celebrate the birth
Of Jesus Christ, who came on earth
Man as his property to claim,
And from perdition to redeem.

2 Awake, my heart; my soul, arise;
Look who in yonder manger lies:
Who is that child, so poor and mean?
'Tis he who all things doth sustain.

3 Welcome, O welcome, noble guest,
Who sinners not despised hast,
But cam'st into our misery; [thee?
How shall we pay due thanks to

4 Immanuel, incarnate God,
Prepare my heart for thy abode:
O may I, through thy aiding grace,
In all I do, show forth thy praise.

48. T. 16.

CHRIST the Lord, the Lord most glorious,
Now is born; O shout aloud:
Man by him is made victorious;
Praise your Saviour, hail your God.

2 Praise the Lord, for on us shineth
Christ, the Sun of righteousness;
He to us in love inclineth, [grace.
Cheers our souls with pardoning

3 Praise the Lord, whose saving splendour
Shines into the darkest night;
O what praises shall we render
For this never-ceasing light.

4 Praise the Lord, God our salvation,
Praise him who retriev'd our loss;
Sing with awe, and love's sensation,
HALLELUJAH, GOD WITH US.

49. T. 585.

HAIL, thou wondrous infant stran-
Born lost Eden to regain; [ger,
Welcome in thy humble manger,
Welcome to thy creature man;
Hail, Immanuel, :||:
Thou who wast ere time began.

2 Say, ye blest seraphic legions,
What thus brought your Maker down?
Say, why did he leave your regions,
Why forsake his heavenly throne?
Notes melodious :||:
Tell the cause: Good will to man.

3 We this offer'd Saviour needed,
Hence we join your theme with joy;
We by none will be exceeded,
While we laud this mystery,
And with wonder :||:
God incarnate glorify.

50. T. 168.

SEE the infant in the manger,
See the incarnate God lie there,
Helpless, indigent, a stranger,
Born a man, our sins to bear:
From his birth despis'd, rejected,
By his people unrespected,
Ah, Immanuel's every breath
Was a draught of wrath & death.

51. T. 585.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship, :||: [King.
Worship Christ, the new-born

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship, :||: [King.
Worship Christ, the new-born

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship, :||: [King.
Worship Christ, the new-born

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship, :||: [King.
Worship Christ, the new-born

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you, — break your [chains:
Come and worship, :||:
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

52. T. 11.

HARK, the herald angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King,
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiv'n."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise:
Join the triumph of the skies:
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time, behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity;
Pleas'd as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace,
Hail the Sun of righteousness;
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

6 Lo, he lays his glory by:
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

7 Sing we then, with angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King,
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiv'n."

53.* T. 83.

TRULY, that eventful day,
When the God of our salvation
Helpless in a manger lay,
Of our bliss laid the foundation;
Centuries had never gain'd,
What he then for man obtain'd.

2 But why do we Jesus see,
Thus assuming human nature?
Ah, 'twas done for me, for me;
To redeem a wretched creature,
Yea for me, and thousands more;
Yet as mine I him adore.

3 Of such love what mortal can
Fathom the unbounded ocean?
God, the Holy One, loves man;
Sink, my soul, in deep devotion;
First in love the plan he laid,
And man in his image made.

4 When this favour'd creature fell,
Forfeiting his Lord's communion,
And with Satan, sin, and hell,
Form'd a base, rebellious union;
Still with love lost man he sought,
And with blood & torments bought.

5 Stronger far his love than death:
He, before the world's foundation,
Ere he gave his creatures breath,
Or the elements their station,
Worms or seraphim their place,
Fram'd the counsel of his grace.

6 Who would venture to explain,
With what holy exultation
He foretold his blood-bought gain,
What the heavenly hosts' sensation,

When, with joy and wonder mix'd,
They beheld his purpose fix'd?

7 Scarce had Adam fall'n from
Ev'n in paradise ensnared, [grace,
When with parent's tenderness
God his will to save declared:
Should not such great mercy move
All to praise, adore, and love?

8 See the Son of God descend,
At the time by him directed,
Thirty years on earth to spend,
As a man despis'd, rejected,
As a victim to be slain,
His love's purpose to obtain.

9 What sure prophecies foretold,
And mysterious types depicted,
Sacred covenants of old,
Solemn promises predicted,
All was made Amen and Yea,
On that great, eventful day.

10 What shall I now give to thee?
Take my heart as a thank-offering:
What hast thou not done for me,
By that life of woe and suffering?
This restores far more than all
I had lost by Adam's fall.

54. T. 582.

REJOICE in Jesus' birth,
To us a Son is given,
To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth & heaven.

2 His arm supports the sky,
The universe sustains; [high,
The God supreme, the Lord most
The King Messiah reigns.

3 His name, his nature soar
Beyond the angels' ken,
Yet whom the angelic hosts adore,
He pleads the cause of men.

4 Our Counsellor we praise,
Our Advocate above,
Who daily in his church displays
His miracles of love.

5 The mighty God is he,
Author of life and bliss,
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of peace.

55. T. 585.

HEAR, ye sinners, peace & pardon
Freely offer'd, glad receive;
Nor your hearts yet longer harden,
Hear his voice and ye shall live;
To God glory in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

2 Meek and lowly see your Saviour
Meet returning prodigals:
He receives them into favour,
Therefore come, 'tis God who calls:
Unto us a Son is given,
Unto us a Child is born.

3 Now to Bethlehem we're invited,
Or to Calvary, him to know,
But ere long we shall be cited,
When the trump of God shall blow,
'Fore the presence of his glory,
As the judge of quick and dead.

4 Then on clouds in glory seated,
He'll pronounce their final doom,
Who, while here, tho' oft entreated,
For Immanuel found no room:
Gracious Saviour, since thou callest,
May not one of us refuse.

5 May we all then stand before thee,
Given unto thee without loss,
As thy saints, who here adore thee,
In the manger, on the cross:
To God glory in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

56. T. 16.

WELCOME, blessed heavenly stran-
Open, Holy Ghost, mine eyes, [ger;
Lead me to my Saviour's manger,
Show me where my Jesus lies.

2 O most Mighty, O most Holy,
Far above the seraph's thought;
Zion, view thy King, as lowly
As inspired prophets taught.

57. T. 585.

PEACE on earth, heaven is pro-
claiming:
Peace, descending from above,
Peace, good will, lost man reclaiming,
Peace from God, God who is love:
Peace in Jesus, :||:
Peace that never shall remove.

2 Glory to our great Creator,
Glory in the highest strain;
Glory to the Mediator,
Both from angels and from men:
To Immanuel :||:
All the glory doth pertain.

58. T. 22.

MAKER of all things, Lord our God,
Now veil'd in feeble flesh and blood,
To reconcile and set us free
From endless woe and misery;—

2 What heights, what depths of love divine
In thy blest incarnation shine:
Let heaven and earth unite their lays
To magnify thy boundless grace.

59. T. 14.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line:
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David, here we find,
And offspring are the same:
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name. [men

3 Blest he that comes to wretched
With peaceful news from heaven;
Hosannas in the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.

60.* T. 155.

O THOU Day-spring from on high,
When we, lost in deepest wonder,
Duly ponder
On thy love in coming down
From thy throne,
To save sinners from damnation,
For thy love and great compassion
Thee we praise, thank, and adore.

61.* T. 14.

BOTH to the seraph and the worm
God's goodness doth abound;
He calms the sea, calls forth the storm,
And fructifies the ground.

2 But yet his mercy to man's race
More richly was display'd;
He pitied us in our distress,
And therefore flesh was made;—

3 That he as man might sympathise
With every grief we feel,
And, being made a sacrifice,
With blood our pardon seal.

62. T. 240.

ALL hail, Immanuel,
Eternal Word, all hail!
O Jesus, sinners' friend,
Whose mercy knows no end,
Love made thee condescend
With men to make abode,
And, veil'd in flesh and blood,
To bring us nigh to God:
Thy sacred name we bless,
Jesus, Jesus,
Full of truth and power;
Blessed, blessed,
Blessed evermore.

63. T. 586.

I WILL rejoice in God my Saviour,
And magnify this act of love;
I'm lost in wonder at his favour,
Which made him leave his throne above,
To take upon him human nature,
To suffer for his wretched creature,
Dire anguish, keenest pain,
And death-pangs to sustain,
My soul to gain.

64. T. 159.

WISDOM & power to Christ belong,
Who left his glorious throne;
The new, the blessed gospel-song
Is due to him alone;
Join all on earth in Jesus' praise,
Join with the highest seraphs' lays,
To us, to us, God's Son is given,
The Lord of earth and heaven.

65. T. 167.

COME, thou universal blessing,
Thou, the woman's promis'd seed;
Perfect bliss and joy unceasing,
Deign throughout the earth to spread:
By thy holy incarnation,
Life, and death our guilt remove,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Bless us with thy heavenly love.

66. T. 205.

GRACIOUS Saviour, mov'd by love,
Thou the lofty heavens didst bow,
Thou didst leave thy throne above,
With lost man to dwell below;
Here among us thou wilt be,
We rejoice alone in thee,
Here thy name we will record,
O Immanuel, our Lord.

67.* T. 39.

TO God our Immanuel, made flesh as we are,
Our Friend, our Redeemer, and Brother most dear,
Be honour and glory: Let with one accord
All people say, Amen, Give praise to the Lord.

IV. THE NAME OF JESUS, AND HIS WALK ON EARTH.

68.* T. 146.

LORD Jesus, when I trace
Thee as the great Creator,
With fear I hide my face;
But when in human nature
I see thy deep distress,
And lowliness of heart,
I freely must confess,
That thou my brother art.

2 Therefore I'll thee adore
With deep humiliation,
And own thee evermore
Lord of the whole creation;
But thy humanity,
Thy birth, thy life, and death,
Unite my soul to thee,
Until my latest breath.

69. T. 14.

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye, long clos'd in night,
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the riches of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

70. T. 11.

SWEETER sounds than music knows,
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

71. T. 14.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Jesus, the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace:

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

72. T. 590.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be:
O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak;
And in our priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek.

2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay:
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then we will sing more sweet, more [loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

73. T. 14.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
I gladly would thy praises sound,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
In thee is all my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust. [heart,

3 O may thy name still cheer my
And shed its fragrance there:
The noblest balm for all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
When speechless, thou shalt be my
My joy in life and death. [hope,

74.* T. 58.

SACRED name of Jesus,
So great and holy, [thee truly,
That all our tongues can never praise
'Fore thee we bow.

2 Saving name of Jesus,
In which salvation
Is preach'd to every kindred, tongue,
and nation,
Might all thee know.

3 Blessed name of Jesus,
How efficacious [us,
To save, to sanctify, and to preserve
Thee we adore.

4 Powerful name of Jesus,
In heaven revered, [feared,
On earth by all believers lov'd and
Glory to thee.

5 Name for ever sacred,
For ever precious;
Let all within us echo Jesus, Jesus,
For evermore.

75. T. 119.

JESUS' name, :||:
Source of life and happiness;
In this name true consolation
Mourning sinners may possess;
Here is found complete salvation:
Blessed Jesus, we thy name will
praise
All our days. :||:

2 God with us, :||:
God appears in human frame;
In his name rejoice with gladness,
Since to save lost man he came;
None need sink in hopeless sadness,
For Immanuel is now with us,
God with us. :||:

76 T. 11.

JESUS is our highest good,
He hath sav'd us by his blood;
May we love him evermore,
And his saving name adore.

2 Jesus, when stern justice said,
"Man his life hath forfeited,
Vengeance follows by decree,"
Cried, "Inflict it all on me."

3 Jesus gives us life and peace,
Faith, and love, and holiness;
Every blessing, great or small,
Jesus for us purchas'd all.

4 Jesus therefore let us own,
Jesus we'll exalt alone,
Jesus hath our sins forgiven,
Jesus' blood procur'd us heaven.

77. T. 14.

MY God a man, a man indeed,
An infant weak and poor;
Born for a sinful race to bleed,
Salvation to procure.

2 Who can describe the loveliness,
Which was, blest Child, in thee?
Thy whole deportment heavenly
And true humility. [grace

3 According to the appointed plan,
My infant Saviour grew
In favour both with God and man,
In years and stature too.

4 Often oppress'd with human care
He to his Father sighs, [prayer,
Or spends the night in fervent
And offers tears and cries.

5 Again, as teacher of mankind,
I see my humble Lord:
How cheerfully was he inclin'd,
To preach the saving word.

6 To comfort men was his delight,
To help them in distress;
He ready was, by day and night,
To pardon, heal, and bless.

7 Oft was he hungry, spent, and sad,
In his own world a guest,
And of his own no place he had,
His weary head to rest.

8 Ah, might my heart a mirror be,
Reflecting Jesus' grace,
That all who my behaviour see,
May some resemblance trace.

9 Grant me that meek and lowly mind,
Thou hast on earth display'd,
Which in thy holy life I find,
My Pattern, Lord, and Head.

78.* T. 168.

MAN of sorrows and acquainted
With our griefs, what shall we say?
Never language yet hath painted
All the woes that on thee lay;
Had I seen thee cloth'd in weakness,
Bearing our reproach and sickness,
To attend thee day & night [light.
Would have been my heart's de-

2 O that to this heavenly stranger
I had here my homage paid,
From his first sigh in the manger,
Till he cried, "'Tis finished:"
That first sigh had consecrated
Me his own, and I had waited
On him from his infancy
In a constant liturgy.

3 Walking, speaking, in devotion,
Far to fields or forests stray'd,
I had watch'd his every motion,
And my Lord my pattern made:
More have angels ne'er desired,
Than on him, or far retired,
Or at home, awake, asleep, [keep.
Fix'd their wondering eyes to

4 Tell me, little flock beloved,
Ye, on whom shone Jesus' face,
What within your souls then moved,
When ye felt his kind embrace?
O disciple, once most blessed,
As a bosom friend caressed,
Say, could e'er into thy mind
Other objects entrance find?

5 Oft to prayer by night retreated,
See him from all search withdrawn;
Tearful eyes and sighs repeated,
Witness'd still the morning dawn;
There, where he made intercession,
I had pour'd forth my confession,
And where for my sins he wept,
Praying, I the watch had kept.

6 Should I thus to thee have cleaved
'Midst thy poverty and woes,
On thee, as my Lord, believed,
Or perhaps have join'd thy foes?
Ah, thy mercy I had spurned;
But thyself my heart hast turned;
Now thou know'st, beneath, above,
Nought compar'd with thee I love.

79. T. 11.

SEE, my soul, God ever blest
In the flesh made manifest;
Human nature he assumes,
He, to ransom sinners, comes.

2 He fulfill'd all righteousness,
Standing in the sinner's place;
From the manger to the cross
All he did, he did for us:—

3 All our woes he did retrieve,
He expir'd, that we might live;
By his stripes our wounds are heal'd,
By his blood our pardon 's seal'd.

4 Lord, conform us to thy death,
Raise us to new life by faith;
Through thy resurrection's power,
May we praise thee evermore.

5 Circumcise our sinful hearts;
Purify our inward parts;
Lord, destroy the carnal mind,
That in thee we peace may find.

6 In thy righteousness array'd
Let us triumph and be glad;
Let us walk with thee in white,
Let us see thy face in light.

80.* T. 14.

IMMANUEL'S meritorious tears
Assuage our every pain; [pray'rs,
His bitter sufferings, cries, and
Our fav'rite theme remain.

2 When Jesus' suffering life we
In every scene we find, [trace,
That he a man of sorrows was,
Though of unspotted mind.

3 All they who weeping now go forth,
And bear the precious seed,
May in our Saviour's walk on earth
Pattern and comfort read.

4 O 'tis the greatest happiness,
When of his peace divine
We have a feeling, and he says,
"Fear not, for thou art mine."

5 Our thankful tears then testify,
That Jesus wept for us,
And we, possessing heavenly joy,
For him count all things loss.

6 Yet tears of grief at times bedew
Our cheeks while here we stay;
When we in heaven his face shall [view,
He'll wipe all tears away.

81. T. 14.

O MY dear Saviour, when thy cares,
Thy toils for me I read,
My eyes run o'er with grateful tears,
And I bow down my head.

2 Thy suffering life I cannot trace,
Or read thy sacred word,
But I'm o'ercome with thankful-[ness
To thee, my gracious Lord.

3 What am I, Lord, that thou so much
Shouldst love and value me?
Vile dust I am, yet thou for such
Didst bear thy misery.

82. T. 22.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; let me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
And at thy right hand me confess,
Clad in thy robe of righteousness.

83. T. 79.

THE wise men from the East ador'd
The infant Jesus as their Lord,
Brought gifts to him their King:
Jesus, grant us thy light, that we
The way may find, and unto thee
Our hearts, our all, a tribute bring.

2 May Jesus Christ, the spotless Lamb,
Who to the temple humbly came
The legal rights to pay,
Subdue our proud and stubborn will,
That we his precepts may fulfil,
Whate'er rebellious nature say.

84. T. 14.

O SON of God and man receive
This humble work of mine;
Worth to my meanest labour give,
By blessing it with thine.

2 Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us.

3 In all I think, or speak, or do,
Let me show forth thy praise,
Thy bright example still pursue
Through all my future days.

4 By faith thro' outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands alone engag'd below,
My spirit still with thee.

5 When thou, my Saviour, shalt ap-[pear,
Then gladly may I cry,
"The work thou gavest me while [here
Is done,—to thee I fly."

85. T. 14.

IN duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

2 Inflam'd with zeal, 'twas thy de-[light
To do thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

86.* T. 22.

WHEN we in spirit Jesus see,
Array'd in frail humanity,
As toiling, sleeping, or awake,
Abas'd we own, 'twas for our sake.

2 May all those blessings on us flow,
And in our lives their virtue show,
Which from the manger to the cross
Thou, Lord, hast merited for us.

V. THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST.

87. T. 114

WHAT human mind can trace the condescension
Of our almighty Maker's love to man? [sean;
No angel can the hidden mystery
Redeeming love is past our comprehension; [prove
Yet by the Spirit's teaching we can
From Jesus' agony, that God is love.

2 Pursue, my soul, the sacred meditation, [God;
And view the agonizing Lamb of
Behold him bow'd beneath the ponderous load
Of all thy sins, to purchase thy salvation;
He riseth with a heart-affecting look,
And with his followers passeth Kedron's brook.

3 My spirit now with solemn, deep devotion
Doth follow Jesus to Gethsemane;
There he on my account doth weep and pray, [potion;
O'ercome with horror at the bitter
Yet to his Father's will he is resign'd:
Grant me, dear Jesus, thy obedient mind.

4 I see my Saviour kneeling, groaning, weeping; [prays for me,
He prostrates on the ground and
Yea, trembling, wrestleth in an agony;
And while his sad disciples all are sleeping,
His soul in grief, his eyes in tears are drown'd,
His sweat as drops of blood falls to the ground.

5 By all thy grief, thy tears, and supplication,
Thy bloody sweat, thy bitter agony,
O grant that I may love thee ardently; [consolation;
Be thou, dear Lord, my life and
Whene'er temptation would my soul beset,
I'll pray to thee, and think of Olivet.

88. T. 79.

BEHOLD, how in Gethsemane
The incarnate God doth sweat for
Till drops of blood fall down; [thee,
For thee the Lord lies prostrate there, [prayer,
Hear his thrice-utter'd mournful
Mark every dolorous sigh & groan.

2 I'm lost in wonder and amaze;
Here I'll abide, and melt, and gaze;
'Tis God's beloved Son;
How heavy is the weight he bears;
His soul is fill'd with grief & fears,
Lo, now the bitter cup comes on.

3 Lord, dost thou suffer thus for
Dost thou endure such misery, [me?
To give me life and peace?
Then will I henceforth ne'er forget,
That thou didst on Mount Olivet
By prayers & tears gain my release.

89. T. 96.

OFTEN I call to mind the place
Gethsemane, to which the Lamb,
Who lov'd to be in loneliness,
With his disciples often came;
Where, out of boundless love to me,
He wrestled in an agony. [said:

2 There, overwhelm'd with grief, he
"My soul is sorrowful to death;"
And suffering freely in my stead,
He drank the bitter cup of wrath:
Now on his knees, then on his face,
He weeps, and sweats, and bleeds, and prays.

3 So lov'd me the eternal God,
That he became the Son of man,
And took my sin's prodigious load;
My soul, admire his gracious plan:
Thy stripes, thy guilt, and curse he
Believe, & thankfully adore. [bore;

90.* T. 99.

MOST awful sight, my heart doth break;
Oh, it can ne'er my mind forsake,
How thou for me hast wept and
Might I for thy soul's agony, [prayed:
When wrestling with death bitterly,
Lord, as thy trophy be displayed.

91. T. 581.

EDEN, from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe;
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death:
But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

2 Here's my claim, and here alone,
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
No, not one good work to plead:
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

92.* T. 54.

GO, congregation, go and see
Thy Saviour in Gethsemane;
There is a scene which with amaze
Must strike thee; there astonish'd gaze:
Thy Maker prays.

93.* T. 185.

MY Redeemer, overwhelm'd with
Went to Olivet for me; [anguish,
There he kneels, his heart doth heave and languish
In a bitter agony;
Fear and horror seize his soul and senses,
For the hour of darkness now commences:
Ah, how doth he weep and groan,
For rebellious man to atone.

2 How is Jesus' sacred soul oppressed
With our sins' prodigious load:
Tho'an angel comforts the distressed,
Weak, and fainting Lamb of God,
Yet, what trembling seizeth him all over,
Tears, and sweat, and blood his visage cover,
And in drops fall to the ground,
While his heart in grief is drown'd.

3 Stripes and cruel mockeries he endured,
Meek and patient, in our stead;
How are Jesus' gracious eyes obscured;
View his wounded back and head:
He, whom thorns and scourges lacerated,
Is the Lord, who all things hath created;
Ah, his sufferings, pain, and woe
Make my eyes with tears o'erflow.

4 See him bear his cross in deep affliction
On his sore and wounded back,
Led to Calvary for crucifixion,
Where his limbs they stretch and rack;
As a lamb he's led unto the slaughter,
And his soul is poured out like water;
Vinegar and gall he tastes,
While his suffering body wastes.

5 Now behold him weeping, bleeding, crying,
'Midst two thieves upon the cross:
Lo, he bows his sacred head, and dying
Life eternal gains for us:
Lord, afford us all thy Spirit's unction,
To consider this with heart's compunction;
Might our words and actions prove,
That we know thy dying love.

6 Our enraptur'd hearts shall ne'er be weary
On our dying Lord to gaze;
At his cross in faith we wish to tarry,
There shall be our hiding place:
May his dying look remain engraven
On our hearts; for pardon, life, and heaven
Our Redeemer then procur'd,
When he death for us endur'd.

7 Therefore all his agony & passion,
And his sin-atoning death,
Shall remain thro' grace our faith's foundation,
While we draw our vital breath:
Thus shall neither honour, wealth, nor pleasures
Rob our souls of everlasting treasures;
Jesus, both by day and night,
Shall remain our sole delight.

8 Could we tune our hearts and voices higher
Than man's most exalted lays,
Yet, till join'd to the celestial choir,
Cold would prove our warmest praise:
Jesus' love exceeds all comprehension,
But our love to him we scarce dare mention;
We may weep beneath his cross,
But he wept and bled for us.

9 O delightful theme, past all expression,
"Thy Redeemer died for thee;"
Ah, this prompts my deepest adoration,
When I hear, "He died for me:"
Might my thoughts, my words, and whole behaviour [Saviour;
Prove, that I believe in Christ my
Yea, my love to Jesus show
His to me in all I do.

10 Lamb of God, thou shalt remain for ever
Of our songs the only theme:
For thy boundless love, thy grace and favour,
We will praise thy saving name:
That for our transgressions thou wast wounded, [sounded,
Shall by us in nobler strains be
When we, perfected in love,
Once shall join the church above.

94.* T. 151.

THOU source of my salvation,
Thou conqueror of my death,
Who didst as my oblation
In torments yield thy breath;
Who bar'st the dreadful sentence
Due to our guilty race,
To screen my soul from vengeance;
Accept my thanks and praise.

2 I'll go with thee, my Saviour,
Up to mount Calvary;
And view with spirit's fervour
All thou hast done for me:
Thus with intense devotion
I follow thee each step,
While tender love's emotion
Makes heart and eyes to weep.

3 I see my Saviour languish
In sad Gethsemane,
Till through his pores in anguish
Great blood-drops force their way:
The load which him oppresses,
I, I deserv'd to feel;
The bloody sweat of Jesus
Doth soul and body heal.

4 My Saviour was betrayed,
Reproach and shame to meet;
My sins the Lord conveyed
'Fore Pilate's judgment-seat:—
These, these did him deliver
Into the foe's dire hand;
I should have felt for ever
The pangs my Lord sustain'd.

5 Behold the man, he beareth
God's wrath and curse for us;
A crown of thorns he weareth,
For us endures the cross:
There, to complete his passion,
His sorrows, pain, and woe,
His blood for our salvation
In copious streams doth flow.

6 Thou for thy foes entreatest;
Lord Jesus, who was I?
Thy friends thou not forgettest;
Turn, Lord, to me thine eye:
Thy mouth now grace declareth
To the repenting thief;
My guilty soul this cheereth;
Of sinners I am chief.

7 In anguish thou complainest,
"My God forsaketh me:"
"I thirst," thou then exclaimest,
Yet none refresheth thee:
Thy passion being ended,
Thou criest, "'Tis finished;
My spirit be commended
To God:"—'Twas finished.

8 My heart with love is glowing,
I see my Saviour die;
His head I see him bowing,
This brought me endless joy:
He gave his soul an offering
For sin, that I might live;
He sav'd me by his suffering,
To him myself I give.

9 Thou God of my salvation,
In whom I trust by faith,
Who hast for my transgression
Lain in the dust of death;
I place upon thy merit
While here my confidence;
And will commend my spirit
To thee, when I go hence.

10 Lord, grant me thy salvation
And peace divine, I pray,
While under tribulation
On earth below I stay:
Till I shall stand before thee,
And for redeeming grace,
With all the saints in glory,
My Hallelujah raise.

95.* T. 594.

WITH my sins' heavy load oppressed,
In spirit I my Saviour view,
I see him mourning and distressed,
While floods of tears his cheeks bedew:

To change my sorrow into gladness,
His sweat was mix'd with blood, and he,
Fill'd with unutterable sadness,
Trembled and agoniz'd for me.

2 O'erwhelm'd with grief and rack'd with torment,
He's pain'd in every weary limb;
They that should watch with him lie dormant,
An angel comes to comfort him:
O how heart-piercingly he prayed,
When he his Father did accost,
To have the bitter cup delayed;
Here is my soul in wonder lost.

3 I see his countenance defiled,
His hands by ruffians rudely bound,
I see him buffeted, reviled,
His head with thorns in mockery crown'd;
Thus to the multitude displayed,
His back with cruel scourges torn,
A reed he beareth, is arrayed
In purple, & then hail'd in scorn.

4 Fainting beneath the cross's burden,
He enters on his dolorous road;
For us to purchase peace & pardon,
Afore hand feels the wrath of God:
I see him now in sore affliction
Ascend the brow of Calvary;
'Tis here I view his crucifixion,
Thereby it was he saved me.

5 I see his hands and feet extended
Upon the cross in keenest smart;
He bows his head, the conflict's ended;
I see the spear transfix his heart:
Thus closed he his bitter passion,
Expiring on the accursed tree;
Then horror seiz'd the whole creation,
But streams of grace came over me.

6 The thought of blood and water bursting
From God, my rock, o'ercomes my heart;
I for that living flood am thirsting,
O may it stream thro' every part:
Lord, for thy love with adoration
I'll thank and land thee all my days,
Long as I live shall each pulsation
And every breath declare thy praise.

7 This awful, blessed meditation
Oft fills my soul with conscious shame,
That Jesus died for my salvation,
Who to his mercy had no claim:
How poor I am, how void of glory,
Thou, Lord, know'st best; but yet when I,
With all my ailments, come before thee,
My suit is granted presently.

8 Thou, Jesus, art my God and Saviour,
Thee will I serve with all my power;
On thee I'll meditate for ever,
And for thy goodness thee adore;
Thy dying love hath captivated
My heart, & now my chief delight,
Until to heaven I am translated,
Is to enjoy thee day and night.

96. T. 167.

GREAT High-priest, we view thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast,
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors press'd:
Angels saw, struck with amazement,
Their Creator suffer thus;
We are fill'd with deep abasement,
Since we know 'twas done for us.

2 Jesus, to thy garden lead us,
To behold thy bloody sweat; [us,
Tho' thou from the curse hast freed
May we ne'er the cost forget:
Be thy groans and cries rehearsed
By thy Spirit in our ears,
Till we, viewing whom we pierced,
Melt in penitential tears.

3 On the cross thy body broken
Cancels every legal charge;
Pleading this authentic token,
Guilty souls are set at large;
All is finish'd, truth hath said it,
Doubt no more, believe your Lord;
To frail reason give no credit,
You have his unerring word.

4 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely,
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt;
Suffering Saviour, take us wholly,
Take and form us as thou wilt;

Thou hast borne the dreadful sentence,
Pass'd on man's devoted race;
Grant us faith and true repentance,
They're thy gifts, thou God of grace.

97. T. 243.

GO, follow the Saviour,
Consider his travail,
Adore him for ever,
Ye sinners, and marvel;
It is for you—he suffers so.

2 With tears interceding
Your load he sustaineth,
And sweating and bleeding
Your pardon he gaineth,
All who believe—he will receive.

3 He's mock'd and defamed,
'Midst scourging and torture;
By sinners is blamed,
And led to the slaughter; [face.
While thorns disgrace—his royal

4 Behold the Lord Jesus,
For you he is wounded,
He bleeds to release us;
His love is unbounded:
For evermore - his name adore.

5 When to the cross nailed
He hung on the mountain,
That we might be healed,
Blood, as from a fountain,
Flow'd from his wounds:—there health abounds.

6 Our meek, suffering Saviour
Pray'd for his oppressors,
And gained God's favour
For us vile transgressors; [grace.
He thus displays—his boundless

7 When he had prevailed,
And all was accomplish'd
By prophets revealed,
He cried: "It is finish'd;"
Then bow'd his head—and join'd the dead.

8 Accept for thy passion,
Most merciful Saviour,
Our deep adoration:
Remain thou for ever
Our highest good,—O Lamb of God.

98. T. 71.

HAIL, suffering Lamb of God,
Whose sweat was mix'd with blood
In Olivet's garden,
When thy prevailing prayers,
Join'd with strong cries and tears,
Procur'd our pardon.

2 Thy bitter agony
Upon my heart shall be
Deeply impressed:
O may I ne'er forget
The price, at which my debt
Hath been erased.

3 Thy countenance divine,
Round which sharp thorns did twine,
Thy dereliction,
Thy having borne our curse,
To us now proves a source
Of benediction.

4 "Tis finish'd," Jesus cries,
He bows his head and dies,
Our pardon's sealed:
All hail, in death tho' pale,
Victorious Lamb, all hail,
Thou hast prevailed.

99.* T. 99.

I SMITE upon my guilty breast,
And stand myself the cause confest
Of all my Saviour hath sustained:
On Olivet and Golgotha
Deeply abas'd I gaze with awe;
There, there he bliss for me obtained.

2 O that my sins might find their grave, [save,
There, where my Lord, my soul to
In sweat and blood lay agonizing:
I weep, and feel both joy and pain;
Saviour, till sight of thee I gain,
May I this scene be oft revising.

3 Behold, he sinks in death; 'tis done:
See the last trickling blood-drops run
From head and feet and hands extended: [head;
Mark that last groan, he bows his
The tortur'd soul at length has fled;
His heart-strings break, the conflict's ended.

4 Look up, my soul, by faith & see,
His heart was pierc'd, was pierc'd for thee;
Thence blood and water freely streamed;
Blood, to atone for heinous sin,
Water, to wash the sinner clean;
Our debt is paid; we are redeemed.

5 Heart-piercing sight; he bleeds,
he dies,
For guilty man a sacrifice; [eth;
The earth the sacred trust receiv-
Soon shall he rise triumphantly,
And then with shouts ascend on high,
Where he to God for ever liveth.

100.* T. 124.

JESUS, till my latest breath,
May I ponder
On thy agony and death:
As thou yonder
Barest my sins' heavy load,
Suffering Saviour,
Me regard with favour.

2 Looking to Gethsemane,
In that garden
Both the guilt of sin I see
And its pardon;
Mercy, truth, and righteousness,
Here combined,
Man's release have signed.

3 From the cross look down on me,
Blessed Saviour,
As on John complacently;
Grant that favour,
That I by thy dying love
Be inspired,
And with ardour fired.

4 In thy hands and feet I see
Tokens bloody
Of thy love to worthless me;
From thy body
Drops of blood successively
Now are streaming,
And with blessings teeming.

5 Jesus bows his head and dies:
Darkening heaven,
Lo, the sun his beams denies;
Rocks are riven:
While earth's pillars shake, I find
In his passion
Cause for exultation.

6 Blood and water from his side
Freely floweth:
Hence I'm fully certified,
My heart knoweth,
That eternal life for me
Was acquired,
When my Lord expired.

7 Now to Joseph's tomb convey'd,
He's interred;
Be my members with him dead,
With him buried;
Here, here is my resting place,
Here with Mary
Weeping I will tarry.

8 Yea, I give my heart to thee,
Faithful Saviour;
Living, dying, I will be
Thine for ever:
From the tomb I shall arise,
Freed from weakness,
In thy glorious likeness.

101.* T. 127.

O LAMB of God unspotted,
Our crucified Saviour,
Who hast to shame submitted
With patient, meek behaviour;
Thy bearing our transgression
Hath sav'd us from damnation:
Have mercy on us, O Jesus,
O Jesus.

2 O Lamb of God unspotted, &c.
Own us to be thine, O Jesus,
O Jesus.

3 O Lamb of God unspotted, &c.
Leave thy peace with us, O Jesus,
O Jesus.

102.* T. 151.

O HEAD so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
'Midst other sore abuses
Mock'd with a crown of thorn;
O Head, ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death now bow'd and wounded
Saluted be by me.

2 Thou countenance transcendent,
Thou life creating Sun
To worlds on thee dependent,
Now bruis'd and spit upon:
How art thou grown so sallow;
How are those gracious eyes,
Whose radiance knew no fellow,
Clouded in cruel wise.

3 O Lord, what thee tormented
Was my sins' heavy load;
I had the debt augmented
Which thou didst pay in blood:
Here am I, blushing sinner,
On whom wrath ought to light;
O thou, my health's beginner,
Let thy grace cheer my sight.

4 Own me, Lord, my preserver,
My Shepherd, me receive;
I know thy love's strong fervour
By all thy pain and grief;
Thou richly dost supply me
With soul-sustaining food,
Nor does thy love deny me
Thy holy flesh and blood.

5 I'll here with thee continue,
(Though poor, despise me not,)
I'm one of thy retinue;
As were I on the spot,
When, earning my election,
Thy heart-strings broke in death,
With shame and love's affection
I'll watch thy latest breath.

6 What heavenly consolation
Doth in my heart take place,
When I thy toil and passion
Can in some measure trace;
Ah, should I, while thus musing
On my Redeemer's cross,
Ev'n life itself be losing,
Great gain would be that loss.

7 I give thee thanks unfeigned,
O Jesus, friend in need,
For what thy soul sustained,
When thou for me didst bleed:
Grant me to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until I hence am taken,
To see thee face to face.

8 Lord, at my dissolution
Do not from me depart;
Support, at the conclusion
Of life, my fainting heart;
And when I pine and languish,
Seiz'd with death's agony,
O by thy pain and anguish
Set me at liberty.

9 Lord, grant me thy protection,
Remind me of thy death
And glorious resurrection,
When I resign my breath:
Ah then, though I be dying,
'Midst sickness, grief, and pain,
I shall, on thee relying,
Eternal life obtain.

103.* T. 36.

DEAR Jesus, wherein art thou to be blamed,
Why is death's sentence against thee proclaimed? [accused,
What is thy crime? of what art thou
While thus abused?

2 I see thee scourg'd, plung'd in a sea of sorrows,
Beat in the face, thy back plough'd with deep furrows,
Thy temples crown'd with thorns, in mock'ry hailed,
To the cross nailed.

3 Why was thy soul with pains of hell surrounded?
Alas, my sins have thee, my Saviour, wounded: [of anguish,
I should have waded thro' that sea
Which made thee languish.

4 There is no good at all in my whole nature,
Sin hath diffus'd its shame thro' every feature; [ing ages
And death had been thro' everlast-
Its dreadful wages.

5 How highly wonderful is this proceeding;
The Shepherd for his wandering sheep is bleeding; [behaviour,
The master pays for servants' mis-
That loving Saviour.

6 O boundless love, O love beyond expression,
Constraining thee to choose such bitter passion: [joyment,
I liv'd in pleasure and the world's en-
Thou bearest torment.

7 O greatest King, whose power is unbounded,
How can thy mercy be aright expounded: [is sighing,
O mystery deep, the incarnate God
For sinners dying.

8 Thy dying love all other love doth swallow;
My mind to trace its limits is too shallow; [tender,
For such compassion, and for love so
What shall I render?

9 One thing I'll gladly do to give thee pleasure,
No more to sin I'll yield in any measure; [senses
Lest it again seduce my mind and
To old offences.

10 But as my strength is far too weak and feeble
To crucify my flesh and innate evil,
Lord, let thy Spirit graciously direct me,
From sin protect me.

11 Unto thy praise my all I'll gladly venture,
Upon thy shame and cross I'll freely enter; [resolution,
Nor pain, nor death shall change my Nor persecution.

12 Do not despise, I pray, my weak endeavour,
To praise, and love, and serve thee, dearest Saviour: [lation
Take soul and body, Lord, as an ob- For all thy passion.

13 When thou shalt give to me a crown of glory,
When all is swallow'd up that's transitory, [matter,
Then shall my voice be suited to the And praise thee better.

104.* T. 79.

O WORLD, see thy Creator
Extended, like a traitor,
Upon the cross's tree;
Behold him, while expiring,
And for mankind acquiring
Thereby life, grace, and liberty.

2 Draw near, thou wilt discover,
How blood and sweat all over
His sacred body dyes;
Out of his heart most noble,
From inexhausted trouble, [sighs.
Sighs are successive, following

3 Who hath thee thus abused,
Dear Lord, and so much bruised
Thy most majestic face?
Thou wast no sin's transactor,
Thou wast no malefactor,
Like others of the human race.

4 I, I and my transgressions,
Which by my own confessions
Exceed the sea-shore sands,
These, these have been the reason
Of thy whole bitter season,
Of all thy bruises, stripes & bands.

5 The wrath upon thee poured,
I ought to have endured,
And borne the pangs of hell:
The bonds and scourges tearing,
Which thou, my God, wast bearing,
My soul, my soul deserv'd to feel.

6 I'll be with the beholders,
And see thee on thy shoulders
Bear my prodigious load:
Thou tak'st the curse-infliction,
Giv'st for it benediction; [God.
Thy death procures my peace with

7 As surety thou presentest
Thyself, to die consentest
For me in debt all o'er;
A crown of thorns thou wearest,
All scorn and pain thou bearest
With patience never known before.

8 Into death's jaws thou leaping,
Provid'st for my escaping,
Lest I its sting should prove:
My curse and condemnation
Thou bear'st for my salvation;
O what unheard-of fire of love.

9 The highest obligations
Bind me, through all life's stations,
To express my thanks to thee:
Poor tho' I am and feeble,
As far as I am able,
I'll yield thee service willingly.

10 While here on earth I'm living,
I have nought worth the giving
To thee for all thy pain;
Yet shall thy passion ever,
Till soul and body sever, [main.
Deep in my heart engrav'd re-

11 How greatly man incenses
The Lord by his offences;
God's holiness how stern;
How rigorous he chastises,
When he with wrath baptizes;
This from thy sufferings will I learn.

12 From thence I'll be taught truly
How to be pure and holy,
Resign'd, compos'd, and still;
How patiently to suffer,
When any to me offer
Rude acts of malice and ill will.

13 I'll be my flesh denying,
And gladly crucifying
With Christ each sinful lust:
With all that thee displeases
I'll gladly part, O Jesus, [bestow'st.
By help and strength which th u

14 Thy sighs & groans unnumber'd
And from thy heart encumber'd,
The countless tears forth press'd;
These shall, at my dismission,
To final rest's fruition,
Convey me to thy arms & breast.

105.* T. 165.

THOUSAND times by me be greet-
Jesus, who hast loved me, [ed,
And thyself to death submitted
For my treason against thee:
Ah, how happy do I feel,
When 'fore thee I humbly kneel,
At the cross where thou expiredst,
And true life for me acquiredst.

2 Jesus, thee I view in spirit,
Cover'd o'er with blood & wounds:
Now salvation through thy merit
For my sin-sick soul abounds:
O who can, thou Prince of peace,
Who didst thirst for our release,
Fully fathom all that's treasur'd
In thy love's design unmeasur'd.

3 Heal me, O my soul's Physician,
Wheresoe'er I'm sick or sad;
All the woes of my condition
By thy balm be now allay'd:
Heal the hurts which Adam wrought,
Or which on myself I've brought;
If thy blood me only cover,
My distress will soon be over.

4 On my heart thy wounds for ever
Be inscrib'd indelibly,
That I ne'er forget, dear Saviour,
What thou hast endur'd for me:
Thou'rt indeed my highest good,
End of all solicitude;
Let me, at thy feet abased,
Be to taste thy friendship raised.

5 With the deepest adoration
Humbly at thy feet I lie,
And with fervent supplication
Unto thee for succour cry:
My petition kindly hear;
Say in answer to my prayer,
"I will change thy grief and sadness
Into comfort, joy, and gladness."

6 Jesus, at my dissolution
Take my longing soul to thee;
Let thy wounds at the conclusion
Of this life my refuge be:
When in death I close mine eyes,
Let me wake in paradise,
And in endless bliss and glory
With the saints in heaven adore thee.

106.* T. 168.

JESUS, source of my salvation,
Conqueror both of death and hell,
Thou who didst, as my oblation,
Feel what I deserv'd to feel,
Through thy sufferings, death, and
I eternal life inherit; [merit,
Thousand, thousand thanks to
Dearest Lord, for ever be. [thee,

2 O how basely wast thou used,
Buffeted and spit upon,
Scourg'd, & torn, & sorely bruised,
Thou, the heavenly Father's Son;
Me, poor sinner, to deliver
From the devil's power for ever;
Thousand, &c.

3 Lord, thy deep humiliation
Paid for my presumptuous pride;
I need fear no condemnation,
Since for sinners thou hast died:
Thou becam'st a curse, dear Saviour,
To restore me to God's favour;
Thousand, &c.

4 Lord, I'll praise thee now and ever,
Who for me wast crucified;
For thy agony, dear Saviour,
For thy wounds and pierced side,
For thy stooping under sentence
Of God's wrath and fiery vengeance,
For thy death and love divine,
Lord, I'll be for ever thine.

107.* T. 165.

CHRIST, thy wounds and bitter passion,
Bloody sweat, cross, death, and
Be my daily meditation, [tomb,
Till I to thy presence come:
When a sinful thought would start,
Ready to seduce my heart,
Thy sore pain effectually
Me forbid with sin to dally.
[passion

2 Should my breast with carnal
Be inflam'd and burn with sin,
Let the thoughts of thine oblation
Quench that spreading fire within:
Would the tempter make his way
To my heart, Lord, grant I may
By thy wounds, thy pain, & anguish,
All his vile intrusions vanquish.
[ment

3 Would the world with gay allure-
Draw me to its own broad way,
Let me think upon thy torment,
And the load which on thee lay:
Sure the sweat and precious blood
Of the dying Lamb of God
Can arm me, on each occasion,
To oppose the infatuation.

4 Lord, in every sore oppression
Let thy wounds be my relief;
When I seek thy intercession,
Add new strength to my belief:
Ah, the feeling of thy peace
Sets my troubled heart at ease,
And affords a demonstration
Of thy love and my salvation.

5 All my hope and consolation,
Christ is in thy bitter death;
At the hour of expiration,
Lord, receive my dying breath:
Most of all, when I go hence,
Let this be my confidence,
That thy deep humiliation
Has procured my salvation.

108.* T. 126.

O LORD, when condemnation
And guilt afflict my soul,
Then let thy bitter passion
The rising storm control:
Remind me that thy blood was spilt
To cancel my transgressions,
And take away my guilt.

2 O wonder, far exceeding
All human thought and sense,
Heaven's Sovereign was seen bleed-
To blot out my offence: [ing
The Prince of life gave up his breath
For me, whose vile rebellion
Deserv'd an endless death.

3 Though sins exceed a mountain,
Or sands on ocean's shore,
The everlasting fountain
Of Jesus' blood hath power
To wash all sin and guilt away,
And save me from that terror
Which held me in dismay.

4 My heart while here 'tis moving,
Shall beat with fervent praise
To thee, who art so loving
To the lost human race:
Thy dying words and agony
Shall be my meditation,
Till I am call'd to thee.

5 Lord, let thy bitter passion
Dwell always in my mind,
To raise an indignation
'Gainst sin of every kind;
That henceforth I may ne'er forget
The greatness of that ransom,
Which paid my endless debt.

6 All pains and tribulations,
Contempt and worldly spite,
Help me to bear with patience;
And always fix my sight
On that unerring rule of faith,
Thy blessed steps to follow,
Until my latest breath.

7 O may my life and labour
Express what thou hast done,
By love towards my neighbour,
By serving every one
Without self-interest or disguise;
And may thy pure example
Be my best exercise.

8 When I give up my spirit
To thee, my Judge and God,
O then apply the merit
Of thy atoning blood;
And let my faith its power display,
And rest upon thy promise
To save me in that day.

109.* T. 167.

O THE love wherewith I'm loved,
Source of all my happiness;
Thou, O Love, by mercy moved,
Tak'st upon thee my distress:
As a lamb led to the slaughter
Goest to the cross's tree,
Seal'st thy love with blood & water,
Bear'st the world's iniquity.

2 Love, so strikingly displayed
In thy tears and bloody sweat:
Love, by sinful men betrayed,
Dragg'd before the judgment-seat:
Love, who for my soul's salvation
Willingly didst shed thy blood,
Thro' thy death and bitter passion
I am reconcil'd to God.

3 Love, who as my bleeding Saviour
Didst my heart in righteousness
Unto thee betroth for ever,
Ah, I thank thee for thy grace:
Love, who thus thyself engagedst,
Let all misery which I feel
By thy sufferings be assuaged:
By thy stripes my sorrow heal.

4 Love, who hast for me endured
Death upon the accursed tree,
And eternal bliss procured,
Fill my soul with love to thee:
Lord, how hast thou captivated
My else cold and lifeless heart:
Let me, till to heaven translated,
Never more from thee depart.

110.* T. 216.

A LAMB went forth, and bare the
Of all the world together; [guilt
Most patiently his blood he spilt
To pay for every debtor;
He freely took sin's heavy load,
To reconcile us unto God;
All comfort he refused:
He underwent reproach and blame,
Death on the cross, with stripes and shame,
And said, "I freely choose it."'

2 This Lamb is God omnipotent,
Of all things the Creator:
The Son, who, by the Father sent,
Assum'd our feeble nature:
O love no human tongue can tell,
O love divine, unsearchable:
God gave his well-beloved
To sufferings, death, & to the grave,
That he lost man thereby might save;
His mercy thus he proved.

3 Jesus, I never can forget
The pangs thou hast sustained:
I'll thee, long as my pulse doth beat,
Adore with thanks unfeigned;
Yea, thou shalt be my soul's delight;
In danger's path, and sorrow's night,
My guide and consolation:
In life and death I will be thine,
And on thy faithfulness recline
With humble resignation.

4 My song in thy great loveliness
Both day and night shall centre;
Amidst all wants and feebleness
I'll on thy service venture:
My life's whole stream for thee shall
O may, by all I speak or do, [flow;
Thy holy name be praised,
And all that thou hast done for me,
Upon my heart indelibly
For ever be impressed.

5 True comfort thou to me canst
In my life's every station; [yield
In combat thou dost prove my shield,
In grief my exultation;
In happy hours the source of joy;
And when all other meat doth cloy,
This manna shall support me;
In thirst thou shalt my well-spring
In solitude my company, [be,
At home and on a journey.

6 What harm can I from death sus-
Since thou art my salvation; [tain,
From heat my shade, my ease in pain,
In grief my consolation;
When gloomy thoughts surround
my breast, [rest;
Thou, Lord, alone canst give me
'Tis by thy power I conquer:
Thou art, when storms of trial blow,
And toss my vessel to and fro,
My sure and stedfast anchor.

7 When I in heaven shall rest with
From all my tribulation, [thee,
Thy blood and righteousness shall be
My glorious decoration: [place,
Thou on my head a crown wilt
Then shall I stand before the face
Of thy dear heavenly Father,
Dress'd in salvation's robe, with thee
To live to all eternity
In bliss no tongue can utter.

111.* T. 9.

JESUS, I am richly bless'd
By thy bitter passion,
O how is my soul refresh'd
In the meditation
On the pain and deep distress,
Which thou hast endured,
That for me in heaven a place
Thus might be procured.

2 Jesus, thou who once wast dead,
But now ever livest;
Who in every time of need
Kindly me relievest,
And dost help to me afford:
Faithful Lord and Saviour,
Give me what thy death procur'd,
And I'm rich for ever.

3 Grant, O Christ, my God & Lord,
Through thy bitter passion,
That I may, as thy reward,
Joy in thy salvation:
May I ever weigh the cause
Of thy death and suffering,
And a poor, but contrite heart
Bring as a thank-offering.

112. T. 168.

O BEHOLD your Saviour wounded,
Hanging on the accursed cross;
None hath e'er the love expounded,
Our Redeemer show'd to us:
Hear him at his crucifixion
Pray for foes, 'midst keen affliction,
"Them forgive; they do not know,
Heavenly Father, what they do."

2 At his cross's foot now tarry,
View his languid, marred face,
Mark his care for John and Mary;
To the thief he offers grace:
Ah, he thirsts with love unshaken;
"God, why hast thou me forsaken?"
And, "'Tis finish'd," Jesus cries,
Yields his spirit, droops, and dies.

113.* T. 168.

SING with awe in strains harmonious,
Sing with awe: Behold the man!
Yea, repeat in tones symphonious,
Ah, behold, behold the man!
On thy dying look, dear Saviour,
I will fix my eyes for ever:
I am never tir'd to gaze
At thy lovely, bleeding face.

2 Oh, this makes me think with sighing,
I'm the cause: Behold the man!
But his love which I'm enjoying,
Comforts me: Behold the man!
Ah, that cruelly abused
Countenance, so marr'd & bruised,
Makes my eyes with tears o'erflow,
Till to him I've leave to go.

3 Wounded head, back plough'd with furrows,
Visage marr'd: Behold the man!
Eyes how dim, how full of sorrows,
Sunk with grief: Behold the man!
Lamb of God, led to the slaughter,
Melted, poured out like water;
Should not love my heart inflame,
Viewing thee, thou slaughter'd Lamb.

114.* T. 217.

WHEN thou in death didst bow thy head,
All nature, Lord, was struck with wonder;
The opening graves gave up their dead,
Earth trembled, rocks were rent in sunder:
Then felt the powers of hell below
Their last irrevocable blow;
Thy aim was then by right obtained,
To free the souls by Satan chained:
Now, thro' thy anguish & distress,
The captives find a full release.

2 Thou, who as our High-priest appearest,
Still as the Lamb once slain above
And there the tokens of thy love
In thy once wounded body bearest:
This is thy most transcendent form,
Which doth our hearts transport and warm,
As thou upon the cross didst languish,
Extended there in keenest anguish,
Or, as thy body, pale and dead,
In the cold sepulchre was laid.

3 'Tis the most lovely attitude, [sion,
Endearing Christ beyond expres-
When by the eye of faith he's view'd,
The sacrifice for our transgression;
That love which urg'd our Lord and Head
To suffer freely in our stead,
Sinks deep into our hearts recesses:
The blessed fruits of his distresses
We richly can enjoy by faith,
While meditating on his death.

4 Christ's agony, his death, & blood,
Shall be our joy and consolation;
His grace unmerited, bestow'd
On us, our constant meditation;
Fresh proofs of his fidelity
And tender care we daily see;
He will continue still to feed us,
Till he at last will thither lead us,
Where all his glories shall be seen,
Without a veil to intervene.

115.* T. 594.

ONE view, Lord Jesus, of thy passion
Will make the fainting spirit glad;
This yields us solid consolation,
When thy dear blood, so freely shed,
Pervades & heals both soul & body;
When thou dost give to us thy peace;
Ah, then our arms of faith are ready
Thy cross, O Jesus, to embrace.

2 No drop of blood thou deem'dst too precious,
To shed for sinners vile like me;
O that thy fire of love, dear Jesus,
Inflam'd my heart with love to thee;
May thy atoning death and passion,
Thy agony and bitter pain,
Until my final consummation,
Deep in my heart engrav'd remain.

3 O might I live in the enjoyment
Of all my Lord for me hath gain'd;
Might this be daily my employment,
To muse on what his soul sustain'd:

O may his hands, whereon engraven
My poor and worthless name doth stand,
Support me, till I in the haven
Of endless joy shall safely land.

116.* T. 14.

MY life-supplying element
Is Jesus' blood and death:
My soul is eagerly intent
To live therein by faith.

2 Lord Jesus, who is like to thee?
O might I night and day
In spirit upon Calvary,
That scene of suffering, stay.

3 How that blest moment I regard,
When thou didst bow thy head:
O had my listening ear but heard
The sigh that left thee dead.

4 How highly favour'd had I been,
Had I with John stood by,
And my beloved Saviour seen
For my redemption die.

5 Beholding with deep reverence
Thy side for me then pierc'd,
With what emotion had I thence
Seen blood and water burst.

6 It is as tho' my eyes now view'd
This heart-affecting sight,
And every scene depicted stood
'Fore me in clearest light.

7 O might thy dying love divine
Become to me more clear,
And smile in every smile of mine,
And flow in every tear.

8 When I depart, my latest breath
To thee, Lord, shall ascend,
As a thank-offering for thy death;
Thus, blest my race will end.

117. T. 14.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy pierced side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

118. T. 244.

THE slaughter'd Lamb, my Saviour,
Remains my sole delight,
My favourite theme for ever,
My object day and night;
The incense of his prayers,
His cries and bitter tears,
For me to God ascendeth;
My mournful cry he hears.

2 With God my habitation
Upon mount Calvary
I'll fix without cessation;
Here it is good to be:
Thus from my Saviour's death
Deriving life by faith,
Of heaven I have a foretaste,
Until my latest breath.

119.* T. 151.

HERE am I blushing, weeping,
A breeze of heavenly bliss
From Jesus' cross perceiving,
Rejoicing that I 'm his;
To him what shall I render,
My grateful heart to show?
Did but my love more tender,
More ardent for him glow.

2 I was defil'd all over,
Depraved and unclean;
His blood my guilt did cover,
And wash away my sin;
The time I well remember
When, fill'd with deepest awe,
My name among the number
In the Lamb's book I saw.

3 My Saviour's death and passion,
His anguish, grief, and pain,
Until my consummation,
My favourite theme remain;
Himself hath sanctified
The grave, my resting-place,
And since for me he died,
I shall lie down in peace.

120.* T. 168.

THOU hast cancell'd my transgression,
Jesus, by thy precious blood;
May I find therein salvation,
Happiness and peace with God;
And since thou, for sinners suffering,
On the cross wast made an offering,
From all sin deliver me,
That I wholly thine may be.

2 All the pain thou hast endured,
All thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
Hands & feet, with nails thro' bored,
The reproach which thou hast borne;
Thy back, ploughed with deep furrows,
Cross, and grave, & all thy sorrows,
Thy blood-sweat, and agony,
O Lord Jesus, comfort me.

121.* T. 36.

LAMB, for thy boundless love I praises offer,
That love, which urg'd thee in my stead to suffer,
While all the wrath which I should have endured,
On thee was poured.

2 How highly is poor man by thee esteemed;
Thou gav'st thyself, that he might be redeemed;
Take soul and body, Lord, as an oblation
For all thy passion.

3 Thou richly dost deserve, that each pulsation
Thy praises should express without cessation,
And that each drop of blood be hallow'd ever
To thee, my Saviour.

122.* T. 22.

ROUND Tabor heavenly glories shone,
But what on Olivet was done,
What signaliz'd mount Calvary,
Calls forth my praise:—'twas done for me.

123. T. 582.

WAS ever grief like thine,
Jesus, thou man of woe?
The visage and the form divine,
Why was it marred so?
That man by thee restor'd,
God's image might regain,
And, by the sorrows of his Lord,
In joys eternal reign.

124.* T. 14.

SEE, world, upon the shameful tree
Thy Maker sinks in death: [thee,
Cover'd with stripes and wounds for
Thy Saviour yields his breath.

2 Behold the streams of sacred blood,
From hands, and feet, and side;
What hath drawn forth this copious flood,
And swell'd this flowing tide?

3 My sins, as numerous as the sands
Upon the ocean's shore, [hands,
Have been the cruel, murderous
That wounded thee so sore.

4 Thy wondrous love to evidence
Thou wouldst my surety be;
Thyself wouldst pay my debt immense,
Thereby to set me free.

5 Thou art destruction to the grave,
Death's enemy severe;
That each, in bondage as its slave,
Might now be sav'd from fear.

6 My debt to thee, God, who art love,
Weak words can ne'er express;
I cannot here, if there above,
Return due thankfulness.

7 Grant me the grace while I am here,
Since I can nothing give,
Thy sufferings in my heart to bear,
And by thy death to live.

125. T. 14.

BEHOLD the Saviour of the world,
Imbru'd with sweat and gore,
Expiring on the accursed cross,
When he our sorrows bore.

2 Compassion for man's fallen race,
Brought down God's only Son,
To veil in flesh his radiant face,
And for our sins atone.

3 Who can to love his name forbear,
That of his sufferings hears,
And finds the ransom of his soul
Was blood as well as tears?

4 When earth and hell's malicious powers
Encompass'd thee around,
Thy sacred blood, O Son of God,
Stream'd forth from every wound;

5 Till death's pale ensigns o'er thy checks
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook thy dying eyes,
And life thy drooping head.

6 Joy for thy torments we receive,
Life in thy death have found;
For the reproaches of thy cross
Shall be with glory crown'd.

7 May we a grateful sense retain
Of thy redeeming love;
And live below like those that hope
To live with thee above.

126. T. 14.

ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote his sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness [hide
And shut his glories in,
When the almighty Maker died,
An offering for my sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing [face,
While Jesus' cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, in tears.

127. T. 22.

WHEN I by faith my Saviour see
Expiring on the cross for me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am fill'd with Jesus' love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart,
In every groan I bear a part; [eyes;
I view his wounds with streaming
But see, he bows his head and dies.

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God, [blood,
Wounded, and dead, and bath'd in
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 O that I thus could always feel;
Lord, more and more thy love reveal: [claim
Then my glad tongue shall loud pro-
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear, [ear;
Revives my heart and charms my
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

128. T. 14.

BEHOLD the loving Son of God
Stretch'd out upon the tree;
Behold him shed his precious blood
And die for you and me.

2 Why is his body rack'd with pains,
And wrung with keenest smart?
Why flows the blood from all his veins,
Why torn with grief his heart?

3 All righteousness did he fulfil,
No sin did ever know;
He never thought nor acted ill;
Why was he wounded so?

4 Alas, we own with conscious [shame,
While we behold his cross,
Our sins have slain the guiltless
He suffer'd all for us. [Lamb,

5 But hence our confidence begins;
For we may boldly say,
That thus, by bearing all our sins,
He took them all away.

6 Our God is fully reconcil'd,
His justice satisfied;
Each sinner may become his child,
Since Jesus bled and died.

7 Come then, ye needy sinners,
If ye accept, he'll give; [come;
O suffer him to lead you home;
Whoever will, may live.

129. T. 22.

THERE hangs the Saviour of mankind,
His visage marr'd, his head reclin'd,
His bleeding hands, his bleeding feet,
Declare his love divinely great.

2 The thieves, expiring on each side,
Proclaim the crimes for which they died: [done?
But what, dear Saviour, hast thou
Thou diedst for sin, but not thine own.

3 Jesus, and didst then bleed for me?
O great, O boundless mystery;
I bow my head in deep amaze,
And silently adore thy grace.

130. T. 582.

GO forth in spirit, go
To Calvary's holy mount;
See there thy friend between two thieves,
Suffering on thy account.

2 Fall at his cross's foot,
And say, "My God and Lord,
Here let me dwell, and view those wounds,
Which life for me procur'd."

3 Fix on that face thine eye;
Why dost thou backward shrink?
What a base rebel thou hast been
To Christ, thou now dost think.

4 Fear not; for this is he
Who always loves us first,
And with white robes of righteous-[ness
Delights to deck the worst.

5 Or art thou at a loss
What thou to him shalt say?
Be but sincere, and all thy case
Just as it is display.

6 His blood thy cause will plead,
Thy plaintive cry he'll hear,
Look with an eye of pity down,
And grant thee all thy prayer.

131. T. 14.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee.

2 Hark how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done, the precious ransom's [paid;
"'Tis finish'd," Jesus cries;
Behold, he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head, and dies.

4 Salvation thus did he obtain;
O, mystery divine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine.

132. T. 22.

THE cross, the cross, O that 's my gain;
Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
'Twas there my Saviour for me died.

2 The stony heart dissolves in tears
When to our view the cross appears;
Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

3 Here will I stay, and gaze awhile
Upon the friend of sinners vile;
Abas'd I view what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious Son.

4 Here I behold, as in a glass,
God's glory with unveiled face;
And by beholding, I shall be
Made like to him who loved me.

5 Here is an ensign on a hill,
Come hither, sinners, look your fill;
To look aside is pain and loss;
I glory only in the cross.

6 Here doth the Lord of life proclaim
To all the world his saving name;
Repenting souls, in him believe;
Ye wounded, look on him and live.

7 No flaming sword doth guard the [grace;
place,
The cross of Christ proclaims free
All pilgrims who would heaven win,
By Jesus' cross must enter in.

133. T. 96.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done;
The incarnate God hath died for me,
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
The incarnate God for me hath died;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and [die,
peace;
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream,
All things for him account but loss,
And all give up our hearts to him:
O may we nothing know beside
The Lamb of God as crucified.

134. T. 11.

LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away,
While I see him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me.

2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt;
Ah, my soul, he bore thy load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3 Hark, his dying word: "Forgive,
Father, let the sinner live:
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay."

4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain my pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.

5 Farewell world, thy gold is dross,
Now I see the blood-stain'd cross:
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee.

6 He has dearly bought my soul:
Lord, accept and claim the whole;
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

135. T. 583.

I KNEEL in spirit at my Saviour's cross,
Where he in blood expired for his foes:
With deepest reverence humbly I adore
My dying Lord, who all my sorrows bore.

2 I, sinful worm, with awe before him bow,
While I this deep unfathom'd mystery view:
Poor man must highly valu'd be indeed,
For whom so great a ransom-price was paid.

3 This blessed truth I firmly will maintain,
That my Creator for my sins was slain:
May this constrain me gladly to obey
And love the Lord who took my sins away.

136. T. 166.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride:
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
In aught beside my ransom-price;
All the vain things which charm'd me most
For Christ I freely sacrifice.

2 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

137. T. 184.

FOR our transgressions thou wast wounded,
Our sins, O Lord, on thee were laid;
Thy sufferings, O what love unbounded,
For guilty man the debt have paid:
With humble thanks we now adore thee,
Thy cross our glory shall remain;
Yet oft asham'd we weep before thee,
That we by sin the Lord have slain.

138. T. 232.

BEHOLD, my soul, the Lamb of God,
Baptiz'd with tears, and sweat, and blood,
Spent, comfortless, forsaken:
See, how he bows his head and dies,
While to the world the sun denies
His light, and rocks are shaken:
My dear Redeemer, let thy death
Subdue my heart, confirm my faith:
Teach me thy dying love to know,
And in return with love to glow:
Thy love divine
My heart incline,
Lord, to be thine
Till I in death my soul resign.

139.* T. 151.

THY blood, so dear and precious,
Love made thee shed for me;
O may I now, dear Jesus,
Love thee most fervently:
May the divine impression
Of thy atoning death,
And all thy bitter passion,
Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

140.* T. 588.

'TIS finish'd now,
Salvation 's finish'd now;
Redeemed sinners, bow,
Adore, and wonder,
That earth and heaven's Founder
Now sinks in death. :||:

2 Look up and see,
By faith look up and see,
His heart was pierc'd for thee;
The Rock of ages,
Whose stream thy thirst assuages,
Was rent for thee. :||:

3 The precious flood
Of water and of blood,
Of sin-atoning blood,
Now freely floweth
On him, who Jesus knoweth
As Lord and God. :||:

4 We are redeem'd,
Redeem'd to endless bliss,
Our souls rejoice at this;
With hearts enlarged
We see our debt discharged,
Our ransom paid. :||:

5 O sing again,
Sing still in higher strain
Unto the Lamb once slain;
Bring for salvation
Praise, thanks, and adoration,
Hallelujah. :||:

141. T. 14.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy tho' I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

6 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd, by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

142. T. 240.

ALL hail, thou Lamb of God,
Bearing sin's pond'rous load;
Thanks for thy agony,
Thy bloody sweat for me,
Thy suffering willingly:
All hail, 'midst pain and scorn,
Derided, crown'd with thorn,
And by the scourges torn:
All hail in purple clad:
Sinners, sinners,
Ah, behold the man:
Sinners, sinners,
Ah, behold the man.

2 Bearing the cross's weight
Thou mountest Calvary's height:
I weeping follow thee;
For all is done for me,
For me, thine enemy:
All hail, as in my stead,
Thou, a sin-offering made,
In torments bow'st thy head:
Thanks for thy pierced side:
Sinners, sinners,
All ye who pass by,
Hearken, hearken,
Mark his dying cry.

3 "'Tis finish'd," Jesus cries,
He bows his head and dies:
The veil is rent in twain,
Burst is the captive's chain,
Man is restor'd again:
All hail, in death though pale,
Victorious Lamb, all hail;
Then did thine arm prevail:

O glorious sacrifice:
Ever, ever
To thy promis'd word
Faithful, faithful,
Saviour, God, and Lord.

143. T. 136.

I WEEP for joy
And tender love's emotion,
When I Christ's sufferings trace with deep devotion,
From Olivet
To Calvary's blood-stain'd brow:
When him, with scoffing multitudes surrounded,
I view, from head to foot for my transgressions wounded,
Ah, then it is my blest employ,
To weep for joy.

2 He died for me,
For me became an offering;
My sin-sick soul he healeth by his [suffering:
His precious blood,
For my redemption shed,
An open fountain is for my transgression: [of salvation,
I in his sacred wounds, those pledges
Discover my election free;
He died for me.

144. T. 581.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
O, the wormwood and the gall;
O, the pangs his soul sustain'd:
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain
There, adoring at his feet, [climb;
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless [clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is ris'n,—He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

145.* T. 185.

UNTO Jesus' cross I'm now retiring,
There my Saviour's pierced feet,
(Dying love a grateful sense inspiring,)
Bath'd in tears, I humbly greet:
Might I never lose this blest sensation,
But in spirit fix my happy station
On those heights so dear to me,
Golgotha, Gethsemane.

2 Might thy dying love, dear suffering Saviour,
Which subdu'd my stubborn heart,
Me constrain, and rule my whole behaviour,
Till I from this world depart:
Thus my mortal body I shall nourish,
And as thine with holy reverence [cherish,
Earnestly intent to bear
More of thy blest image here.

3 With a mind from earthly cares divested,
Let me dwell, by day and night,
Where the body of my Saviour rested:
Here I find supreme delight;
Here 'tis good for me with pardon'd Mary
At his sepulchre in faith to tarry:
Thus in blessed fellowship
With my Lord I wake and sleep.

146.* T. 208.

HAPPY meditation
On my Saviour's passion,
On his death and grave;
O the feeling blessed
Cannot be expressed
Which at times I have,
When I Christ in spirit view,
In his suffering scenes revising
My Lord agonizing.

2 All the pains and sorrows
He endured for us;
All the tears he shed,
When he in the garden,
Bearing our sins' burden,
In soul's anguish pray'd;
Yea, each scene of suffering love
Raises in me an emotion
Of intense devotion.

3 Lamb of God, thus dearest
Thou to me appearest;
O might I each breath
Spend, while here I 'm living,
In praise and thanksgiving
For thy wounds and death;
Till I, for thy dying love,
Shall with all the saints in glory
Praise, thank, and adore thee.

147. T. 581.

MET around the sacred tomb,
Friends of Jesus, why those tears?
'Midst this sad sepulchral gloom
Shall your faith give way to fears?
He will soon, ev'n as he said,
Rise triumphant from the dead.

2 Hidden from all ages past
Was the cross's mystery,
Doubts awhile a veil had cast
O'er that first dear family;
Till they saw him, and believ'd,
And as Lord and God receiv'd.

3 Now with tears of love and joy
We remember all his pain,
Sighs, and groans, and dying cry;
For the Lamb for us was slain,
And from death our souls to save,
Once for us lay in the grave.

4 Hither, sinners, all repair,
And with Jesus Christ be dead;
All are safe from Satan's snare,
Who to Jesus' tomb have fled;
Here the weary and oppress'd
Find a never-ending rest.

5 Wounded Saviour, full of grace,
Hast thou suffer'd thus for me?
Ah, I hide my blushing face;
How have I requited thee?
Should not I with ardour burn
Some love's token to return?

6 But alas, the spark how small;
Scarcely seen at all to glow:
Lord, thou know'st how short I fall,
And my growth in grace how slow;
Yet, when to thy cross I fly,
Soon all strange affections die.

7 In thy death is all my trust,
I have thee my refuge made;
And when once, consign'd to dust,
In the tomb my body's laid,
Then with saved souls above
I will praise thy dying love.

8 But while here I 'm left behind,
Burden'd with infirmity,
May I help and comfort find,
Visiting Gethsemane,
Calvary, and Joseph's tomb,
Till my sabbath's also come.

148. T. 114.

NOW haste, my soul, with awe and deep devotion
To Joseph's tomb, thy Saviour to behold,
Laid in the dust, his body pale [and cold:
Ah, in thy stead he drank death's bitter potion:
He as a lamb was wounded, bruis'd, [and slain,
For thee eternal happiness to gain.

2 For worthless me, (O godlike condescension,)
The Maker of creation's boundless [sphere,
Whom all celestial hosts as Lord revere,
Whose power divine is past their [comprehension,
Became a man, my guilty soul to save,
And rests from labour in the si- [lent grave.

3 Here is the place where weary souls may tarry:
Tho' near the dead, death can no power assume,
For life, eternal life, rests in this [tomb;
Come, then, my pardon'd soul, with humble Mary
Behold thy wearied Master sweetly [sleep;
Admire his matchless love, adore, and weep.

4 I view in thee, thou wan and mangled body,
My Lord, Redeemer, Priest, and Sacrifice,
The Bread of Life, the Pearl of [greatest price;
My soul's Belov'd, the Fairest, white and ruddy,
The promis'd Seed, the Lord our [righteousness,
The long-predicted Lamb, and Prince of peace.

5 Here will I stay, engag'd in contemplation
On my Redeemer's agony and [death;
This shall increase and fix my wavering faith
In him, the finisher of my salva- [tion:
Yea, in my soul and body mortify
The sins which did my Jesus crucify.

6 Thou Lord of life, fix thou my soul and senses [heart:
On thee, the dearest object of my
That, when from this vain world I shall depart, [commences,
And when the awful scene of death
I may resign my spirit unto thee,
And in thy presence live eternally.

7 Meanwhile I'll love and thank, without cessation,
Thee, my Redeemer, who my soul hast bought, [mercy sought:
And me, a wandering sheep, in
Accept my tears, my prayer, and adoration: [sign;
To thee my life, my all I now re-
In life and death, O keep me ever thine.

149. T. 208.

NOW will I, like Mary,
My best spices carry
To my Saviour's tomb;
I 'll behold his body
Mangled, pale, and bloody;
Now my sabbath's come:
But alas,—what spices has
My poor heart, save tears & crying,
Heartfelt throbs and sighing.

2 Lamb of God, my Saviour,
Thou shalt be for ever
My most favourite theme:
And for thy atonement
Might I every moment
Praise thy saving name:
Constantly—thy passion be,
Till my final consummation,
My heart's meditation.

150.* T. 45.

O DEEPEST grief,—which our relief
From sin and death procured;
God's belov'd and only Son
In a tomb was buried.

2 O sinful man,—this doleful plan
Was laid by thy transgression;
What Christ suffer'd for thy guilt
Is beyond expression.

3 The Lamb of God—pour'd forth his blood
On Calvary's holy mountain;
This for all iniquity
Is an open fountain.

4 O Prince of peace,—thou source of
And author of salvation, [grace,
Thy unbounded love demands
Humble adoration.

5 How blest are they—who duly weigh,
That God became our Saviour,
To bestow eternal life
Upon us for ever.

6 O Jesus blest,—my heart's true
Be thou my soul's desire, [rest,
Till I too can in my tomb
From this world retire.

151. T. 119.

LAMB once slain, :||:
My Redeemer, while I view
Thee by faith, I'm lost in wonder;
Grateful tears my cheeks bedew:
Blessed Saviour, when I ponder
On the cause of all thy grief and
Melts my heart. :|: [smart,

2 Holy Lord, :||:
By thy body giv'n to death,
Mortify my sinful nature,
Till I yield my dying breath:
Ah, protect thy feeble creature;
Grant that I, by nothing drawn
Thine abide. :||: [aside,

152.* T. 598.

BELOVED, white and ruddy,
Of thousands none so fair;
I with thy wounded body
No beauty can compare:
Here to thy care consigned,
Within thy tomb enshrined,
Might but my body lie;
To thee my soul would fly.

2 But while on earth I tarry,
Wrapt in this mortal vest,
Make it thy sanctuary,
Thy form be there imprest;
Admit no strange affections,
But, 'midst all imperfections,
May in my looks be seen,
That I with God have been.

3 In this sepulchral Eden
The tree of life I 've found,
Here is my treasure hidden,
I tread on hallow'd ground:
Ye sick, ye faint, and weary,
Howe'er your ailments vary,
Creep hither, and make sure
Of a most perfect cure.

4 Here lies in death's embraces,
My bridegroom, Lord, and God:
With awe my soul retraces
The dark and dolorous road,
That leads to this last station;
Here in sweet meditation
I 'll dwell by day and night,
Till faith is chang'd to sight.

153. T. 45.

WEEP, Zion, weep,—in death's deep sleep
Your King his head has bowed;
Closed are those lips, whence late
Truth and mercy flowed.

2 In strains of woe—our songs shall flow,
What love is here displayed;
See God's dear and only Son
To a tomb conveyed.

3 Yet, O rejoice—with heart and voice,
Soon will he rise most glorious;
And at the right hand of God
Seat himself victorious.

154. T. 167.

LORD of life, now sweetly slumber,
With the dead awhile a guest;
After torments without number,
Glorious is thy hard-earn'd rest:
Lo, the dreadful conflict 's ended;
By thy sufferings thou hast won;
Now o'er all thy power 's extended,
Ev'n my heart O claim thy own.

2 O what love is here displayed;
See the Father's only Son
To the silent tomb conveyed;
Ah, my soul, what hast thou done?
Yet, while I, my sins bewailing,
Own that they his blood have spilt,
May that blood, for me prevailing,
Wash away my sin and guilt.

3 Here my Sabbath is completed,
Here my soul enjoys sweet peace;
At the feet of Jesus seated,
Here I taste true happiness;
I adore my paschal offering,
I adore God's counsel deep,
I adore my Jesus suffering,
And, while I adore him, weep.

155.* T. 185.

WHEN I visit Jesus' grave in spirit,
It is never done in vain; [merit
Since 'tis only from his death and
I can life and strength obtain:
Jesus' cross, his last hours in his passion,
Jesus' stripes, his wounds, and expiration,
Jesus' body and his blood,
Shall remain my highest good.

156. T. 205.

RESTING in the silent grave,
Spent with torments, pangs, and cries,
See the Lord God, strong to save;
Him, whose thunders shake the skies:
'Twas for me he groan'd, he bled,
And was number'd with the dead;
Sacred body, with amaze
Thankfully on thee I gaze.

157. T. 11.

GO, my soul, go every day
To the tomb where Jesus lay;
Be with him my members dead,
Be his sepulchre my bed.

2 Boldest foes dare never come
Near my Saviour's sacred tomb;
Evil never can molest
Those who near his body rest.

158.* T. 519.

MOST holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou eternal God;
Grant that we may never
Lose the comforts from thy death:
Have mercy, O Lord.

2 Most holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou eternal God:
Bless thy congregation
Through thy sufferings, death, and blood:
Have mercy, O Lord.

VI. RESURRECTION OF CHRIST FROM THE GRAVE.

159.* T. 132.

CHRIST Jesus, once to death abas'd
To cancel our transgression,
Has gain'd for us, by being rais'd,
Eternal life's possession;
'Tis this should prompt us to rejoice,
And praise the Lord with heart and voice,
In singing Hallelujah.

2 By none of all the human race
Could death and hell be foiled;
Sin render'd all men weak and base,
All ruin'd were and spoiled;
Death having enter'd by the fall,
Bore sway, and was entail'd on all;
All sinners are by nature.

3 But Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
In love and great compassion,
To free us from sin's galling load,
Appear'd in human fashion:
He hath destroy'd sin's power and name;
claim,
And left death nothing but the sting;
Its sting can't hurt believers.

4 How great and wondrous was the strife,
Life was by death assailed;
But Jesus Christ, the Prince of life,
O'er sin and death prevailed;
He triumph'd over them in death,
And we are conquerors too by faith
In him our risen Saviour.

5 He is the blessed Paschal Lamb,
By God himself appointed:
The prophets all aloud proclaim,
That he is the Anointed;
If on our hearts his blood appear,
Sav'd by that sign from slavish fear,
We dread not the destroyer.

6 This is the day the Lord hath made;
What lively hope it raises:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And join to sing his praises;
For Christ, our everlasting light,
Dispels the clouds of sin's dark night
And all the powers of darkness.

7 The bread of life we eat in faith,
Is Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Who conquer'd Satan, sin, & death,
And liveth now and ever:
Our souls desire no other food,
But our Redeemer's flesh and blood,
Which gives us life eternal.

160.* T. 590.

SING Hallelujah, Christ doth live,
And peace on earth restore;
Come, ransom'd souls, and glory give,
Sing, worship and adore;
With grateful hearts to him we pay
Our thanks in humble wise:
Who aught unto our charge can lay?
'Tis God that justifies.

2 Who can condemn, since Christ
And ever lives to God; [was dead,
Now our whole debt is fully paid,
He saves us by his blood: [heaven
The ransom'd hosts in earth and
Thro' countless choirs proclaim:
"He hath redeem'd us; praise be
To God and to the Lamb." [giv'n

3 God rais'd him up, when he for all
Had freely tasted death,
And thus redeem'd us from the fall;
On this we ground our faith:
For God, well-pleas'd, that sacrifice
Declar'd, in sovereign grace,
An all-sufficient ransom-price
For Adam's fallen race.

4 The God of peace to guilty man
Doth pardoning grace afford,
Since from the dead he brought again
Our Shepherd, Head, and Lord;
That Shepherd who did freely bleed
Lost sinners to restore;
Who died, but now is ris'n indeed,
And lives for evermore.

5 The God of mercies let us praise,
Who saveth fallen men,
That by his power, which Christ did raise,
He us begets again
Unto a lively confidence,
That we, for Jesus' sake,
Shall of that blest inheritance,
Reserv'd for us, partake.

6 His resurrection's power divine,
By grace on us bestow'd,
Renews us, that we, dead to sin,
May live alone to God:

Thus we, supported by his might,
From strength to strength proceed;
And, walking in his truth and light,
Praise him in word and deed.

7 In all we do, constrain'd by love,
We 'll joy to him afford,
And to God's will obedient prove
Thro' Jesus Christ our Lord:
Sing Hallelujah and adore
On earth the Lamb once slain,
Till we in heaven shall evermore
Exalt his name, Amen.

161. T. 590.

BELIEVING souls rejoice & sing,
Your risen Saviour see, [sting?
And say, "O death, where is thy
O grave, thy victory?"
He died your guilty souls to save;
And, dying, conquer'd death;
Was buried in the gloomy grave,
But re-assum'd his breath.

2 Rejoice, your conquering Saviour
He lives to die no more; [lives,
And life eternal freely gives,
Since he our sorrows bore,
To all who their lost state bewail;
For Jesus' precious blood
Doth for each contrite soul prevail
Before the throne of God.

3 Sing praises to our risen Lord;
Life, immortality,
And lasting bliss are now restor'd
For all, for you and me:
Believe the wondrous deed, my soul,
Adore his saving name;
Rejoice, ye saints, from pole to pole
His love and power proclaim.

4 The Prince of glory bow'd his head,
Expiring on the cross;
But now the Lord is ris'n indeed,
Is ris'n and lives for us:
Rejoice, and in the dust adore
The Lamb for sinners slain;
He liveth now and evermore,
For evermore to reign.

162. T. 50.

REJOICE, O church, the Saviour's bride,
All grief and mourning lay aside:
With cheerful hearts & voices sing
The resurrection of our King:
Hallelujah.

2 He, having triumph'd over death,
Now re-assumes his vital breath:
The angels wait with watchful eyes,
And joy to see their God arise:
Hallelujah.

3 Our gracious Saviour, Head, and Lord, [word
Hath well perform'd his promis'd
And now would have his church rejoice;
He loves to hear her cheerful voice:
Hallelujah.

4 Then let us join the heavenly throng
In singing that eternal song:
"Salvation to our God and King,
Whose death did our redemption bring:" Hallelujah.

5 Blessing & praise we give to thee,
That thou from death hast set us free;
Thy resurrection from the grave
Shows plainly, thou hast power to save: Hallelujah.

6 Thy blood shall wash our garments white,
Then we with all the saints in light,
Shall joyful meet our Lord & Head;
We know for us that blood was shed: Hallelujah.

7 Astonish'd, at thy footstool now,
With humble gratitude we bow:
Thought cannot reach, nor tongue reveal,
What in our thankful hearts we feel: Hallelujah.

163. T. 595.

CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear;
Let hope and joy succeed;
The joyful news with gladness hear,
"The Lord is ris'n indeed:"
The promise is fulfill'd
In Christ our only Head;
Justice with mercy's reconcil'd;
He lives who once was dead.

2 The Lord is ris'n again,
Who on the cross did bleed;
He lives to die no more, Amen;
The Lord is ris'n indeed:
He truly tasted death
For wretched, fallen men;
In bitter pangs resign'd his breath
But now is ris'n again.

3 He hath himself the keys
Of death, the grave, and hell;
His is the victory and praise,
And he rules all things well:
Death now no more I dread,
But cheerful close mine eyes;
Death is a sleep, the grave a bed;
With Jesus I shall rise.

164. T. 11.

GLORY unto Jesus be,
From the curse he set us free;
All our guilt on him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.

2 All his glorious work is done;
God 's well pleased in his Son;
For he rais'd him from the dead;
Christ now reigns the church's Head.

3 His redeem'd his praise show forth,
Saints above and saints on earth;
Angels sing around the throne,
"Thou art worthy, thou alone."

4 Ye who love him, cease to mourn,
He will certainly return;
All his saints with him shall reign;
Come, Lord Jesus, come. Amen.

165. T. 79.

JESUS, who died the world to save,
Revives, and rises from the grave,
By his almighty power;
From sin and death he sets us free,
He captive leads captivity,
He lives again, to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up and see
Your Saviour, cloth'd with majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your fears,
In heaven your mansions he prepares,
And soon will come to take you home.

3 His church is still his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem:
The members of that church he knows,
He shares their joys and feels their woes,
And they shall ever reign with him.

166.* T. 22.

REJOICE, the Lord in triumph reigns,
Breaks death and hell's infernal chains,
Resumes his life and majesty;
Praise him to all eternity.

2 Behold the great accuser cast;
The hour of darkness now is past;
No right to us can Satan claim,
If we believe in Jesus' name.

167. T. 14.

ON this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

2 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from nought;
'Twas greater to redeem.

168.* T. 132.

CHRIST, being risen from the tomb,
To Mary show'd his favour,
And kindly called her by name:
She, when she saw her Saviour,
Directly turn'd about in haste,
His feet with heartfelt joy embrac'd,
And hail'd her risen Master.

2 His holy name for ever be
Adored, bless'd, and praised,
That he hath such invariably
To taste his friendship raised,
As Mary Magdalen and me,
Who nought can boast, but know that he
Hath pardon'd our transgressions.

3 How happy feels a contrite heart
Enjoying Christ's salvation:
Those who have chosen Mary's part
And favourite occupation,
Find in our Saviour, day and night,
A source of comfort and delight:
'Tis this makes life important.

4 He pardon'd me, like Magdalen;
I love him, my Preserver;
I love him, but, (it gives me pain,)
I love not with such fervour;
When Jesus I shall once behold,
I then shall feel as she of old,
When he to her appeared.

169.* T. 185.

HAIL, all hail, victorious Lord and Saviour,
Thou hast burst the bonds of death;
Grant us, as to Mary, that great favour,
To embrace thy feet in faith:
Thou hast in our stead the curse endured,
And for us eternal life procured;
Joyful, we with one accord
Hail thee as our risen Lord.

2 O thou matchless source of consolation,
Scarce thy resting moments end,
When a heart-enlivening salutation
To thy children thou dost send:
We would share thy dear disciples' feeling,
As before their risen Master kneeling:
Thus shall we with all our heart
Witness what a friend thou art.

170. T. 205.

JESUS, who is always near
To assuage his children's grief,
Unto Thomas did appear,
To remove his unbelief:
"Come," he said, "my nail-prints view,
And my side the spear piere'd thro';"
Humbled the disciple stood,
And exclaim'd, "My Lord, my God."

2 I would go from pole to pole
To behold my risen Lord;
But content thyself, my soul,
Listen to thy Saviour's word:
"They who me by faith receive,
Without seeing who believe,
Trust my word and thereon rest,
They abundantly are blest."

VII. THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

171. T. 14.

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
Deck'd with resplendent wounds:
While shouts of victory rend the sky,
And heaven with joy resounds.

2 Eternal gates their leaves unfold,
Receive the conquering King,
The angels strike their harps of gold,
And saints triumphant sing.

3 Sinners, rejoice; he died for you,
For you prepares a place;
His Spirit sends, you to endow
With every gift and grace.

4 His blood, which did for you atone,
For your salvation pleads;
And, seated on his Father's throne,
He reigns and intercedes.

172.* T. 83.

SURELY God is present here;
Since the Lord with grace and favour
To my spirit doth appear,
As my Jesus, as my Saviour;
For the holy Trinity
Is to us in Jesus nigh.

2 O might all my wishes tend
Unto Christ without cessation,
He's my best and nearest friend,
Full of grace, truth, and salvation;
I, when he is present, feel
Happiness no tongue can tell.

3 Holy awe pervades my heart,
When I see my great Creator
Of man's nature taking part,
That he, as my Mediator,
Might lay down his life for me,
And from death might set me free.

4 In the grave for me he lay,
Then arose with power & glorious,
Grace triumphant to display,
Proving over death victorious;
And for forty days was seen
By his followers, God with men.

5 When the Lord's disciples saw
Jesus, gloriously arrayed,
From their longing sight withdraw,
In a cloud to heaven conveyed;
Sure, alternate grief and joy [ploy.
Did their hearts and thoughts em-

6 He ascended up on high,
Glorious and with honour crowned;
Cloth'd with power and majesty, [ed,
And at God's right hand enthron-

He doth still as man appear,
Pleading for us sinners there.

7 God be prais'd, they who are his,
In this present dispensation
Nought essential ever miss,
Since they share in his salvation;
Though unseen, he 's nigh to all
Who in truth upon him call.

8 O when will the time draw near,
That he, who to heaven ascended,
Shall in majesty appear,
By the heavenly hosts attended?
But we're silent:—to believe
Is our lot, while here we live.

173. T. 22.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppress'd with unbelief and sin.

4 The more I strove against their power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till, late, I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo, glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love I shall receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

174. T. 22.

THE Lord, who once on Calvary bled,
And rose triumphant from the dead,
Pursues in heaven this plan of grace,
The friend of man's apostate race.

2 There, as our Advocate, he reigns,
Touch'd with the feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his groans, and agonies.

3 In every pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows bears a part;
In all our grief, our grief he shares,
And rescues us from Satan's snares.

4 O let us then before his throne,
With boldness make our sorrows known;
And seek, from fears distrustful [freed,
His grace to help in time of need.

175.* T. 146.

GO up, with shouts of praise,
Go up, High-priest, to heaven,
Thou who the ransom'd race
Hast on thy heart engraven:
Though seated on thy throne,
Thou deign'st to hear our prayer;
Nor art asham'd to own,
That we thy brethren are.

176. T. 79.

WHEN Christ, our Saviour, did ascend,
The Father bid his hosts attend,
And worship his dear Son:
With loud acclaims of joy they gaz'd,
And cheerful Hallelujahs rais'd,
Adoring humbly at his throne.

2 Can we thy triumphs e'er forget?
Shall we not worship at thy feet,
For all thy griefs and pain?
Yes, we will join the angelic throng
In singing that eternal song,
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain."

3 The assembly, which, with thee at rest,
Appears in spotless garments dress'd,
Bows down and humbly sings;
We too thy saving name will bless,
And thee with heart and voice confess
The Lord of lords, and King of [kings.

177.* T. 132.

RAISE your devotion, mortal tongues;
Be your exalted Saviour
The theme of your triumphant songs;
Extol his name for ever:
Lo, angels strike their loudest strings,
For heaven and all created things
Must sound Immanuel's praises.

2 Ye mourning souls, look upward too,
For Christ is now preparing,
At God's right hand, a place for you;
Shake off all thoughts despairing:
Thence he, your gracious Lord, will come
To fetch your longing spirits home,
And crown your love and labour.

3 Since he o'er heaven bears sovereign sway,
By all its powers attended,
And has more graces to display
Than can be comprehended;
Fear not, for he his blessing pours
On such meek, humble breasts as yours,
The objects of his favour.

178. T. 22.

TO thee, Lord Christ, all praise be giv'n,
For thy ascending up to heaven:
Support us while on earth we stay,
And lead us in the narrow way.

2 Tho' seated on thy Father's throne,
Thou ne'er wilt cease thy flock to own,
But always in their midst appear,
When in thy name assembled here.

3 For us to heaven thou didst ascend,
To plead our cause, and to attend
To all our wants, yea, to prepare
A place for us, thy bliss to share.

4 At parting from thy little fold,
Thy second advent was foretold;
Therefore we wait with eagerness,
Lord Jesus, to behold thy face.

179. T. 590.

WE sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,
Who sitt'st upon the throne:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
Who worthy art alone:
Thy sacred, bruised body bore
Our sins upon the tree;
And now thou livest evermore;
O may we live to thee.

2 Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that died;
(What theme can sound so sweet?)
His drooping head, his streaming side,
His pierced hands and feet;
With all that scene of suffering love
Which faith presents to view:
For now he reigns and lives above,
Yea, lives and reigns for you.

3 Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine,
Can ought so great be nam'd?
What pow'rful beams of love divine
Thy tender heart inflam'd:
Ye angels, praise his glorious name,
Who lov'd and conquer'd thus;
And we will likewise land the Lamb,
For he was slain for us.

180. T. 595.

JESUS who died, is now
Seated upon his throne:
The angels, who before him bow,
His just dominion own.

2 The unworthiest of his friends
Upon his heart he bears;
He ever to their cause attends,
For them a place prepares.

3 Blest Saviour, condescend
My Advocate to be:
I could not have a better friend
To plead with God for me.

181. T. 14.

JESUS, our High-priest and our Head,
Who bear'st our flesh and blood,
And always interced'st for us
Before the throne of God:—

2 We know thou never canst forget
Us, thy weak members here:
Yea, when we suffer in the least,
Thou part with us wilt bear.

3 Thou with great tenderness art touch'd
At what thy children feel;
When by temptations we are press'd,
Thou know'st well what we ail.

4 Thou hast a tender sympathy
With every grief and pain;
For when thou wast a man on earth,
Thou didst the same sustain.

5 And tho' in heaven exalted now,
Yet thou to us art near:
Know'st all our weaknesses and wants,
And listen'st to our prayer.

6 What shall we say for this thy love,
But 'fore thee prostrate lie,
And thank thee, that thou wast a man,
To all eternity.

182. T. 14.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above;
His heart is fill'd with tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.

2 In all our griefs he takes a share,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations are,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

6 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face; [plead,
Give him, my soul, thy cause to
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

VIII. GOD, AS CREATOR AND PRESERVER OF THE WORLD.

183.* T. 166.

O GOD, thou bottomless abyss,
Thee mortal tongue cannot define,
Or speak thy god-like properties,
Thy holy heights, thy depths divine:
Thou 'rt an unfathomable sea;
Of universal nature Lord:
Such knowledge is not found in me,
Frail worm, thy glories to record.

2 Thee would I view and duly praise,
Did not mere weakness me surround;
Thy nature's everlasting rays
My senses and my soul confound:
All sprung from thine omnipotence,
Which mind conceives, or eye hath seen;
No single atom comes by chance:
Wert thou not, nothing e'er had been.

3 All things with thee are possible,
Thy will in heaven and earth is done;
Thy wisdom's depths who can reveal,
Or who thy mind hath fully known?
No limits thee can circumscribe.
Thy kingdom everywhere extends;
None can thy greatness e'er describe,
For thy dominion never ends.

4 Thou stretchest to infinity,
The highest heavens are thy seat,
Thy glorious name, thy majesty
No seraph can conceive or mete:
Thou art as Lord by all ador'd,
For every knee to thee must bend;
Who thus have knelt, and grace implor'd,
Have found thee an almighty friend.

5 Counsel and deed are one with thee,
And justice in thy court presides;
Perfection 's thine without degree,
And love thy character abides:
Thy mercy, faithfulness, and grace
Each morning unto us are new,
And every day brings fresh displays
Of thy protecting care to view.

6 Ah, who can render thee just praise?
Who? tho' his heart and tongue combin'd:
No temple is thy dwelling place,
Thy worship cannot be confin'd:
By building shrines, where thou shalt dwell,
Thy proper aim is ne'er attain'd;
To such thou dost thy love reveal
As humbly on thy word depend.

7 Service, not gifts, thou dost demand
From man, this shall his profit be:
Salvation, life, flow from thy hand,
But no increase accrues to thee;

Thy hand rewards, tho' all is thine:
Thy fire in wrath consumes thy foes,
While in its genial warmth and shine [pose.
Thy friends with heavenly joy re-

8 The seraphim with sweetest tone
Express the glory of thy sway,
The elders, kneeling at thy throne,
Serve thee, and deepest homage pay:
Like them, before thy majesty,
With humble awe I sink asham'd;
Thou art in truth, O Lord most high,
All that is great and holy nam'd.

184. T. 14.

ALMIGHTY God, thou Sovereign Lord,
'Fore thee we prostrate fall,
In heaven and on earth ador'd,
As the great cause of all.

2 Thou canst not by our eyes be [seen,
Thou art a Spirit pure,
Who from eternity hast been,
And ever shalt endure.

3 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore;
Beyond the bounds of time and [space
Thou dwellest evermore.

4 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see,
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

5 Whate'er thou wilt, thou, Lord, canst do
Here and in heaven above;
But chiefly we rejoice to know
Almighty God is love.

6 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout the universe.

7 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food; [meat,
Thy liberal hand provides them
And fills their mouths with good.

8 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds harmonious sing.

9 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim;
May we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

185.* T. 22.

MONARCH of all, with humble fear
To thee heaven's hosts their voices raise; [share:
Ev'n earth and dust thy bounties
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

2 Before thy face, O Lord most high,
Sinks all created glory down:
Yet be not wroth with me, that I,
Vile worm, draw near thy awful throne.

3 Of all thou the beginning art,
Of all things thou alone the end;
On thee still fix my wavering heart,
To thee let all my actions tend.

4 Thou, Lord, art light: thy native ray
No shade, no variation knows;
To my dark soul thy light display,
The brightness of thy face disclose.

5 Thou, Lord, art love: from thee pure love [streams;
Flows forth in unexhausted
Let me its quick'ning virtue prove,
O fill my heart with sacred flames.

6 Thou, Lord, art good, and thou alone: [sire,
With eager hope, with warm de-
Thee may I still my portion own,
To thee in every thought aspire.

7 So shall my every power to thee
In love and pure devotion rise;
Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
A holy, living sacrifice.

8 Lord God Almighty, ceaseless praise [giv'n:
In heaven, thy throne, to thee is
Here, as in heaven, thy name we bless, [heaven.
For where thy presence shines is

186. T. 22.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, from darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

187. T. 166.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud [signs:
That veils and darkens thy de-
For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Great are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

2 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But man is thy peculiar care:
My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

3 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And we the living water taste:
Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from thy presence, gracious Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

188.* T. 214.

I WILL sing to my Creator,
Unto God I'll render praise,
Who by everything in nature
Magnifies his tender grace:
Nought but loving condescension
Still inclines his faithful heart
To support and take their part,
Who pursue his blest intention:
All things to their period tend,
But his mercy has no end.

2 Yea, his Son his heart paternal
Freely did give up for me,
Me to save from death eternal
And from endless misery:
Depth of love past comprehension,
Whence can my weak spirit fetch
Thoughts profound enough to reach
This unfathom'd condescension:
All things, &c.

3 His good Spirit's best direction
He vouchsafes me in his word,
And his wings their kind protection
In my pilgrimage afford:
He endows my soul and spirit
With the light of living faith,
To o'ercome sin, world, & death,
And escape the hell I merit:
All things, &c.

4 My soul's welfare he advances,
For my body he doth care:
Aid and comfort he dispenses,
When I call on him by prayer:
When my natural strength is shrinking,
In the time of utmost need,
He, my God, draws nigh with speed,
And recovers me from sinking:
All things, &c.

5 As a hen is wont to gather
Her young brood beneath her wings,
So has he, my heavenly Father,
Kept me safe from hurtful things:
Had my God withdrawn his favour
Had not his protecting grace
Sav'd me in each trying case,
I should have been helped never:
All things, &c.

6 This I know with full conviction,
As a maxim ever sure,
Christian crosses and affliction
Do but for a time endure:
After winter's frost and snowing
Smiling summer then appears;
After sadness, pains, and fears,
Joyful comforts will be flowing:
All things, &c.

7 Since nor end, nor bounds, nor measure
In God's mercies can be found,
Heart and hands I lift with plea-
As a child in duty bound; [sure,
Humbly I request the favour,
Grant me grace both day & night
Thee to love with all my might,
Till I change this infant savour
For that taste of bliss above,
Perfect praise and endless love.

189. T. 14.

IN thee I live, and move, and am;
Thou number'st all my days:
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew thy praise.

2 From thee I am, thro' thee I am,
And for thee I must be:
'Twere better for me not to live,
Than not to live to thee.

3 Naked I came into this world,
And nothing with me brought:
And nothing have I here deserv'd;
Yet I have lacked nought.

4 I do not praise my labouring hand,
My labouring head, or chance:
Thy providence, most gracious God,
Is my inheritance.

5 Thy bounty gives me bread with
A table free from strife: [peace,
Thy blessing is the staff of bread,
Which is the staff of life.

6 The daily favours of my God
I cannot sing at large;
Yet humbly can I make this boast,
I am the Almighty's charge.

7 Lord, in the day thou art about
The paths wherein I tread;
And in the night when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

8 O let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosannas to thy Majesty,
And praise our heavenly King.

190.* T. 590.

LORD, when thou saidst, "So let it be,"
The heavens were spread & shone,
And this whole earth stood glo-
riously;
Thou spak'st, and it was done:
The whole creation still records
Thy glory to this day,
As King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Whom all things must obey.

191.* T. 151.

COMMIT thou every grievance
Into his faithful hands,
To his sure care and guidance,
Who heaven & earth commands:
For he, the clouds' director,
Whom winds and seas obey,
Will be thy kind protector,
And will prepare thy way.

2 Rely on God thy Saviour,
So shalt thou safe go on;
Build on his grace and favour,
So shall thy work be done:
Thou canst make no advances
By self-consuming care;
But he his help dispenses,
When call'd upon by prayer.

3 Thy faithfulness eternal,
O Father, certainly
What's good or detrimental
Doth for thy children see:
Thee all things serve in nature,
According to thy will;
Thou, as the great Creator,
Thy counsel dost fulfil.

4 My soul, then, with assurance
Hope still, be not dismay'd;
He will from each incumbrance
Again lift up thy head:
Beyond thy wish extended
His goodness will appear,
When he hath fully ended
What caus'd thy needless fear.

192.* T. 106.

HE that confides in his Creator,
Depending on him all his days,
Shall be preserv'd in fire and water,
And sav'd in many dangerous
ways; [stay,
He that makes God his staff and
Builds not on sand that glides away.

2 What gain'st thou by thy anxious caring?
What causes thee to pine away?
Thy rest and health thou art impairing [day:
By sighs and groans from day to
Thou art but adding grief to grief,
Instead of getting sure relief.

3 O could we be resign'd and quiet,
And rest in God's good providence, [diet,
Who oft prescribes us wholesome
In forms that please not flesh and sense:
To him who chose us for his own,
Our wants & cares are fully known.

4 He knows the hours for joy and gladness,
The proper time & proper place:
Are we but faithful 'midst our sadness, [praise;
Seek not our pleasure, but his
He'll come before we are aware,
And dissipate our grief and care.

5 God can this hour with every dainty [spread;
The poor man's table amply
Can strip the rich of all his plenty,
And send him out to beg his bread:
Yea, wonderful in all his ways,
Abase the proud, the humble raise.

6 Do thou with faith discharge thy station, [praise;
Keep God's commands, live to his
Rely on him for preservation,
On whom the whole creation stays:
The man that's truly wise and just,
Makes God, & God alone, his trust.

193. T. 14.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare, [heart,
That glows within my ravish'd
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear, [learnt
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran, [safe,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ; [
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

10 Thro' every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue; [thee,
And after death, in heaven with
The glorious theme renew.

11 When nature fails, & day & night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

12 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

194. T. 14.

LONG ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne: [made,
Ere man was form'd, or angels
The Maker liv'd alone.

2 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
ETERNITY 's his dwelling-place,
And EVER is his time.

3 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.

195.* T. 106.

WELL art thou leading, Guide supreme,
Thy people on their pilgrimage:
Thy paths may strange and devious seem,
But yet are straight:—should tempests rage,
Amid the desolating blast,
Thy calming voice is heard at last.

2 Thy wisdom scatters, Lord most high,
What human prudence would combine:
Thy power upraises to the sky,
What some in fetters would confine:
Man, reading not thy perfect will,
Walketh in some vain shadow still.

3 Thy thoughts are high, and soar above
The vanities which all admire:
No eloquence thine ear can move,
Thy impulse must the tongue inspire:
The Pharisee thou passest by,
While mercy waits the sinner's cry.

4 We magnify thy grace, pure love
Doth thy paternal heart excite;
Thy pillar doth before us move,
To dwell with men is thy delight:
Thou watchest o'er us day by day,
And lead'st us in the narrow way.

5 Thy mighty arm is our defence,
Thou know'st how ignorant we are;
Our actions prove our impotence,
Thine,—wondrous power and faithful care:
Though to the world unknown, thy sheep
Thou in thy fold dost safely keep.

6 Sometimes thy rod may seem severe,
Again thy love thou dost display;
Thy gentle chastisement is near,
When we are prone to go astray:
Soon as we mourning seek thy face,
Thou bidd'st our wayward wanderings cease.

7 Thy Spirit grant, that I discern
Nature from grace, thy light from mine;
That no strange fire within me burn,
Which I might vainly think divine:
Thou Source of life, how blest is he
Who in thy light the light can see.

196.* T. 595.

GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismay'd; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head:
Thro' waves, & clouds, & storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 He everywhere hath way,
And all things serve his might,
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light:
When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When he his people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay his hand?

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command,
With wonder fill'd thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong his hand:
Thou comprehend'st him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne,
He ruleth all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee,
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee:
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

197. T. 151.

CHILDREN of God lack nothing,
His promise bears them thro';
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

2 Tho' vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

198. T. 581.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleaseth thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough, that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burthen bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

IX. THE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

199.* T. 132.

TO God on high all glory be,
And thanks, that he's so gracious,
That hence to all eternity
No evil shall oppress us:
His word declares good-will to men,
On earth is peace restor'd again
Thro' Jesus Christ our Saviour.

2 We humbly thee adore, and praise,
And land for thy great glory:
Father, thy kingdom lasts always,
Not frail, nor transitory:
Thy power is endless as thy praise,
Thou speak'st, the universe obeys:
In such a Lord we're happy.

3 O Jesus Christ, enthron'd on high,
The Father's Son beloved,
By whom lost sinners are brought nigh,
And guilt and curse removed;
Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

4 O Comforter, God Holy Ghost,
Thou source of consolation,
From Satan's power thou wilt, we trust,
Protect Christ's congregation;
His everlasting truth assert,
All evil graciously avert,
Lead us to life eternal.

200.* T. 97.

MOST holy, blessed Trinity,
God, prais'd to all eternity,
Lord over all, whose power did frame [same;
The world, and still upholds the
All things thou reconcilest unto thee:
With awe we now adore thy majesty.

2 Father of Jesus, Lord of all,
Thee we our God and Father call,
Since Jesus made us by his blood
Children and blessed heirs of God;
Eternal praise and thanks are due to thee,
From Christ's redeem'd and grateful family.

3 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain, [gain,
Who didst the human race re-
And claim'st it as thy property;
Worthy art thou eternally;
For all we are and have, is thine alone,
Ah, take and keep us evermore thine own.

4 God Holy Ghost, to thee we raise [and praise,
With joyful hearts our thanks
For leading us to Christ by faith,
And glorifying Jesus' death;
O grant, that we may all in him abide, [bride.
That he may glory in a faithful

5 We all say, Amen, deeply bow'd
In presence of the triune God,
By whom in Christ we're fore-ordain'd
To happiness that knows no end;
With grateful hearts we thank and praise the Lord:
His saving name for ever be ador'd.

201. T. 68.

HOLY Trinity,
We confess with joy,
That our life and whole salvation
Flow from God's blest incarnation,
And his death for us
On the shameful cross.

2 Had we angels' tongues
With seraphic songs, [thee,
Bowing hearts and knees before
Triune God, we would adore thee,
In the highest strain,
For the Lamb once slain.

202.* T. 230.

TO the Father render praises,
Whose love in Christ to life us raises,
And comforts us in all distress;
Glory, thanks, and adoration, [tion,
Be given to Christ without cessa-
Whose presence yields us joy and
The Spirit magnify, [peace;
Who doth to us apply
Jesus' merit;
Our God revere,
He's present here,
Come, worship him with filial fear.

2 Father of the congregation,
O what abundant consolation
We in thy gracious counsel find,
Which by Christ was manifested;
His coming in the flesh attested
Thy tender love to all mankind:
Thy name we magnify
To all eternity;
For thy mercies
Unbounded are;
Thy love and care
Exceed our utmost wish and prayer.

3 Lord, our matchless Friend and Brother,
Thy praises from each day to the other
I'll sing while I have breath in
God, as man to us related, [me:
The grateful sense thou hast created
To praise excites me powerfully:
Rise, spirit of gladness, rise,
Exalt his sacrifice,
Hallelujah,
In highest strain
To the Lamb slain:
Let heaven and earth reply, Amen.

4 Holy Spirit, we adore thee,
And to thy name give praise and glory,
For graciously directing us
To seek pardon, peace, and favour
With God, thro' Jesus Christ our Saviour,
From whom alone salvation flows:
O fill us with his love,
So that our walk may prove
To his honour;
And grant, that we
Continually
May to thy voice obedient be.

203.* T. 155.

TO the Father thanks are due,
For he gave his Son, Christ Jesus,
To release us,
And with gifts abundantly
Doth supply,
From the fulness of his treasure,
Those whom he regards with plea-
As the Saviour's property. [sure,

2 Angels, principalities, [places
Thrones, and powers, in heavenly
Worship Jesus
As the author of their frame;
We with them
Praise him for his incarnation,
Human life, and bitter passion,
And adore his saving name.

3 Praise the Spirit's mighty work,
For he proves himself most glorious
And victorious,
And o'er all who him obey,
Bears the sway:
Doth he not from Christ's salvation
Grace dispense and consolation,
And to bliss direct the way?

204. T. 39.

O FATHER of mercy, be ever ador'd;
Thy love was displayed in sending our Lord [ness we praise
To ransom and bless us; thy good-
For sending in Jesus salvation by grace.

2 Most merciful Saviour, who deign-
edst to die, [don to buy;
Our curse to remove, and our par-
Accept our thanksgiving, almighty to save, [lieve.
Who openest heaven to all that be-

3 O Spirit of wisdom, of love, and of power, [grace we adore;
We prove thy blest influence, thy
Whose inward revealing applies our Lord's blood,
Attesting and sealing us children of God.

205. T. 14.

OUR heavenly Father, source of love,
To thee our hearts we raise:
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Lord Jesus, thine we wish to be,
Our sacrifice receive:
Made, & preserv'd, & sav'd by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad:
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be with Christ in God.

4 Honour to the almighty Three,
And everlasting One:
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

206.* T. 58.

GLORY to the Father,
Who in Christ Jesus
Doth as dear children own and richly bless us,
World without end.

2 Glory unto Jesus,
The man of sorrows,
Who suffer'd, died, rose, and revived for us,
That we might live.

3 Glory and obedience
To the Holy Spirit, [merit
Who glorifies Christ Jesus, and his
To us applies.

4 Lamb of God, once wounded
For our salvation, [bitter passion
Let all who breathe, proclaim thy
For evermore.

207.* T. 58.

THAT our Lord's views with us may be attain'd,
We now commend ourselves, with faith unfeign'd,
To the Father's blessing, to the Son's favour, [ever,
The Holy Spirit's guidance now and
Hear us, O Lord.

208. T. 167.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

209. T. 590.

FATHER of angels and of men,
Saviour, who us hast bought,
Spirit, by whom we're born again,
And sanctified, and taught;
Thy glory, holy Three in One,
Thy people's song shall be,
Long as the wheels of time shall run,
And thro' eternity.

210. T. 581.

NOW, with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the church which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn:
Glory to the great I AM,
Glory to the slaughter'd Lamb.

2 Blessing, honour, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word;
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

211. T. 166.

THAT peace which God alone reveals
And by his word of grace impartS,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, & keep, & cheer our hearts;
And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here.

212.* T. 185.

WITH thy presence, Lord, our Head and Saviour,
Bless us all, we humbly pray;
Our dear heavenly Father's love and favour
Be our comfort every day;
May the Holy Ghost in each proceeding leading:
Favour us with his most gracious
Thus shall we be truly blest,
Both in labour and in rest.

213. T. 14.

TILL God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Fill with dismay my mind:—

2 But when Immanuel's face appears,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fears,
His grace removes my sins.

214.* T. 185.

THE Lord bless and keep thee in his favour,
As his chosen property;
The Lord make his face shine on thee ever,
And be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift his countenance most gracious
Upon thee, and be to thee propitious,
And his peace on thee bestow:
Amen, Amen, be it so.

215. T. 595.

YE angels round the throne,
And men that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

216.* T. 22.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
The love of God so highly priz'd,
The Holy Ghost's communion be
With all of us most sensibly.

217.* T. 132.

NOW sing, thou happy church of God,
His favour'd congregation,
Redeem'd with Jesus' precious blood
From every tribe and nation:
Most holy, blessed Trinity,
For the Lamb slain all praise to thee
Both now and ever. Amen.

X. OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

218. T. 22.

OUR heavenly Father is not known
To us, but in the Son alone;
His mercy, love, and boundless grace
We see display'd in Jesus' face.

2 O God, how dreadful was thy name,
Until the God-man Jesus came;
We cannot love nor honour thee,
Unless the Son hath made us free.

3 O love, no human tongue can tell,
O love divine, unsearchable,
The Father gave his only Son
For guilty sinners to atone.

4 Can any ill distress my heart,
Since God with his own Son did part?
Whate'er I want can't be denied,
Since Christ for me was crucified.

219. T. 14.

BEHOLD what love the Father hath
On guilty men bestow'd,
That we, who children are of wrath,
Should children be of God.

2 O how beyond expression great
His love in Christ doth shine:
'Tis like himself—the eternal God,
Past knowledge, all divine.

3 Behold, for fallen, guilty man,
The Lord of glory dies;
Lays down his life us to redeem,
A precious sacrifice.

4 Now doth our Lord, the Son of God,
Who for us liv'd and died,
See of the travail of his soul,
And is well satisfied.

5 Peace and good-will are now to man
Most gloriously display'd,
And life eternal we obtain
From God, in Christ our Head.

6 O let us then repeat the theme,
Which always sounds above;
And ever sing with joyful hearts
The wonders of his love.

220.* T. 22.

THOU hast the world so greatly lov'd,
Father, that thou, by mercy mov'd,
Didst give thy well-beloved Son
By death for sinners to atone.

2 That he all who in him believe
Might in thy family receive,
For thou didst deem his sacrifice
An all-sufficient ransom-price.

3 As children we are own'd by thee,
Since Christ our brother deign'd to be;
We feel thy kind, paternal heart
To us who have in him a part.

4 The whole salvation of thy Son,
And all his merits make our own;
Yea, grant us richly, for his sake,
Of heavenly blessings to partake.

5 Thou art our Father and our God,
Since Christ assum'd our flesh and blood;
Therefore in thee our trust we place,
And give thee never-ceasing praise.

221. T. 205.

FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see:
Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

2 Humble, holy, all resign'd
To thy will,—thy will be done;
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son:
Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God.

222. T. 341.

THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I sing,
Hear, well-pleas'd, the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive:
Lost, I now in Christ am found;
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

2 Father, behold thy son,
In Christ I am thine own:
Stranger long to thee and rest,
See, the prodigal is come;
Open wide thine arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home.

3 Thine eye observ'd from far,
Thy pity drew me near:
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see,
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all:
Still the gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
"Haste, for him the robe prepare,
His be righteousness divine."

223.* T. 58.

LORD God, Abba Father,
The whole creation unites in praise and adoration,
To thy great name.

2 Unto thee we render
Eternal praises,
For having manifested in Christ Jesus
Thy love to us.

224. T. 595.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallow'd far and near,
To thee all nations bow;
Thy kingdom come, thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

2 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy Word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive:
From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

3 Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine:
Thus, humbly, taught to pray,
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
All for his sake be done.

225. T. 14.

FATHER of all, Almighty Lord,
Our Father, and our God,
Since Jesus Christ, the eternal Word,
Assum'd our flesh and blood.

2 Let all with love and filial fear
Thy sacred name adore;
O may thy kingdom soon appear,
And spread the world all o'er.

3 Help us thy pleasure to fulfil,
As done by heavenly powers;
Accomplish in us all thy will,
And let that will be ours.

4 Our souls & bodies feed, we pray,
With food which thou see'st best;
We ask our portion for the day,
And leave to thee the rest.

5 Let mercy pardon all our crimes,
Which justice must condemn;
As some have wrong'd us many times,
And we would pardon them.

6 Let not temptation us befal,
While here our race we run;
But rescue and defend us all
From sin and the evil one.

7 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power
O'er angels and o'er men;
The glory too, for evermore,
Is thine: Amen, Amen.

226. T. 345.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd:
I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise,—and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

4 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

5 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness:
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace,
On Sion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

6 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

7 Before the Three in One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

8 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays,
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

227.* T. 90.

BE of good cheer in all your wants,
And steadfast on God's word rely,
He who the greatest favours grants,
The smallest never will deny:
If God could give his Son for us,
What can he then to us refuse?

228.* T. 106.

DRAW me, O Father, to the Son,
That he may draw me unto thee;
Thy Spirit render me his own,
And rule without control in me;
Shed in my heart thy love abroad,
And keep me in thy peace, O God.

229.* T. 79.

REJOICE, my soul, God cares for
Trust to his word assuredly, [thee,
However things may go: [sake,
Thy heavenly Father, for Christ's
Of thy concerns will notice take,
And mercy freely to thee show.

2 My griefs and cares, to thee well known,
My God, I cast on thee alone,
In thee is all my trust:
Since thou dost govern, I'll be still,
Into thy hands resign my will,
And thank thee, prostrate in the dust.

3 I confidently do believe,
Me, thy poor child, thou wilt not
For thou my Father art: [leave,
Fill thou my soul with love & faith,
Thus I am rich in life and death,
And from thy love nought shall me part.

230.* T. 125.

OUR Father, great and glorious,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Thy kingdom prove victorious,
That Jesus Christ, thy Son,
May, for his death and passion,
From every tongue and nation,
Receive a rich reward.

XI. JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD.

231. T. 22.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise ascend to his abode:
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger
Almighty ruler of the sky, [laid,
As when the six days' work he made,
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well-pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel, [see,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,
To worship him who died for me.

6 As man he pities my complaint;
His power and truth are all divine,
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation 's sure, and must be mine.

232.* T. 68.

O ETERNAL Word,
Jesus Christ, our Lord, [thee,
While the hosts of heaven adore
We with awe fall down before thee,
And with rapture raise
Songs of love and praise.

2 God and man indeed,
Comfort in all need,
Thou becam'st a man of sorrows,
To gain life eternal for us,
By thy precious blood,
Jesus, man and God.

233. T. 22.

BEFORE the heavens were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
The eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth, how full of grace
Was Christ, in whom the Godhead shone.

4 Archangels left their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, & tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

234.* T. 172.

THY majesty, how vast it is;
And how immense the glory,
Which thou, O Jesus, dost possess;
Both heaven and earth adore thee:
The legions of angels exalt thy great name,
Thy glory and might are transcendent;
And thousands of thousands thy praises proclaim,
Upon thee gladly dependent.

2 The Father's equal, God the Son,
With him thou ever reignest;
Thou art partaker of his throne,
And all things thou sustainest:
Both angels and men view their Maker as man,
With joy that is past all expression;
O happy, unspeakably happy, who
Find in him life & salvation.

3 This mystery every throne and power
Admires with adoration;
The angelic choirs for evermore
Extol his incarnation:
The angels and elders before him fall down,
With accents melodious him praising;
Unto the Lamb slain, and to him on the throne,
They render glory unceasing.

4 The Church on earth, in humble strain,
Exalteth Christ our Saviour;
She sings, The Lamb for us was slain,
Our foe is cast for ever;
For Christ hath redeem'd us by his precious blood
Out of every nation and kindred,
And made us thereby kings and priests unto God;
To him thanksgiving be render'd.

5 When Christ in majesty shall come,
With all his bright attendance,
On every man pronounce a doom,
An awful, final sentence:
Then shall all his enemies, quaking with dread,
Wish mountains and rocks them to cover;
The ransom'd with gladness will lift up their head,
And live with Jesus for ever.

235. T. 14.

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down:
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4 Upon that dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.

5 This is the man, the exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes shall see his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

236. T. 341.

WORTHY, O Lord, art thou,
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty, thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign.

2 Hail your dread Lord & ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers:
Source of power he rules alone:
Veil your faces, prostrate fall,
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all.

3 Justice and truth maintain
Thy everlasting reign;
One with thine almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of kings, let all conspire,
Gratefully thy sway to own.

4 Jesus, thou art my King,
To me thy succour bring;
Christ, the mighty One, art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid;
This thy promise claim I now;
Send me down the promis'd aid.

5 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory;
Sin, and death, and hell control,
Pride, and self, and every foe;
All subdue, thro' all my soul
Conquering and to conquer go.

237.* T. 97.

THOU reign'st above on heaven's throne,
The Father's equal, God the Son;
The Holy Ghost to us displays
Thy majesty and boundless grace,
And in the Scriptures clearly doth explain,
That thou, Lord, madest and redeemedst man.

2 With awe & reverence 'fore thee,
And at thy name we bow the knee,
As all, in earth and heaven, join
To extol thy majesty divine,
And thee, to God the Father's glory, call
The great Jehovah, mighty Lord of all.

238. T. 595.

PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name;
His praises should employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame.

2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endur'd,
That rebels, such as you and I,
From wrath might be secur'd.

3 Upon the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay;
The blood and water from his side
Wash guilt and sin away.

4 And now he pleading stands
For us, before the throne;
And answers all the law demands,
With what himself hath done.

5 He sees us willing slaves
To sin and Satan's power;
But with an outstretch'd arm he saves,
In his appointed hour.

6 The Holy Ghost he sends
Our stubborn souls to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

7 The love of sin departs,
The life of grace takes place,
Soon as his voice invites our hearts
To rise and seek his face.

8 The world and Satan rage,
But he their power controls;
His wisdom, love, and truth engage
Protection for our souls.

9 Tho' press'd, we need not yield,
But shall prevail at length;
For Jesus is our sun and shield,
Our righteousness and strength.

10 Assur'd that Christ our King
Will put our foes to flight,
We on the field of battle sing,
And triumph while we fight.

239. T. 595.

JESUS, my Lord, my God,
The God supreme thou art,
The Lord of hosts, whose precious blood
Is sprinkled on my heart.

2 Jehovah is thy name;
And thro' thy blood applied,
Convinc'd and certified I am,
There is no God beside.

3 Soon as the Spirit shows
That precious blood of thine,
The happy, pardon'd sinner knows
It is the blood divine.

4 Yea, only he who feels,
My Saviour for me died,
Is certain, that the Godhead dwells
In Jesus crucified.

240. T. 14.

ALL glory to the Saviour's name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye saints in glory, who with joy
Have left this earthly ball,
Your most triumphant songs employ,
Extol the Lord of all.

3 Children of God, who walk by faith,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Show forth your dear Redeemer's death,
Confess him Lord of all.

4 Let every tribe and every tongue
That hear the Saviour's call,
Unite in one harmonious song,
And hail him Lord of all.

241. T. 595.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David, and of God, [down,
Who brought the news of pardon
And seal'd it with his blood.

2 To Christ, the anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing
Who made our peace with heaven.

242.* T. 96.

JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
Thy like, nor man, nor angel knows,
Fairest among ten thousand fair;
E'en those, whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd round,
Find light and life, if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the light divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began: [come,
Thou, when the appointed time was
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But, God with God, wast man with man.

3 The world, sin, death oppose in vain;
Thou by thy dying death hast slain;
My great deliverer and my God:
Against thee vain is Satan's rage,
In vain doth hell its powers engage,
Nought can withstand thy conquering blood.

4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To thy dread sceptre will I bow;
With duteous reverence at thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo, I sit;
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.

5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me;
Lowly and gentle may I be; [dear:
No charms but these to thee are
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith and heaven-born peace be there.

6 A patient, a victorious mind,
That, life and all things cast behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call;
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All.

243.* T. 68.

JESUS, who with thee
Can compared be?
Source of rest and consolation,
Life, and light, and full salvation:
Son of God, with thee
None compar'd can be.

2 Life, thou diedst for me,
From all misery
And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save for ever:
I am, by thy blood,
Reconcil'd to God.

3 Highest King and Priest,
Prophet, Lord, and Christ,
Thy dear sceptre is embraced
By me at thy feet abased:
I choose Mary's seat
At thy holy feet.

4 Nigh to thee draw me,
Give me faith on thee
To depend, and daily bolder
Cast all misery on thy shoulder,
Which I feel in me:
Draw me nigh to thee.

5 Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race, [der,
Following thee with love most ten-
So that Satan may not hinder
Me by craft or force:
Further thou my course.

6 By thy Spirit's light
Me instruct aright,
That I watch and pray with fervour,
Trusting thee, my soul's preserver:
Love unfeign'd, O Lord,
Unto me afford.

7 Give me courage good,
That my wealth and blood
I for thee could spend, my Saviour,
Hating world and sin for ever;
Since for me, my God,
Thou didst shed thy blood.

8 When I hence depart,
Strengthen thou my heart,
And into thy realms convey me,
In thy righteousness array me,
That at thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

244. T. 341.

O DAY-SPRING from on high,
In mercy hear my cry:
See the travail of thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied:
Rule in me without control;
May I ever thine abide.

2 Jesus, who art the Tree
Of immortality,
Feed this tender branch of thine;
By thy influence I shall thrive:
Thou, the true, the heavenly Vine,
Grafted into thee I live.

3 Of life the Fountain thou;
I know, I feel it now:
Faint and dead no more I droop;
Thou reviv'st me, thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Unto life eternal rise

4 Thou the good Shepherd art;
From thee I'll never part:
Thou, my Keeper and my Guide,
Watch me still with tender care,
Gently lead me by thy side,
Kindly in thy bosom bear.

5 Thou art my daily Bread,
O Christ, thou art my Head;
Countless benefits on me
As thy body's member flow:
Nourish'd I and fed by thee,
Up to thee in all things grow.

6 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will:
Never mortal spake like thee;
Lord, may I by thee be taught,
May I listen eagerly
To thy words with comfort fraught.

7 High-priest, on thee I call,
Thy blood aton'd for all:
Thou dost still in heaven above
As the Lamb once slain appear;
There remember me in love,
Plead for me a sinner there.

8 Jesus, thou art my King,
Praises to thee I sing:
Kept by thy almighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports, by faith I stand,
Strong in thy omnipotence.

245. T. 581.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see:
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

246. T. 249.

WE bow before thy throne,
Jesus, :‖: and thee alone
Our God and Saviour own:
While pilgrims here on earth we are,
We to thy courts will oft repair,
To offer prayer and praise:
O God of grace,
Thy saving name we bless.

2 Again we raise the strain,
Worthy :‖: the Lamb once slain,
For evermore to reign: [more,
Thee, Christ, God bless'd for ever-
Our lips confess, our hearts adore:
Honour and majesty
Be given to thee
Now and eternally.

247. T. 22.

COME, worship at Immanuel's feet;
Behold in him what wonders meet:
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 He is the Head; each member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.

3 He is the Vine; his heavenly root
Supplies each branch with life and fruit:
O may a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living Vine.

4 He is the Rock; how firm he proves;
The Rock of ages never moves:
But the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

5 He is the Sun of righteousness,
Diffusing light, and joy, and peace:
What healing in his beams appears,
To chase our clouds and dry our tears.

6 Yet faintly to us mortals here
His glory, grace, and worth appear:
His beauties we shall clearly trace,
When we behold him face to face.

248.* T. 125.

THOU Maker of each creature,
The Father's arm and might,
Thou rulest o'er all nature,
In thine own name and right:
May we in every station,
Enjoy thy great salvation,
And walk as in thy sight.

2 Lord, let us be increasing
In love and knowledge too;
And with delight unceasing
Thy bright example view:
Thus may we daily savour
Thy matchless grace and favour,
And all thy purpose do.

3 O shed abroad, Lord Jesus,
Thy love in us, we pray;
And let its influence gracious
Our thoughts and actions sway:
Thus in the path proceeding,
To life eternal leading,
We shall thy word obey.

XII. THE HOLY GHOST, HIS GIFTS AND OPERATIONS.

249.* T. 203.

COME, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our God,
And shed thy heavenly gifts abroad
On us, and unto every heart
True faith and fervent love impart:
O Lord, who by thy heavenly light,
Hast call'd thy church from sinful night,
Out of all nations, tribes, and places;
To thee we render thanks & praises:
Hallelujah. :||:

2 Thou Light divine, most gracious
Revive us by thy holy word, [Lord,
And teach thy flock in truth to call
On God, the Father of us all:
From all strange doctrines us preserve,
No other master may we serve,
But Christ, who is our only Saviour;
In him we will confide for ever:
Hallelujah. :||:

3 O Holy Ghost, kind Comforter,
Help us with watchfulness & prayer,
'Midst various trials thee to obey,
And never from the truth to stray:
O Lord, by thy almighty grace,
Prepare us so to run our race,
That we by thy illumination
May gain heaven's glorious habitation:
Hallelujah. :||:

250.* T. 58.

GOD, Holy Ghost, in mercy us preserve, [swerve;
That we from Jesus' doctrine never
Guide us, till, to finish our race permitted,
To Jesus' presence we shall be admitted: Have mercy, Lord.

2 O grant us thy divine, thy saving light,
That we may understand Christ's mind aright;
That we may in Jesus abide for ever,
Who gain'd a place in heaven for each believer:
Have mercy, Lord.

3 Thou Source of love, God Holy Ghost, inspire [fire:
Our lifeless souls with love's celestial
May we, as Christ's members, be join'd together
In unity, and truly love each other:
Have mercy, Lord.

4 O thou our highest comfort in all need, [death may dread;
Grant, that we neither shame nor
Yea, if call'd to suffer hard persecution,
O give us grace to stand without confusion: Have mercy, Lord.

251.* T. 4.

O SPIRIT of grace,
Thy kindness we trace,
In showing to us, [Christ's cross.
That life and salvation proceed from

2 In darkness we stray'd,
Until we were led
By thee to believe, [receive.
That Jesus, our Saviour, will sinners

3 Our hearts thou didst cheer,
Dispelling all fear;
We humbly could claim [name.
Salvation and pardon in Jesus' dear

4 Grant us to obey
Thy teaching, we pray,
O Spirit of love, [to prove.
And thankful to thee for thy mercies

5 We wish to afford
To Jesus our Lord,
For his bitter pain, [chosen train.
Joy, honour, and glory, 'midst his

6 O therefore impart
Thyself to each heart,
That thus we may show,
In our whole behaviour, that Jesus we know.

252.* T. 9.

HOLY Ghost, thou God and Lord
Of thy congregation,
We to thee with one accord
Pay our adoration.

2 For thy teaching, heavenly Guide,
O accept our praises;
Have we thee, we 're well supplied
With good gifts and graces.

3 Thou explainest unto us
Jesus' incarnation,
And how he upon the cross
Purchas'd our salvation.

4 Thou dost fill with gospel light
Every land and nation,
Aid'st thy witnesses with might
Under tribulation.

5 Us to Jesus thou hast brought;
O preserve us ever [wrought,
In the faith which thou hast
Through thy grace and favour.

6 Grant, that we may never lose,
Till our dying moment,
The rich comfort which to us
Flows from Christ's atonement.

7 May our heavenly Father's love,
Jesus' great compassion,
And thy patience, ever prove
Our strong consolation.

8 Amen, Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Endless thanks and praises
Give to thee the ransom'd host,
In the name of Jesus.

253. T. 14.

COME, blessed Spirit, gracious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break each heart of stone.

2 Give us ourselves and Christ to
In this our gracious day; [know,
Repentance unto life bestow,
Christ's pardoning love display.

3 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

4 Show us our poverty, relieve
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

5 A blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, then lead the troubled heart
To Christ's atoning blood.

254. T. 14.

O HOLY Ghost, eternal God,
Descending from above, [blood,
Thou fill'st the soul, through Jesus'
With faith, and hope, and love.

2 Thou comfortest the heavy heart,
By sin and grief oppress'd;
Thou to the dead dost life impart,
And to the weary, rest

3 Thy sweet communion charms the soul,
And gives true peace and joy;
Which Satan's power can ne'er con-
Nor all his wiles destroy. [trol,

4 Let no false comfort lift us up
To confidence that 's vain;
Nor let their faith and courage droop,
Who love the Lamb once slain.

5 Breathe comfort where distress abounds,
O make our conscience clean;
And heal, with balm from Jesus'
The festering sores of sin. [wounds,

6 Vanquish our lusts, our pride remove,
Take out the heart of stone;
Show us the Father's boundless love,
The merits of the Son.

7 The Father sent his Son to die;
The willing Son obey'd:
The witness Thou, to ratify
The purchase Christ hath made.

255. T. 582.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-ceasing love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our stubborn hearts reveal
The hidden love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 If thou, O Comforter,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience and the law.

6 No longer burns our love;
Our faith and courage fall;
Our sin revives, and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.

7 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thoe.

256.* T. 58.

GOD Holy Spirit, be for ever blest,
That thou to us Christ's death dost manifest,
And of him the fountain, whence flows salvation, [tion,
Dost so distinctly give us information,
And light impart.

2 What of the Father and the Son we know,
To thy divine instruction all we owe:
Thro' thy operations we are assured
That Jesus Christ, who death for us endured,
Is Lord and God.

3 The blood of Christ alone can joy impart, [trite heart;
Can heal, revive, and cheer the con-
Therefore show still clearer to us his merit, [Spirit,
And lead us daily more, God Holy
Into all truth.

4 Have patience with us sinners every day; [we pray:
Forgive our dulness and our sloth,
O instruct and warn us without cessation;
And with thy peace, thy love, and consolation
Fill all our hearts.

5 Of Christ we'll gladly testify each hour, [power;
Until his kingdom shall appear with
Then will all see clearly, how thou hast trained [have attained
God's children, when they once shall
To bliss complete.

6 Blest Comforter, vouchsafe us all the grace, [fulness,
To yield thee joy for thy great faith-
And thy love and patience; from sin protect us, [us,
And in the narrow way to life direct
Thou heavenly Guide.

257.* T. 58.

THOU Comforter and Guide of Jesus' train, [dain,
Who dost thyself his ministers or-
Look on us in mercy, grant us thy favour, [ever,
Our souls and bodies we devote for
O Lord, to thee.

2 O thou life-giving stream, the earth o'erflow, [break through:
Whatever would obstruct thy course,
O most gracious Spirit, hear our petition, [trition,
Teach all to turn to Jesus with con-
That they may live.

3 We pray thee, fill us all with Jesus' love, [prove:
That we may in his service faithful
Teach us to esteem it the greatest favour, [serve our Saviour,
With humble, contrite hearts to
Till we shall rest.

4 Unto Christ's congregations in each place
Grant, 'midst all trials, comfort, peace, and grace:
O may all believers, in every station,
Rejoice in Jesus and in his Salvation,
God Holy Ghost.

258. T. 341.

THOU promis'd Comforter,
Fruit of the Saviour's prayer,
Thee the world cannot receive;
Thee they neither know nor see;
Dead is all the life they live,
Dark their light, while void of thee.

2 Yet I enjoy thy grace,
Thro' Christ, my righteousness;
Mine the gifts thou dost impart,
Mine the unction from above;
Pardon written on my heart,
Light, and life, and joy, and love.

3 Thee I exult to feel,
Thou in my heart dost dwell;
There thou bear'st thy witness true,
Shed'st the love of God abroad:
I, in Christ, a creature new,
I, e'en I, am born of God.

4 Thy gifts, blest Comforter,
I glory to declare:
Sweetly sure of grace I am,
Pardon to my soul applied,
Interest in the spotless Lamb;
Dead for all, for me he died.

5 Thou art thyself the Seal;
I more than pardon feel:
Peace, unutterable peace,
Joy, that ages ne'er can move,
Faith's assurance, hope's increase,
All the confidence of love.

6 Pledge of the promise giv'n,
My antepast of heaven,
Earnest thou of joys divine,
Joys divine on me bestow'd;
Heaven and Christ and all are mine,
I 'm through thee an heir of God.

7 Thou art my inward Guide,
I ask no help beside;
Holy Ghost, on thee I call,
Weak as helpless infancy;
Weak I am, yet cannot fall,
Stay'd by faith, and led by thee.

259. T. 582.

SPIRIT of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God, [known,
Make thou to us Christ's Godhead
Apply his precious blood:
His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see,
Jesus, who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say,
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God."

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb:
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
O testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

260. T. 14.

COME, Holy Spirit, on us breathe
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle our love, confirm our faith,
Warm these cold hearts of ours.

2 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness in my heart,
That I am born of God.

3 Thou art the Earnest of his love,
The Pledge of joys to come:
O lead us, that we may above
Obtain our lasting home.

261. T. 595.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power:
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:

The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above; [fire,
And give us hearts and tongues of
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day:
Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide:
O, Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

262. T. 14.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Open the hearts of all who hear,
To make the Saviour room;
Now let us find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

263. T. 79.

BREATHE on these bones so dry and dead,
God Holy Ghost, thy influence shed
In all our hearts abroad:
Point out the place where grace abounds;
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

2 Convince us that the Lamb was slain
For us, and to our minds explain
The mystery of the cross:
To know, and to be found in him,
Let us our highest gain esteem;
And for it count all things but loss.

264. T. 14.

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son;
Thou God of peace and love.

2 Thou art the only Comforter
In all our soul's distress;
Thou showest us our unbelief,
And Christ's redeeming grace.

3 Thou dost thy sanctifying gifts
Unto the church impart;
Writest God's holy, precious law
On each believer's heart.

4 Thy holy unction power affords
The gospel to proclaim:
By thee enabled, we set forth
Salvation in Christ's name.

5 Assist and strengthen us, O Lord,
Thou know'st we all are frail;
Grant, neither Satan, world, nor flesh,
May o'er Christ's flock prevail.

6 Cause all disharmony and strife
In Christendom to cease;
And give to all the flocks of Christ
Love, union, truth, and peace.

265.* T. 22.

O COMFORTER, God Holy Ghost,
Thou heavenly gifts on us bestow'st;
The pledge of our salvation art,
And bear'st thy witness in our heart.

2 The sheep of Jesus which were lost,
Thou callest, teaching them to trust
For help, forgiveness, peace, and grace
In him, the Lord our righteousness.

3 Thy gladd'ning oil thou dost impart
To every poor and contrite heart,
Which Jesus as the Saviour knows,
From whom alone salvation flows.

4 The feeble souls thou dost sustain,
Anointest all the witness train,
Keepest believers in the faith,
And art their guide in life and death.

5 Who can thy operations trace,
The kindness, patience, truth, and grace,
Thou showest to Christ's family,
Who living temples are to thee.

266. T. 583.

O HOLY Ghost, on this great day inspire [fire:
Our souls, we pray, with pentecostal
Breathe thou upon us with thy heavenly wind,
That it refresh and purify our mind.

2 Kindle within us and preserve that fire, [inspire,
Which will with holy love our breast
And with an active zeal our soul inflame
To do thy will, and glorify thy name.

3 Endow us richly with thy gifts and grace,
To fit us for the duties of our place;
So open thou our lips, our hearts so raise,
That both our hearts and lips may give thee praise.

4 As in thy temple, keep thou residence [thence,
Within our soul, and never part from
Until we're fitted and prepar'd by thee
Life to exchange for immortality.

267.* T. 230.

THOU great Teacher, who instructest [ductest,
Christ's flock, and us to bliss con-
Who noblest gifts to grant didst deign
To the apostles, thine anointed,
By thee for that great work appointed
To teach, reprove, & comfort men,
And freely offer grace
Unto the Gentile race;
Lord, have mercy:
Grant us to be—immoveably
Fix'd on their ground, upheld by thee.

268.* T. 22.

TO thee, God Holy Ghost, we pray,
Who lead'st us in the gospel-way,
Those precious gifts on us bestow,
Which from our Saviour's merits flow.

2 Thou heavenly Teacher, thee we praise [grace,
For thy instruction, power, and
To love the Father, who doth own
Us as his children in the Son.

3 Most gracious Comforter, we pray,
O lead us further every day;
Thy unction to us all impart,
Preserve and sanctify each heart.

4 Till we in heaven shall take our seat,
Instruct us often to repeat,
"Abba, our Father," and to be
With Christ in union constantly.

269. T. 90.

O THAT the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
Yea, make my soul his blest abode,
The temple of the in-dwelling God.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Attest, that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me, now, with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
Grant me a sense, that I'm forgiv'n,
A pledge, that I'm an heir of heaven.

3 Grant me the indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine;
That powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine:
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God.

XIII. GOD'S CALL OF GRACE TO THE UNCONVERTED.

270.* T. 583.

TEACH us, O Lord, the cross's mystery, [of thee;
And grant us docile hearts to learn
Thou art as full of love to fallen man, [wast slain.
As when for our redemption thou

2 "I thirst," thou didst upon the cross exclaim, [the same,
And on thy throne thy thirst is still
That all may taste thy pardoning grace and love, [prove.
And e'en thy enemies thy mercy

3 Thou hast no pleasure in the sinner's death, [by faith;
But callest him to come and live
Thou sendest messengers of peace abroad,
Beseeching men, "Be reconcil'd to God:—

4 "Believe, thou mourning sinner, that for thee [tree;
Thy Saviour suffer'd on the cross's
Thereby he triumph'd over sin and hell,
And gain'd for thee a right in heaven to dwell:—

5 "Tho' then unborn, tho' not in person there, [a share;
Yet in that act of grace thou hast
Pardon of sin was then for thee procur'd,
When Jesus death for every man endur'd:—

6 "For all who flee from Sinai's fiery wrath,
And look to Calvary's sacrifice by faith,
The Judge supreme, to whom all power is giv'n,
Ordains forgiveness, happiness, and heaven:—

7 "Just as thou art, to Jesus come, and live;
Repenting sinners Jesus will receive;
Be thou e'er so corrupt and stain'd with sin,
Fear not, his precious blood can wash thee clean."

8 Who finds, that sin hath quite o'erspread his soul,
That his own efforts ne'er can make him whole,
Helpless at Jesus' feet resolves to lie,
God's word declares, that sinner shall not die:—

9 Tho' he was dead before, behold, he lives;
The Saviour quickens whom the Father gives;
Henceforth must sin lie vanquish'd at his feet;
Thro' faith in Jesus he shall victory meet.

10 How pleasing 'tis a new-born soul to view,
How doth its happiness our own renew:
Might all the power of Christ's atonement prove,
And know the virtue of his dying love.

271.* T. 217.

MY Saviour sinners doth receive,
Whom, with sin's galling load oppressed,
Nor man nor angel can relieve,
Who have no hope to be redressed;
Who loathe the world and all its ways, [grace;
Dread wrath divine and mourn for
On whom the law pronounceth sentence,
Condemn'd to hell in their own conscience; [prieve,
Such wretched sinners find re-
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

2 The fondest mother cannot have
Towards her darling such affection
As Jesus show'd vile man to save;
His love exceedeth our conception:
He left his throne and blest abode,
To bear the sinner's heavy load;
And since he thro' his death and suffering
Hath made an all-sufficient offering,
Our debt is paid, and we may live;
For Jesus sinners doth receive.

3 Now is his sympathizing heart
A refuge for the most distressed;
He freely pardon will impart;
By him their debt is quite erased:
His blood, like the ocean without ground, [drown'd;
Their sins hath swallow'd up and
The Holy Ghost to them is given,
Who leads them in the path to heaven,
And prompts them always to believe,
That Jesus sinners doth receive.

4 They by the Father are esteem'd,
When thus presented by our Saviour;
Heal'd by his wounds, from sin redeem'd,
They prove the Father's love and favour:
He owns them as his sons and heirs,
And all he hath their own declares;
Eternal life they now inherit,
Procur'd for them by Jesus' merit;
He dwells in them, in him they live,
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

5 Might all his loving heart but see,
And know his bowels of compassion
To sinners straying carelessly,
Or such as mourning seek salvation: [trace:
Him, when on earth, 'midst sinners
Zacchens tastes his saving grace;
He comforts Magdalen in affliction,
Regards her tears & deep conviction;
Her sins, tho' many, he forgives:
My Saviour sinners poor receives.

6 Behold how he with Peter dealt;
Tho' deep his fall, he show'd him favour;
Not only when on earth he dwelt
Was he a sin-forgiving Saviour;
No, he is still the very same,
Just, good, and merciful his name;
As he was in humiliation,
So is he still in exaltation:
Repenting souls, you may believe,
Our Saviour sinners doth receive.

7 Come, sinners, come, tho' vile and base;
Returning prodigals he meeteth;
He freely offers them his grace,
Them with a pardoning kiss he greeteth:
Why wilt thou stand in thy own way?
Why wilfully be Satan's prey?
Wilt thou sin's drudge remain for ever,
Tho' he appear'd thee to deliver?
Do not delay, sin's service leave,
Since Jesus sinners will receive.

8 Come, ye that heavy-laden are,
Come, weary, void of self-assistance:
Tho' doubting, ready to despair,
Come but to him without resistance:
Behold his heart with love replete,
Full of desire the worst to meet;
Long hath he sought for you tho' wretched, [ed:
You to embrace his arms outstretch-
O come to him, believe, and live;
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

9 Object not, I'm a wretch too base,
Too oft his goodness I have slighted,
Too often spurned at his grace,
I, who was generously invited:
Is your repentance now sincere?
Your sorrow genuine? do not fear;
His power & mercy are unbounded,
None, trusting him, was e'er confounded: [lieve;
He saves whom none else can re-
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

10 Think not, 'tis time enough, nor say, [sure,
God, who is gracious beyond mea-
Shuts not the door of grace to-day;
I'll first enjoy some carnal pleasure:
No, God forbid, if you are wise,
Grace offer'd now, do not despise:
Who slights to-day the invitation,
May ever miss of his salvation:
Come now to Jesus, come and live;
To-day he sinners doth receive.

11 Draw me, a sinner, unto thee,
Thou sinners' Friend, thou gracious Saviour;
Grant I and all may ardently
Desire thy pardon, peace, & favour:
And when temptations will assail,
Let thine almighty grace prevail:
May none who feel sin's condemnation,
Neglect thy generous invitation;
But all experience and believe,
That Jesus sinners doth receive.

272.* T. 205.

SINNERS, come, the Saviour see,
Hands, feet, side, & temples view;
See him bleeding on the tree;
See, his heart is pierc'd for you:
View awhile, then haste away,
Find a thousand more, and say,
Come, ye sinners, come with me,
View him bleeding on the tree.

2 Who would still such mercy grieve?
Sinners, hear instruction mild;
Doubt no more, but now believe,
Each become a little child;
Artful doubts and reasonings be
Nail'd with Jesus to the tree;
Mourning souls who simple are,
Surely shall the blessing share.

3 Through his poverty the poor
May eternal riches gain;
Open'd is heaven's mercy-door;
None that come, need come in vain:
Here now freely take who will,
Each poor sinner take his fill;
Rich in grace hereby commence,
Blush no more for indigence.

4 They who search their hearts with care,
And the blame their own confess,
In the Lamb's redemption share,
To his wounds have free access:
Who in truth themselves believe
Chief of sinners, yet receive
Full forgiveness, peace, and rest,
Pardoning grace can relish best.

5 Cover'd with a holy shame,
Pardon'd sinners they remain:
Yet their freedom they proclaim,
Their adoption they maintain:

Soon as we are taught to cease
Trusting in our righteousness,
Ceases the tormenting strife,
All within is peace and life.

273. T. 585.

COME, ye sinners, poor & wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able, :||:
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, :||:
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If ye tarry till ye're better,
Ye will never come at all:
Not the righteous, :||:
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you; :||:
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies:
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finish'd;" :||:
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo, the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus :||:
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints & angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb:
While the blissful seats in heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah, :||:
Sinners here may sing the same.

274. T. 591.

SINNER, hear thy Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry:
He has pardon to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face:
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?

3 Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds:
Hark, from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds;
See from all his open'd veins
Blood of wondrous virtue flow,
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

4 Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress:
By himself the Lord has sworn,
He delights not in thy death;
But invites thee to return,
That thou mayst live by faith.

5 Raise thy downcast eyes and see
What throngs his throne surround;
These, tho' sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief, [room:"
While he says, "There yet is
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

275. T. 22.

COME, sinners, to the gospel-feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Not one of you need stay behind:
His gospel calleth to mankind.

2 Attend, the gospel-trumpet sounds,
Calls sinners from earth's farthest bounds;
The year of jubilee is come:—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye wanderers, who are seeking rest;
The poor, the maim'd, the halt, the blind,
With Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 The message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain;
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel:
Yield to his love's almighty power,
And strive against your God no more.

6 See him set forth before your eyes,
A precious, bleeding sacrifice:
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

7 This is the time, no more delay;
This is the acceptable day:
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

276. T. 22.

SINNERS, obey the gospel-word,
Haste to the supper of the Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late returning son:
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his pierced hands.

3 Ready the Spirit to impart
Grace to subdue the stubborn heart,
To shed Christ's love in you abroad,
And witness you are born of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive, the lost is found."

5 Come, sinners, to your gracious Lord,
Incline your ear, and hear his word:
His offer'd grace with joy receive,
Hear, sinners, and your souls shall live.

277. T. 22.

HO, every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
'Tis God invites man's fallen race;
Salvation without money buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call:
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
God's grace in Christ is free for all.

3 Ye heavy-laden, sin-sick souls,
See from the Rock a fountain rise:
For you in healing streams it rolls
From Jesus, made a sacrifice.

4 Nothing you in exchange need give;
Leave all you are and have behind:
Thankful, the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah, whither would ye go?
Christ hath the words of endless life.

6 To you he calls, "My goodness
My promises for all are free: [prove,
O taste my everlasting love,
And let your souls delight in me."

278. T. 205.

SINNERS, hear the joyful news,
God, your Maker, is your friend:
Think not, that his wrath pursues,
That his curses you attend:
"As I live," Jehovah saith,
"I do not desire your death:
Rather, rather would I see
Each poor sinner turn to me."

2 O then turn to him and live,
Turn to him with all your woe;
He is ready to forgive,
Ready blessings to bestow:
Outstretch'd see his arms of love,
Haste his tender heart to prove;
Haste, ye sinners, you will find
Jesus casteth none behind.

279. T. 106.

YE sinners, in the gospel trace
The Friend and Saviour of mankind;
Not one of all the apostate race
But may in him salvation find:
His thoughts, his words, and actions prove,
His life, and death,—that God is love.

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away:
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay:
His glory through a veil is seen,
And God with God is man with men.

3 Behold, our God incarnate stands,
And calls his wandering creatures home; [hands;
He all day long spreads out his
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come:
Tho' ye be e'er so much oppress'd,
Believe, and he will give you rest.

4 Ah, do not of his goodness doubt,
His saving grace for all is free;
He says, "I ne'er will cast him out,
Who as a sinner comes to me;
I can to none myself deny:" [die?
Come, sinners, come; why will you

280. T. 151.

SINNERS, would ye be healed?
Then come to Jesus Christ;
In him is grace revealed,
Come only undisguis'd:
Come poor and miserable,
Draw nigh just as you are;
You'll find, that he is able
Your losses to repair.

2 His wounds are open fountains
To wash you white all o'er;
Yea, were your sins like mountains,
Or sands on ocean's shore,
Believe in the atonement
By Christ's all-saving blood:
Do not delay one moment;
Come to the Lamb of God.

281. T. 90.

WHERE shall my wondering soul begin,
While I to heavenly songs aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death & sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire;
How shall I due thanksgivings raise,
And sound my great Deliverer's praise?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Saviour, which thou hast shown to me?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
A happy child of God should be;
Should know, should feel my sins forgiv'n,
And that I am an heir of heaven.

3 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots and publicans, believe;
He spreads his arms to embrace you all,
Repenting sinners he'll receive;
No need of him the righteous have,
He came the lost to seek and save.

4 Come, O my fellow-sinners, come,
Groaning beneath sin's ponderous weight; [home;
He calls you now, invites you
Come quickly, ere it be too late:
Though foes protest, and friends repine, [mine.
He died for crimes like yours and

5 For you the healing current flow'd
From the Redeemer's wounded side;
Languish'd for you the Son of God,
For you the Prince of glory died:
Believe, your sins shall be forgiv'n;
Only believe, and yours is heaven.

282.* T. 582.

"COME to me," saith the Lord,
"All ye who are oppress'd,
Weary and heavy-laden souls,
And I will give you rest.

2 Whoe'er to me will come,
And offer'd grace receive,
Him I in no wise will cast out,
He shall be mine and live."

283. T. 22.

COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows [woes;
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace.

4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart, [part;
The hope thy gracious words im-
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast
And guide us to eternal rest.

284. T. 11.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Praise ye Jesus' saving name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to heaven ye onward move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
Jesus will your guilt remove,
Prompted by redeeming love.

4 Ye, who long, alas, have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Jesus Christ will give you rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 Sing, ye ransom'd, to his praise,
Tune your songs to grateful lays;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

7 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

XIV. REPENTANCE UNTO LIFE.

285.* T. 132.

LORD Jesus Christ, my sovereign good,
Thou fountain of salvation,
Behold me bow'd beneath the load
Of guilt and condemnation:
My sins indeed are numberless;
O Lord, regard my deep distress,
Relieve my guilty conscience.

2 In pity look upon my need,
Remove my sore oppression;
Since thou hast suffer'd in my stead,
And paid for my transgression,
Let me not yield to dark despair;
A wounded spirit who can bear?
O show me thy salvation.

3 When I review my mis-spent days,
I feel a heavy burden;
Reflecting on my trespasses,
I scarce could hope for pardon,
But should be hopeless and forlorn,
Uncertain where for help to turn,
If I had not thy promise.

4 But thy reviving gospel-word,
Which leads me to salvation,
Does joy unspeakable afford,
And lasting consolation:
This tells me, thou wilt not despise
A broken heart, in sacrifice
Upon thy altar offer'd.

5 Me, heavy-laden sinner, hear,
Bemoaning my transgression;
To my complaints now lend an ear,
To thee I make confession:
My longing is, O wash me clean
From every spot and stain of sin,
Like David and Manassch.

6 Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat,
And pray thee to forgive me;
With contrite heart, I thee entreat
Show pity and receive me:
Cast all my sins and trespasses
Into the ocean of thy grace,
And them no more remember.

7 O, for thy name's sake, let me prove
Thy mercy, gracious Saviour:
The yoke which galls me, soon remove,
Restore me to thy favour:
Thy love shed in my heart abroad,
That I may live to thee, my God,
And yield thee true obedience.

8 Thy joyful Spirit give me power,
Thy stripes heal my diseases;
Apply thy blood at my last hour
To save me, dearest Jesus:
Then to thy promis'd rest me bring,
That with the ransom'd I may sing
Thy praise above for ever.

286.* T. 75.

O WHITHER shall I flee,
Depress'd with misery?
Who is it that can ease me,
And from my sins release me?
Man's help I vain have proved,
Sin's load remains unmoved.

2 O Jesus, source of grace,
I seek thy loving face,
Upon thy invitation,
With deep humiliation;
O let thy blood me cover,
And wash my soul all over.

3 I, thy unworthy child,
Corrupt throughout and spoil'd,
Beseech thee to relieve me,
And graciously forgive me
My sins, which have abounded,
And my poor soul confounded.

4 Through thy atoning blood,
That precious healing flood,
Purge off all sin and sadness,
And fill my heart with gladness:
Lord, hear thou my confession,
And blot out my transgression.

5 Thou shalt my comfort be,
Since thou hast died for me:
I am by thee acquitted
Of all I e'er committed:
My sins by thee were carried,
And in thy tomb interred.

6 I know my poverty;
But ne'ertheless, for me
Are all good gifts procured,
Since thou hast death endured:
Thus strengthen'd, I may banish
All fears; my foes must vanish.

7 Christ, thy atoning blood,
The sinner's highest good,
Is powerful to deliver,
And free the soul for ever
From all claim of the devil,
And cleanse it from all evil.

8 Lord Jesus Christ, in thee
I trust eternally:
I know I shall not perish,
But in thy kingdom flourish:
Since thou hast death sustained,
Life is for me obtained.

9 Lord, strengthen thou my heart;
To me such grace impart,
That nought, which may await me,
From thee may separate me;
Let me with thee, my Saviour,
United be for ever.

287.* T. 122.

OUT of the deep I cry to thee,
My God, with heart's contrition;
Bow down thine ear in grace to me,
And hear thou my petition:
For if in judgment thou wilt try
Man's sin and great iniquity,
Ah, who can stand before thee?

2 To gain remission of our sin,
No work of ours availeth;
God's favour we may strive to win,
But all our labour faileth;
We're 'midst our fairest actions lost,
And none 'fore him of aught can boast:
We live alone thro' mercy.

3 Therefore my hope is in his grace,
And not in my own merit;
On him my confidence I place,
Instructed by his Spirit:
His precious word hath promis'd me
He will my joy and comfort be;
Thereon is my reliance.

4 Though sin with us doth much abound,
Yet grace still more aboundeth;
Sufficient help in Christ is found,
Where sin most deeply woundeth:
He the good Shepherd is indeed,
Who his lost sheep doth seek and lead
With tender love and pity.

288. T. 80.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With godly jealousy and fear,
Eternal bliss to ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

289.* T. 14.

O LORD, afford a sinner light,
In darkness still I stray;
Star of the soul, appear in sight,
And show the narrow way.

2 That way is holy, Christians true
Alone may walk therein, [due
Who thro' thy powerful grace sub-
The world, the flesh, and sin.

3 Cold is my love, hence sin doth reign,
And grief corrode my heart;
With things, whose only fruit is [pain,
How loth am I to part.

4 Resolve, my stubborn heart, and cleave
To Jesus Christ alone:
Would I all other objects leave,
The work at once were done.

5 Vile worm, shouldst thou refuse
Devoted unto him, [to be
Who died upon the cross for thee,
And did thy soul redeem?

6 Redeeming Lord, O be thou mine,
My Saviour, Sun, and Shield;
Thy blood and death have made me [thine,
To thee myself I yield.

7 Mould me as clay, and fashion me
A vessel to thy praise,
Adorn'd with righteousness by thee,
And sanctified through grace:—

8 So shall I walk the narrow way,
By thee, my Day-star, led:
And love divine, thy heavenly ray,
Shall o'er my path be shed.

290. T. 14.

THE Lord first empties whom he fills,
Casts down whom he would raise;
He quickens, when the letter kills,
Exalting thus his praise.

2 All fears and terrors, when he
At once must disappear; [smiles,
The bruis'd and wounded heart he heals,
And feeds with heavenly cheer.

3 When he applies his healing blood
Unto a sin-sick soul, [good,
This balsam, powerful, precious,
Ne'er fails to make it whole.

4 He freely laid his majesty
And all his glory by,
That our wants thro' his poverty
He richly might supply.

5 He's full of grace and truth indeed,
Of peace, of life, and light;
To all, that helpless sinners need,
He gives thy soul a right.

6 Tho' heaven 's his throne, he came from thence
To seek and save the lost;
Whate'er might be the vast expense,
His love would bear the cost.

7 On us he spent his life and blood,
Our losses to retrieve; [good
Mankind's redemption now holds
For sinners who believe.

291. T. 96.

THE Lord descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve;
O God of mercy, grace, and love,
If all the world in thee may live,
In me a quickening spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.

2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
By all thy pain and agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief, and shame,
Thy cross, and passion on the tree.
Thy meritorious death, I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

3 I'll be like Magdalen at thy feet,
And humbly bathe them with my tears;
The story of thy love repeat
In every mourning sinner's ears;
That all may hear the joyful sound,
Since I, e'en I, have mercy found.

292.* T. 14.

IN thee, O Christ, is all my hope,
My comfort 's all in thee;
Since I 'm assur'd thy mercy 's nigh,
And that thou stand'st by me.

2 Me, nor the saints on earth can help,
Nor angels near thy throne:
To thee I run, thy help to find,
In thee I trust alone.

3 I feel the load of sin so vast,
It sinks me to the grave:
But let thy blood wash out my sins,
Since me thou cam'st to save.

4 Cloth'd in thy righteousness divine,
O may I see thy face;
And have the witness from above,
That I 'm restor'd by grace.

5 On me, thy helpless worm, O Lord,
A living faith bestow;
That I thy mercy, truth, and love,
May by experience know.

293. T. 205.

LONG I strove my God to love,
Long I strove his laws to keep,
Fain would fix my thoughts above,
Faintly hop'd I was his sheep:
But my striving all prov'd vain,
Still I found my heart in pain;
Yet ne'er all my vileness saw,
Till declar'd accurs'd by law.

2 When, with sense of guilt oppress'd,
All my soul was sunk in fear,
Pain and anguish fill'd my breast,
Then did Jesus Christ appear;
Not with vengeance in his eyes,
No, but as a sacrifice
Acceptable unto God;
Glorious offering, precious blood.

3 He was offer'd on the tree,
Jesus, the unspotted Lamb;
Worthy truth, great mystery,
By his blood salvation came:
By his stripes my wounds are heal'd,
By his death God's love reveal'd;
We, once strangers far from God,
Are brought nigh by Jesus' blood.

294. T. 581.

SAVIOUR of thy chosen race,
View me from thy heavenly throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften thou this heart of stone:
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.

2 By thy Spirit me reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins, that crucified my God,
Sins, for which he shed his blood.

3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn:
Till I can, by grace restor'd,
Say, "Thou know'st I love thee, Lord."

4 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the publican, distress'd;
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast;
Utter the poor sinner's plea,
"God, be merciful to me."

5 Ah, remember me for good,
Passing thro' this mortal vale;
Show me thy atoning blood,
When my strength & courage fail:
Let me oft in spirit see
Jesus, crucified for me.

295. T. 582.

AH, whither shall I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah, why should I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stray.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
Yea, let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee:
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe; in thee
Compassion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done:
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it, then shall I declare,
That thou, O God, art love.

296. T. 582.

O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean;
How can I venture to draw nigh
With such a load of sin?
And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope, that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I.

2 That blood which thou hast spilt,
That grace which is thine own,
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone:
Low at thy feet I bow,
O pity and forgive:
Here will I lie, and wait till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

297. T. 14.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promis'd grace receive:"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

298. T. 14.

THE mist before my eyes remov'd,
With wonder struck I see,
Dear Lord, the black, the numerous crimes,
By which I've grieved thee.

2 These were the unrelenting foes,
Which made thee groan and cry:
Which made thee shed thy precious blood,
And bow thy head and die.

3 Thy love hath thaw'd my frozen heart,
And caus'd my tears to flow;
I now abhor that monster, sin,
And shun him as my foe.

4 I trust my guilt was done away
By my incarnate God,
Who felt, to atone for man's offence,
The sin-avenging rod.

299. T. 11.

HEAR, O Jesus, my complaints,
Known to thee are all my wants:
Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.

2 Known to thee, whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim:
With an eye of love look down;
Help me, Lord, O help me soon.

3 Break, O break, this heart of stone;
Form it for thy use alone:
Bid each vanity depart;
Build thy temple in my heart.

4 This be my support in need,
That thou didst so freely bleed:
All my joys and hopes arise
From thy bleeding sacrifice.

5 This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick,
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my every want.

6 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise thy shepherd-care:
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Fill my soul with heavenly peace.

300.* T. 205.

OH, how great, how rich, how free,
Is the grace which Christ bestows;
Only cast your misery
At the foot of Jesus' cross;
Weeping at the throne of grace
Lie, and never quit the place,
Never till your suit 's obtain'd,
Never till the blessing 's gain'd.

301. T. 16.

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can to us afford relief;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else assuage our grief:—

2 Nothing else can ease our burden:
Jesus' precious blood alone
Can produce a sense of pardon,
And dissolve a heart of stone.

302. T. 151.

O GOD of all compassion,
Attend thy suppliant's cry,
And grant me thy salvation,
Or I must faint and die:
A sinner, but relenting,
O'erwhelm'd with deepest grief,
Falls at thy feet, repenting,
O grant him quick relief.

2 Blest Jesus, gracious Saviour,
Great Lord of all above,
Extend to me thy favour,
The gift of pardoning love:
While strength and spirits languish,
And feeble hopes decay;
Save, save my soul from anguish,
And wash my guilt away.

303. T. 79.

OUT of the deep I cried
To thee, my God, and sighed:
Hear thou my voice, O Lord,
Regard my supplication:
I wait for thy salvation;
My hope & trust are in thy word.

2 To thee I make confession:
If thou shouldst mark transgression,
Ah, who could guiltless stand?
But mercy interceding,
My Saviour's ransom pleading
For me, I'm sav'd by thy command.

304.* T. 36.

LORD Jesus Christ, if thou wert not my Saviour,
Were not thy blood still pleading in my favour,
Where should I, poorest among all the needy,
Find succour ready?

2 What should I do, a sinner vile and wretched,
Were not thy arms of love to me outstretched?
But thou my refuge art, my consolation,
And whole salvation.

305. T. 36.

WITH deeply humbled hearts, we make confessions,
Lord, of our sins and manifold transgressions;
But thou art merciful, and grace unmeasur'd
In thee is treasur'd.

2 Before thy cross we bow with self-conviction,
Bewail our sins, implore thy benediction:
O grant forgiveness and a confirmation
Of our salvation.

XV. FAITH.

306.* T. 167.

ERE we know our lost condition,
Ere we feel our inbred woe,
And exclaim with deep contrition,
To be sav'd what must I do?
Nought can yield true consolation,
Vain is all our righteousness:
Faith alone in Christ's oblation,
Gives the conscience rest & peace.

2 Living faith, with clearest vision,
Sees the Lamb upon the throne,
And in him a full provision,
Righteousness & peace, our own:
Then our days are mark'd with blessing,
Then our hearts with rapture glow;
Streams of comfort, rich, unceasing,
From the wounds of Jesus flow.

307. T. 167.

AS the serpent rais'd by Moses
Heal'd the fiery serpent's bite,
Jesus thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight:
Hear his gracious invitation:
"I have life and peace to give;
I have wrought out full salvation,
Sinner, look to me and live."

2 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee,
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith:
From the law's condemning sentence
To thy mercy we appeal;
Thou alone canst give repentance,
Thou alone our souls canst heal.

308.* T. 22.

IN holy writ it is avow'd,
That Christ was Israel's covenant God,
The Church's everlasting Head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

2 All things were made by Christ the Word,
By Christ was man to life restor'd:
The prophets, strong in faith and bold,
His coming in the flesh foretold.

3 Abram rejoic'd to see his day,
David proclaim'd Messiah's sway,
Isaiah too his glory saw,
And spake of him with holy awe.

4 'Tis sure, that by his bitter pain
He for mankind did life obtain,
Did for his church on earth atone,
And for the ransom'd round the throne.

5 Wherefore we love the Lamb who died;
We glory in Christ crucified;
Those who in him no Saviour see,
Belong not to our company.

6 Our theme within the Church shall be
Christ's wounds, his griefs, and agony;
Our theme, when to the world we call,
His blood, the ransom paid for all.

309. T. 22.

FAITH comes by hearing God's record
Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord;
The happy means, which heaven hath bless'd,
To bring us to the gospel-rest.

2 The joyful sound is news of grace,
Redemption of a fallen race,
Thro' Jesus' righteousness divine,
Which bright from faith to faith doth shine.

3 The promise of immortal bliss
We have in Christ our righteousness:
By death our righteousness he bought:
Faith pleads that right, but buys it not.

4 True faith receives the offer'd good,
And promise seal'd with Jesus' blood;
Faith gives no title to the bliss,
But takes the Saviour's righteousness.

5 In the Redeemer, as my Head,
The covenant is established:
In him the promises are Yea,
In him Amen, and not in me.

310. T. 106.

FROM life and grace, (this we are bold
Before an erring world to assert,)
Nothing one moment doth withhold
A man, but his unwilling heart:
In our dear Lord there 's no delay,
Fix'd is his will, and plain his way

2 Should any one of serious frame,
That long hath seem'd to seek his face,
His tedious tasks and trials name
Preparatory steps of grace;
We say, "No, Christ requires them not,
And this fine web a false heart wrought."

3 Should any think he 's so benim'd
With sin, as to be past relief,
Alas, he knows not, that the sin
Which binds his soul, is unbelief:
If to the cross we lift our eye,
Then sin and Satan soon must fly.

4 Ready our Saviour is indeed
His glorious work in all to do:
To every one it must be said,
"Thou hadst been happy long ago,
Hadst thou in faith cast all thy care
On Jesus Christ, who heareth prayer."

311. T. 14.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power:
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 True faith obeys its author's will,
As well as trusts his grace:
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our nature clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies the heart,
And seals our peace with God;
True holiness nought can impart
But Jesus' cleansing blood.

312.* T. 37.

THO' every child of God
Is a new creature,
Yet do we feel the load
Of sinful nature,
Which, if by faith we cleave
To Christ our Saviour,
Can, tho' it make us grieve,
Condemn us never.

2 He 's merciful and kind
Past all expression;
If we are but inclin'd
To make confession
Of all our sinfulness,
His great compassion
Prompts him to grant us peace,
And consolation.

3 He grants us, for our tears,
His oil of gladness;
Delivers, heals, and cheers,
Dispels our sadness:
Yea, tho' our bodies die,
His resurrection
Proves, they shall certainly
Rise to perfection.

4 My portion is the Lord;
I seek his favour,
And in his name and word
Confide for ever:
Nought in the world to me
Can yield such pleasure,
As to be found in thee,
O Christ, my Treasure.

5 Therefore I 'll humbly cleave
To my Creator,
Who, that my soul might live,
Assum'd my nature;
Redeem'd me by his blood
And bitter passion:
Thanks to the Lamb of God
For my salvation.

313.* T. 106.

NOW I have found the ground, wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
Ev'n Christ, who to atone for sin
Was as a spotless victim slain:
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay.
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 O Lord, thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasseth far;
Thy bosom yearns with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Thy heart o'er sinners can't but break,
Whether thy grace they slight or take.

3 God in man's death takes no delight;
Each soul may grace and life obtain
In him, who left his glory bright,
Took flesh, and died, and rose again;
And now he knocks times numberless
At our heart's door and offers grace.

4 O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation now I 'm free;
Since Jesus' blood, thro' earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

5 By faith I plunge into this sea.
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when sin assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that 's written there.

6 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn;
Steadfast on this my soul relies,
Jesus, thy mercy never dies.

7 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Tho' my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

314. T. 14.

HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail,
Thou Author of our faith,
The Finisher of all our hopes,
The Truth, the Life, the Path.

2 Hail, First & Last, thou great I AM,
In whom we live and move:
Increase our little spark of faith,
And fill our hearts with love.

3 O let that faith which thou hast taught,
Be treasur'd in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

4 Then shall we go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace;
From each degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

315. T. 22.

BY various maxims, forms, & rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2 But since my Saviour I have known,
My rules are all redue'd to one:
To keep my Lord by faith in view,
This strength supplies, and motives too.

3 I see him lead a suffering life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife;
And from his pattern courage take
To bear and suffer for his sake.

4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heavenly life within.

5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

7 I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conqueror's crown;
If press'd with griefs & cares before,
My soul revives, nor asks for more.

8 By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand;
Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where and as he is.

316.* T. 22.

WHEN shall I gain the glorious dress,
Prepar'd to clothe my nakedness?
I need it, Lord; without that vest
I cannot be a wedding guest.

2 When thus I cried in deep distress,
Christ cloth'd me with his righteousness;
And now, thank God, the work is done,
I put my Lord and Saviour on.

3 When Christ, our life, shall once appear,
It will be manifest and clear,
That his atoning blood from sin
Hath wash'd and kept our garments clean.

317.* T. 11.

LAMB of God, who thee receive,
Who in thee desire to live,
Cry by day and night to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

2 Fix, O fix our wavering mind,
To thy cross us firmly bind;
Gladly now we would be clean:
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

3 Dust and ashes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Sinners who in thee believe,
Everlasting life receive;
They with joy behold thy face,
Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

5 Life deriving from thy death,
They proceed from faith to faith,
Walk the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

6 Blest are they who follow thee,
While this light of life they see;
Filled with thy sacred love,
They thy quickening power prove.

7 Praise on earth to thee be giv'n,
Never-ceasing praise in heaven;
Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine.

318. T. 166.

LORD, we are thine, since thou hast died; [cease:
Therefore, ye doubts and terrors,
Jesus, the Morning-star, appears,
And bids my troubled soul be peace; [load
Which, struggling long beneath the
Of reasoning, unbelief, and pride,
At last the useless strife gives o'er,
And cleaves to Jesus crucified.

2 Grant me a deeper hold on thee;
That at thy feet I may remain
A poor believing supplicant,
Still glorying in thy Jesus' name,
The power of which, whoever feels,
Will find himself from sin set free,
And all things which would c'er cause pain
In time or in eternity.

319. T. 14.

HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord.

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief; [cried,
"Lord, I believe," with tears he
"O help mine unbelief:"

4 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole, [peace,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Conceal'd amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunn'd thy view;
And, if her faith was firm & strong,
She had misgivings too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may:
O send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

320.* T. 184.

O JESUS, 'fore whose radiation
The seraphim must cover'd stand,
When, in their awful ministration,
They wait for thy supreme command:
How can this body's eye, dim-sighted,
Which by sin's gloomy misery,
And earthly shadows is benighted,
Endure thy glorious light to see!

2 Yet let by faith my penetration
Reach e'en within the sanctuary;
Thy mercy be my consolation,
May this uphold & strengthen me:
Reach unto me thy sceptre gracious,
Who low, like Esther, 'fore thee bow;
Say, "I will be to thee propitious,
And loving-kindness to thee show."

3 O Jesus, show thy great compassion
Unto the soul that pants for thee;
Hear thou my humble supplication,
My God, be merciful to me:
I know thou art with pity filled
To sinners who thy mercy crave;
My pardon by thy blood is sealed,
I know 'twas shed my soul to save.

4 I recommend myself for ever
To thee, with filial confidence;
I pray, O Lord, regard in favour
My tears and humble penitence:
I thro' thy death am justified,
No condemnation is in me;
I shall remain to thee allied,
Since I am reconcil'd to thee.

5 O let thy Spirit still attend me,
Nor from my soul withdraw his light;
Protect and graciously defend me,
And order all my steps aright:
That I may without variation,
By humbly walking in thy ways,
Suit to thy will my conversation,
While here I run my mortal race.

6 Jesus, above all else I'll love thee;
In thee I will delight alone:
Could infinite compassion move thee
To leave for me thy heavenly throne?
Then let my heart be dedicated
To thee: fix there thy residence,
Till I shall be to heaven translated,
To see in joy thy countenance.

7 Lord, while my faith to thee ascendeth,
O may thy grace descend to me:
Thou art my joy which never endeth,
O fill my soul with love to thee:
I will adore and love thee longer,
Than while my heart its throbs repeats;
The flame of love shall break forth stronger,
When here my pulse no longer beats.

321.* T. 123.

THE language of true faith
Is this: Lord, my Redeemer,
O by thy blood and death,
Be thou my help and shield:
To thee myself I yield;
I'm thine, and thine will be
To all eternity.

2 Do what thou wilt with me,
If I am but prepar'd,
A vessel fit for thee,
To live unto thy praise,
Cloth'd in thy righteousness:
By grace thus sanctified,
I shall in thee abide.

322. T. 14.

THOU Friend of sinners, hear my cry,
And grant me my request,
May I in thy atonement find
My everlasting rest.

2 May I no more resist thy love,
No more thy Spirit grieve,
But as a little child become,
And simply thee believe.

3 Faith is thy gift, thou slaughter'd Lamb,
Gain'd by thy death for me,
Therefore the privilege I claim,
A child of God to be.

4 Impress this truth upon my breast,
That thou for me hast died,
That I in thee with confidence
For ever may abide.

323. T. 96.

I TO my God am reconcil'd, [hear;
With joy his pardoning voice I
He owns me his adopted child,
His love forbids all anxious fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Abba, Abba Father, cry.

324.* T. 184.

WHEN rising winds and rain descending,
A near approaching storm declare,
With trembling speed, their wings extending,
The birds to hollow trees repair;
Thus I, in faith, by sin oppressed,
My refuge take, O Christ, to thee;
Thy wounds, my hiding-place most blessed,
From every evil shelter me.

XVI. THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

325.* T. 97.

JESUS, our glorious Head and Chief,
Dear object of our hearts' belief,
O let us in thy nail-prints see
Our pardon and election free;
And, while we view by faith thy pierced side,
Call thee our Lord and God, who for us died.

2 The doctrine of Christ's blood and death,
Imparting life to us thro' faith,
A mystery is to babes reveal'd,
But from the worldly-wise conceal'd;
Thereby the Saviour's flock on earth is known;
Of this the ransom'd sing before God's throne.

3 While human nature doth exist,
While Jesus reigns as Lord and Christ,
So long of the whole gospel this,
From first to last, the substance is;
All, to whom God his counsel doth reveal,
To this as truth divine can set their seal.

4 Should any virtuous seem to be,
Unblamable from infancy,
Scarcely by avarice, lust, or pride,
The world, the flesh, or Satan tried,
And therefore deem himself a child of God;
He's poor and blind, and quite mistakes the road.

5 All those who by a beam of light
Can see and own they are not right,
But enter on a legal strife
To mend their former course of life,
And toil and labour hard from day to day;
Such also miss to happiness the way.

6 But sinners, who with pungent smart,
Bewail the vileness of their heart,
Who mourn because of unbelief,
Of sinners deem themselves the chief,
And cast away their self-made righteousness,
May place their trust on Jesus' saving grace.

7 To such he saith, "Arise and live,
I freely all thy sins forgive,
I have redeem'd thee, thou art mine,
Thyself in faith to me resign;
Obey my voice, and walk in all my ways,
I'll grant to thee in heavenly realms a place."

8 His Holy Spirit we receive,
And on our Saviour's word believe;
We trust in his atoning death,
As the foundation of our faith,
And, in his robe of righteousness array'd,
Are, 'midst his chosen, richly comforted.

9 The humble sinner's shame we feel,
And power divine to do God's will,
These are combin'd in every heart,
That in Christ's merits hath a part;
No more, for want of strength, good motions die,
Since Jesus gives us constant victory.

10 We rest in Christ, and yet desire,
Because his love our hearts doth fire,
And deem our Saviour's burden light;
Whene'er we fail, we think ourselves to blame;
If we succeed, we praise his holy name.

11 Should self-complacency take place,
When we review our faithfulness;
We're soon with inward shame bow'd down,
Forget ourselves, and freely own,
That Jesus works in us whate'er is good,
And thank him for the power he hath bestow'd.

12 Grace is the only wish and prayer
Of those who God's dear children are;
They meditate by night and day,
How they may due obedience pay
To Jesus, who redeem'd us by his death;
And grace unmerited supports their faith.

326.* T. 22.

THE Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Thus well array'd, I need not fear.
When in his presence I appear.

2 The holy spotless Lamb of God,
Who freely gave his life and blood,
For all my numerous sins to atone,
I for my Lord and Saviour own.

3 In him I trust for evermore,
He hath expung'd the dreadful score
Of all my guilt; this done away,
I need not fear the judgment-day,

4 Therefore my Saviour's blood and death
Are here the substance of my faith;
And shall remain, when I'm call'd hence,
My only hope and confidence.

5 For should I e'er so faithful prove,
Serve my kind Lord with zeal and love,
And spend my life for him I serve,
Nor e'er from his commandments swerve;—

6 Yet when my Saviour I shall see,
Then shall I have this only plea:
"Here is a sinner, who would fain
Thro' the Lamb's ransom entrance gain."

7 Thus Abraham was sav'd by grace,
Believing in Christ's righteousness;
And all the ransom'd saints in light
In this blest song of praise unite:—

8 "All glory, power, and might pertain
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain,
And hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."

9 While here on earth I still remain,
This doctrine firmly I'll maintain;
And both in word and deed proclaim
The power of Jesus' saving name.

10 Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to thee,
That thou didst deign a man to be,
And for each soul which thou hast made
Hast an eternal ransom paid.

11 O King of glory, Christ the Lord,
God's only Son, eternal Word,
Let all the world thy mercy see,
And bless those who believe in thee.

12 Thy incarnation, wounds, and death
I will confess while I have breath,
Till I shall see thee face to face,
Arrayed with thy righteousness.

327.* T. 590.

GRACE, grace, O that's a joyful sound,
A welcome sound to all,
Who clearly see and deeply feel,
The misery of the fall:
Who rightly know the wretched state
Of sinners void of grace,
Ere Christ elects them to enjoy
In heavenly realms a place.

2 Grace, how exceeding great to those,
Who, ready to despair,
Asham'd confess, and truly know,
How vile and weak they are;
Yet grace, sweet grace, most sweetly calls,
"Directly come, who will,
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor, helpless sinners still."

3 All we who are his people now,
Were first convinc'd of sin;
Each felt the plague of his own heart,
The leprosy within;
Then life and righteousness divine,
Thro' faith, to us were giv'n;
Thus we God's happy people are,
With Christ joint-heirs of heaven.

4 Now, dearest Lord, we inly pray,
That in thy service we
May active, true, and faithful prove,
Deriving strength from thee:
O may we still in thee abide,
For babes we are most weak,
Poor sinners still, who without thee
Nought good can do or speak.

5 We thirst, O Lord, give us this day,
To taste more of thy grace,
More of that stream, which from the rock
Flow'd thro' the wilderness:
'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor:
And O that nothing but thy grace
May rule us evermore.

328.* T. 16.

WHEN a sinner in affliction
Mourneth on account of sin,
Feels the Spirit's deep conviction,
But no power of faith within:—

2 While the troubled soul is sighing,
"Where shall I find Jesus, where?"
And with tears of anguish crying,—
"O that he my Saviour were:"

3 In a moment stands before us
Jesus with his pierced side:
Now we find, that he's desirous
Us from wrath to screen and hide.

4 Thus the soul at once obtaineth
Pardon from the sinners' friend:
To true happiness attaineth,
And to life which hath no end.

329.* T. 14.

WHAT joy or honour could we have,
Polluted as we are,
If not the holy Lamb of God
Our joy and honour were.

2 Of nothing we have ever done
To boast could we desire,
When he to judge us shall appear,
Whose eyes are flames of fire.

3 None is so holy, pure, and just,
So perfected in love,
That his best plea, or self-defence,
Of any weight could prove.

4 Nor is there any other way
Into the holy place,
But Christ who took away our sins,
His blood and righteousness.

5 We know the righteousness complete
Which he procur'd for all;
We know the kind reception giv'n
To the poor prodigal.

6 We know the Shepherd's love, who left
The ninety-nine behind,
And thro' the desert anxious went,
The hundredth sheep to find.

7 To him poor sinners may appeal,
With all their misery;
The angels joy to see them come,
Christ calleth, "Come to me."

330.* T. 14.

HAPPY the souls who contrite are,
Them Jesus doth invite,
And gives to everlasting bliss
A never-failing right.

2 Tho' comforted, they still distrust
Their own untoward heart;
And wonder, that the Lord to them
Such mercy could impart.

3 To world and sin they bid adieu,
His pardon daily prove,
Desiring larger draughts to drink
Of Jesus' dying love.

4 When thus the blessings of his [blood
And merits we enjoy,
Yea, from the fulness of his grace
Take daily fresh supply;—

5 With pity we can look on those
Who still in darkness are,
Inviting them to turn to Christ,
And in his mercy share.

6 For we thro' grace are taught to think,
Each sinner that we see
May pardon, thro' Christ's precious blood,
Obtain, as well as we:—

7 Since Jesus' pardon, love, and grace,
Produce an humble shame,
And stir us up with thankfulness
His goodness to proclaim.

331. T. 14.

WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the unsearchable be found,
Will God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design; [man,
What meant the suffering Son of
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds, which all my sorrows heal,
That dear, disfigur'd face.

6 Before my eyes of faith, confess'd,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
Array me in salvation's vest,
And tell me all thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy person show,
A Saviour crucified;
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel his blood applied.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

332. T. 90.

AND can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caus'd his pain?
For me, to make my peace with God?
Amazing love, how can it be,
That Jesus deign'd to die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all; my Maker dies;
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the highest seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine:
'Tis mercy all; let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite his grace;
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, oh, it found out sinful me.

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffus'd a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flam'd with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him is mine:
Alive in him my living Head,
And cloth'd in righteousness divine,
Now humbly I approach the throne,
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my own.

333. T. 14.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Tho' not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair:
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas, I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain; [hid?
Where shall my trembling soul be
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou mayst live."

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

334. T. 582.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 Christ, the true paschal Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay the hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Lord, I look back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the shameful tree;
And know my guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice,
Our curse he did remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

335. T. 151.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul:
Nigh unto death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come then to this physician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live.

336. T. 96.

O THOU who pardon canst impart,
Thy pardoning grace I long to feel;
Give life unto my lifeless heart,
And my diseases kindly heal:
Hear, Jesus, hear my feeble moan,
And me as thine in mercy own.

2 Vain are all other helps beside,
Relief from thee alone can flow;
Other physicians have I tried,
Yet only worse and worse I grow;
Give me by faith on thee to lean,
And say unto me, "Be thou clean."

337. T. 151.

MY Lord, how great the favour,
That I, a sinner poor,
Can, thro' thy blood's sweet savour,
Approach thy mercy-door,
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace;
Then wait the welcome message
That bids me go in peace.

2 In my forlorn condition,
Who else could give me aid?
Where could I meet compassion,
But in the church's Head?
In mercy, O receive me,
Thou God, who hearest prayer;
From every evil save me,
On thee I cast my care.

3 I'll never cease repeating
My numberless complaints,
But ever be entreating
Thee, glorious King of saints,
To form me in thine image,
And fill my soul with love,
Till I to thee my homage
Pay with the saints above.

338. T. 22.

THE one thing needful, that good part
Which Mary chose with all her heart,
I would pursue with heart and [mind,
And seek unwearied, till I find.

2 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies
That goodly pearl of so great price;
No other way but Christ there is
To endless happiness and bliss.

3 But oh, I'm blind and ignorant,
Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, I want,
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happiness and God.

4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel-mystery,
Which shows the way to heaven and thee.

5 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeem'd me with thy [blood,
By faith unite my heart to thee,
That we may never parted be.

339.* T. 58.

THE more forgiveness thou dost deign to afford,
The more thou art belov'd, most gracious Lord:
We are all great sinners before thee, Saviour,
O therefore grant to us the grace and favour
To love thee much.

2 How merciful art thou, O God of love,
How doth each needy soul thy comforts prove;
Who to thee can render due compensation?
In heaven and earth thy mercy and compassion
Unequall'd are.

340. T. 14.

THOU, Lord, must for thy sake
It cannot be for mine: [forgive,
My power the pardon to receive,
My faith, is all divine:—

2 A sinner, on mere mercy cast,
Thy mercy I embrace,
And gladly own, from first to last,
That I am sav'd by grace.

341. T. 11.

FATHER, to thy sinful child
Though thy law is reconcil'd,
By thy pardoning grace I live:
Daily still I cry, Forgive.

2 Though my ransom-price He paid,
Upon whom my guilt was laid,
Humbly at thy mercy-seat,
Full remission I entreat.

3 Lord, forgive me, day by day,
Debts, I cannot hope to pay;
Duties, I have left undone;
Evils, I have fail'd to shun;—

4 Trespasses in word or thought;
Deeds from evil motive wrought;
Cold ingratitude, mistrust;
Thoughts unhallow'd or unjust.

5 Pardon, Lord,—And are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes,
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

6 May I feel, beneath my wrongs,
Vengeance to the Lord belongs;
Nor a worse requital dare,
Than the meek revenge of prayer.

7 Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return;
Then assur'd my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardon'd me.

XVII. THE SURRENDER OF THE HEART TO JESUS.

342.* T. 582.

UNTO the Lamb of God,
Who to retrieve my loss
Became a man, and died for me
Upon the accursed cross;
Unto the Prince of life,
Who felt such racking pain,
While he the vengeance due to me
Did willingly sustain:—

2 To him I wholly give
Myself this day anew,
As his reward so dearly gain'd,
His spoil and purchase due;
That with me he may do
What's pleasing in his sight,
And from me take whate'er him grieves,
Whate'er he sees not right.

3 How very weak I am,
My Saviour well can see,
And how exceeding short I fall,
Of what I ought to be:
Compassionate High-priest,
To thee I must appeal;
My numberless infirmities
O kindly haste to heal.

4 In thy most precious blood,
Which from thy open'd veins,
To heal my soul, on Calvary flow'd,
I pray wash out my stains:
It is thy daily care
Thy helpless sheep to feed;
To purify their spotted souls,
And gently them to lead.

5 Redeemer of my soul,
When I look back, and think,
How thy compassion, love, and grace,
From sin and hell's dark brink
Have sav'd and rescued me;
And how thy cleansing blood,
Applied unto my heart by faith,
Hath brought me nigh to God:—

6 I in the dust adore,
Amaz'd at grace so free,
Bestow'd on such a wretched worm,
And ask, "How can it be,
That sinners base and vile
Should be so greatly lov'd,
Who cost thee so much pain and grief,
And so ungrateful prov'd?"

7 Me thy all-seeing eye
Hath kept with watchful care;
Thy great compassion never fail'd,
Thou heard'st my needy prayer:
This makes me firmly trust,
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Zion's hill.

8 Dear Saviour, I resign
My worthless heart to thee;
And, whether cheerful or distress'd,
Thine, thine alone I'll be:
My only aim is this,
O may I it fulfil,
Thee to exalt with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.

343.* T. 22.

O GOD of mercy, grace, and love,
Thy yearning bowels thee did move,
To call me from death's gloomy night
Into thy own amazing light.

2 I once was wholly dead in sin,
Wholly corrupt and spoil'd within,
The carnal mind still bore the sway,
And hurried me a slave away.

3 It caus'd thee pain, O Son of God,
To see the purchase of thy blood
So deeply sunk in misery,
And 'twas thy aim to set me free.

4 Thou drewest me with cords of love,
Till thou at last didst conqueror prove;
Till sin's strong power thou hadst suppress'd,
And giv'n my weary spirit rest.

5 Now thro' thy wounds my soul hath found
Peace, righteousness, and solid ground;
I've now obtained, thro' thy grace,
Among thy ransom'd flock a place.

6 I thee adore, my gracious King,
And joyful hallelujahs sing;
My eyes with grateful tears o'erflow,
For all the mercies thou dost show.

7 Faithful to thee I now engage
To be throughout my pilgrimage;
Accept my life and soul, my King,
Pledg'd to thy service these I bring.

8 Nature's reluctance overrule,
The worldly, carnal mind control;
O may I always have in view
Not mine, but thy blest will to do.

9 Thus by thy power I here shall be
Prepar'd for blest eternity,
Walk with my God, him serve and love,
Till I shall live with him above.

344.* T. 168.

OH, at last I've found my Saviour,
Who laid down his life for me;
He, O undeserved favour,
Own'd me as his property:
Conscious of my imperfection,
I'll rely on his direction:
I will nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

2 Others may seek satisfaction
In this poor world's vanity;
Meanwhile shall my heart's affection
On my Saviour fixed be,
On his meritorious suffering,
And sin-expiating offering:
World, for ever be thou gone,
Leave but Christ and me alone.

3 Jesus cur'd my soul's infection
By his soul's dire agony;
From his death and resurrection
Life and power redound to me:
By the virtue of his merit
I shall heavenly joys inherit,
And e'en here a foretaste have
Of that world beyond the grave.

4 Jesus yields me delectation;
When I'm weak he strengthens me,
Sweetens all my tribulation,
And supports me constantly:
His atoning death and passion
Are the cause of my salvation;
Therefore Christ shall ne'er depart
From my sight and from my heart.

5 Oh, I'm lost in deepest wonder,
To think he shall soon appear
To receive me gladly yonder,
And wipe off my every tear:
Then my grateful songs and praises
Shall resound in heavenly places;
Here by faith to him I'll cleave,
Jesus will I never leave.

345.* T. 22.

WE pray thee, wounded Lamb of God,
Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;
Grant us by faith to view thy cross,
Then life or death is gain to us.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe;
Until we strength from thee derive,
And in communion with thee live.

4 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heaven must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

346. T. 580.

DIDST thou, Lord Jesus, me incline,
When I was lost and dead in sin,
To hear thy quickening voice?
Have I obtained in thy blood [God,
Redemption, and found peace with
And do I in thy name rejoice?—

2 O yes, I feel I am forgiv'n,
A foretaste I enjoy of heaven,
Thy Spirit witness bears;
By faith thy righteousness is mine,
I'm well assur'd, that I am thine,
My soul no condemnation fears.

3 Yet 'fore thee, Jesus, I must own,
I have not this salvation known
By tracing legal ways; [sin,
No, 'twas thy power rais'd me from
Thou didst the saving work begin;
Thine be the glory, thine the praise.

4 May I be faithful to thy call,
Surrender unto thee my all,
Myself to thee resign;
When dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
And never from thy will decline.

5 Me with thy gladdening oil anoint;
The destin'd path thou dost appoint
Gladly I then shall tread:
Bedew me with a genial shower,
Into my heart thy influence pour,
And me with heavenly manna feed.

347.* T. 106.

O GOD, whose love, immense in height, [knows;
In depth unfathom'd, no man
Grant unto me thy saving light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Thy gracious call invites me still,
How light thy burden is to prove;
Yet I'm unsteady; tho' my will
Be fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
Great hindrances obstruct the way,
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 Mere mercy 'tis, that thou hast brought
My soul to seek its peace in thee;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
At rest my spirit cannot be;
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my wishes to thee tend.

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, fear it thence, and be alone
The spring of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee

348.* T. 106.

TAKE, Lord, all self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live,
My vile affections crucify,
Let not one darling lust survive:
O may my heart to thee aspire,
And nought on earth but thee desire.

2 Dear Lord, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
O banish self-will from my heart,
From all its latent mazes there:
And grant that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

3 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that humbly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
"I am thy life, thy God, thy all:"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

349.* T. 90.

JESUS, thy light again I view,
Again thy loving-kindness prove,
And all within me pants anew
To enjoy thy all-reviving love:
Again my thoughts to thee aspire,
Unto thy name is my desire.

2 But oh, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth & skies?
My soul and body now receive,
A holy, living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store,
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

3 O may I never from thee stray,
Or be again subdued by sin:
Guide me, my Life, my Truth, my Way,
Thy blood preserve my garments clean:
O let thy blood and righteousness
My beauty be, my glorious dress.

4 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity:
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning-star.

5 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am call'd by thy great name;
In thee my wand'ring thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim:
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise.

350.* T. 376.

"GIVE me thy heart, my son," thus saith the Lord,
"Give me thy heart, and listen to my word;
Observe my ways.
Walk in the path of grace:
In following my direction
I'll grant thee my protection."

2 'Tis only this which Christ of us requires;
This to promote our welfare he requires:
How blest are they
Who Jesus' voice obey,
And give their hearts for ever
To him, our God and Saviour.

351.* T. 376.

O TAKE my heart and whatsoe'er is mine,
Beloved Jesus, I'll be only thine;
To thee I'll live,
And soul and body give:
My words and whole behaviour
Be rul'd by thee for ever.

2 But give thyself, my Jesus, unto me,
And dwell within my heart continually:
O Lord, remain
My joy, 'midst grief and pain;
From thee, my soul's beloved,
May I ne'er be removed.

352. T. 14.

LORD, take my heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne:
So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

2 I thank thee, that in mercy thou
Hast waken'd me from death,
Arous'd me out of sin's deep sleep,
And call'd to walk in faith.

3 Complete thy work and crown thy
That I may faithful prove,
And listen to that still, small voice,
Which whispers only love;—

4 Which teaches me to know thy will,
And gives me power to do;
Which fills my heart with shame, when I
Do not that will pursue.

5 This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching of my Lord,
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy soft reviving word.

353. T. 74.

O LORD, in me fulfil
Whatever is thy will:
To thee I now resign
Myself and all that 's mine;
Thine, only thine I'll be,
And live alone to thee.

2 Each day unto my heart
New life and grace impart;
For without fresh supply
I languish, droop, and die;
Continually I've need
By faith on thee to feed.

354.* T. 155.

LORD, thou mad'st the universe,
I, though dust, am yet thy creature,
Spoil'd by nature,
Yet desire to cleave to thee;
Make thou me,
Like the clay thine hand can fashion
To a vessel of salvation,
Fitted for eternity.

2 Jesus, grant to me the grace
To rely on thy direction
And protection;
And in thee, my only guide,
To confide;
Yea, the unshaken trust to cherish,
That, tho' heaven and earth must perish,
Firm thy word and truth abide.

3 I resign myself to thee,
With me do whate'er thee pleases,
Gracious Jesus:
May I have to thee always
Free access;

And in faith and love proceeding,
On celestial dainties feeding,
Grow in knowledge and in grace.

4 Banish from me what 's not right,
In thy blood O cleanse me wholly,
Make me lowly;
From whate'er displeaseth thee
Set me free;
And preserve my soul and senses
From all hurtful influences;
Only thine I wish to be.

355.* T. 11.

GRANT, most gracious Lamb of God,
Who hast bought me with thy blood,
That my soul and body be
Quite devoted unto thee.

2 Jesus, hear my fervent cry,
My whole nature sanctify;
Root out all that is unclean,
Tho' it cause me pungent pain.

3 Gracious Lord, I wish alone
Thine to be, yea, quite thine own,
And to all eternity
To remain thy property.

356.* T. 79.

LORD, take my sinful, worthless heart
As thine, thy grace to me impart,
And deep thy seal impress;
Take me into thy special care,
Secure my soul from every snare;
Thyself find always free access.

2 Make me a bosom-friend of thine;
Upon thy breast may I recline,
Preserv'd from needless fears;
And when this earthly house I leave,
Into those mansions me receive,
Where thou wilt wipe away all tears.

357.* T. 166.

DESTROY, O Lord, the carnal mind,
Consume what is not right in me;
Whether the world in chains me bind
Or silken cords, I cannot be
Partaker of the joys of heaven:
For thou requirest, that my heart
Without reserve to thee be giv'n,
Resolv'd for thee with all to part.

358.* T. 15.

SEARCHER of hearts, thou know'st thy love
My heart hath captivated;
My soul is closely to thee join'd,
Ne'er to be separated:—

2 All thou demandest I give up,
Lord, without hesitation;
But never, never will I leave
Thee and thy congregation.

359. T. 184.

O MIGHT we all, Lord God our Saviour,
Thy condescending mercy prize,
To accept of us, O boundless favour,
As of a holy sacrifice;
Of us, tho' sinful, poor, and needy;
Grant, that we freely unto thee
May offer up both soul and body,
To love and serve thee faithfully.

360. T. 590.

PRESENT your bodies to the Lord,
A living sacrifice,
A holy offering unto him,
And pleasing in his eyes:
This is a service which ye owe,
And reasonably due;
For ye are not your own, ye know,
But Christ hath purchas'd you.

XVIII. COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

361.* T. 132.

JESUS, thou art my heart's delight,
My joy and my salvation;
Thy presence yields me day and night
Abundant consolation:
Thee I desire to love and praise,
Since thy great love and boundless grace
Are everything unto me.

2 Thou art the Way, thy Spirit is
As my conductor given;
In following thee I cannot miss
The path to life and heaven:
Thy word be my unerring guide;
Preserve me lest I turn aside,
Or stray from thee, my Saviour.

3 Thou art the Truth, in thee are found
All things that are essential;
Without thee all is empty sound,
In thee is strength substantial:

O Truth, set me at liberty,
That I depend on none but thee,
By whom I can be healed.
4 Thou art my Life, thy power divine
Shall influence every motion;
O may thy Spirit me incline
To true, unfeign'd devotion:
Thus I eternal life shall gain,
And till my latest breath remain
A member of thy body.
5 Lord Jesus, thou my Shepherd art,
Who bledst for my transgression;
When lost, I caus'd thee pungent smart,
When found, joy past expression:
Ah, best of shepherds, ever keep
Within thy fold thy helpless sheep,
Protect me from all danger.
6 Thou art my faithful Friend in need,
My flesh and bone, my Brother;
Thy faithfulness and love exceed
Those of the fondest mother:
Thou art my Healer when I'm sick,
My Cordial, strengthening me when weak,
My Refuge in all trouble.
7 Ah, Lord, how very short I fall,
When on thy praise I enter;
Thou art indeed my All in all,
In thee my wishes centre:
Whate'er I want, thou art to me;
O let my heart incessantly
Be by thy love inspired.

362.* T. 58.

WHAT peace divine, what perfect happiness
Our Saviour's presence to our hearts conveys;
Unto us poor sinners thereby is given
A blessed antepast of bliss in heaven
And lasting joy.
2 Altho', dear Jesus, we can't see thy face,
We richly may enjoy thy love and grace,
Since thou hast pronounced those souls thrice blessed,
Who, tho' they do not see thee, are possessed
Of faith in thee.
3 Were we but all desirous day and night
Thee to enjoy, O what supreme delight
Would both soul and body taste in thy favour;
We then with all our hearts could say, "Dear Saviour,
Who is like thee!"
4 Long-suffering, merciful, and kind to be,
Forgiving daily and abundantly,
To heal, cheer, & comfort, & show'r thy blessing
On us, with looks thy tender love expressing,
Is thy delight.
5 Gracious Redeemer, grant to us while here
In thy salvation constantly to share;
May our souls and senses without cessation,
Prompted by love and need, for consolation
Look unto thee.
6 Thus in communion may we live with thee,
Happy like children, till thy face we see
Tho' while here we tarry, we're often grieved,
May we apply to thee and be relieved
In all distress.

363.* T. 228.

HOW bright appears the Morning-star,
With grace and truth beyond compare,
The royal root of Jesse;
O David's Son, of Jacob's line,
My soul's Belov'd, & King benign,
Thou cam'st from heaven to bless me:
Precious,—gracious,
Ever glorious,—and victorious
Is my Saviour;
Nought but he can please me ever.
2 From him descends a beam of joy,
When he with a complacent eye
Beholds his needy creature:
Immanuel, my sovereign good,
Thy word, thy Spirit, flesh & blood,
Renew my very nature:
Grant me—richly,
Thro' thy merit,—to inherit
Thy salvation:
Hear my ardent supplication.
3 The Father from eternity
In mercy was inclin'd to me,
Thro' thee, his Well-beloved:
I, as a member of thy bride,
In thee, Lord Jesus, can confide;
Thy love remains unmoved:
Oh, I—have joy,
That, in heaven,—with thanksgiving,
Thee, my Saviour,
I shall love and praise for ever.
4 Tune all your notes to songs of praise,
If you can earthly music raise,

To join celestial concerts:
Be Jesus your delightful theme;
In him and in his saving name
Are centred all our comforts:
Joyful,—awful
Be the phrases of our praises,
'Tis our duty,
'Fore the Lord of bliss and beauty.

5 Before the world I make my boast,
That he in whom I place my trust,
Is Lord of light and glory:
At last he'll bring me to that place,
Where all the wonders of his grace
Shall lie disclos'd before me:
Amen:—be then
Praise and blessing,—never ceasing,
To him given,
Here, and by the hosts of heaven.

364.* T. 185.

THE unbounded love of my Creator
Heart-felt gratitude doth claim;
Why did Christ appear in human nature?
'Twas for me he man became:
While the whole world's Saviour I confess him,
As my own Redeemer I embrace
And his merits I apply [him,
To myself especially.

2 When with him, my Lord, in closest union,
I can all things else forget;
In his fellowship and blest commu-
I heaven's bliss anticipate; [nion,
By his presence he dispels all sadness, [gladness;
Filling my poor soul with joy and
Tho' I often am to blame,
Yet his love is still the same.

3 When my mind pursues this medi-
That the all-creating Word [tation,
Hath by his humanity and passion
To God's image man restor'd;
I regard my body as Christ's temple,
'Tis my aim to follow his example,
And my vessel thro' his grace
In due honour to possess.

365.* T. 68.

BLISS beyond compare,
Which in Christ I share:
He's my only joy and treasure;
Tasteless is all worldly pleasure,
When in Christ I share
Bliss beyond compare.

2 Jesus is my joy,
Therefore blest am I:
Oh, his mercy is unbounded,
All my hope on him is grounded;
Jesus is my joy,
Therefore blest am I.

3 When the Lord appears,
This my spirit cheers;
When, his love to me revealing,
He, the Sun of grace, with healing
In his beams appears,
This my spirit cheers.

4 Then all grief is drown'd:
Pure delight is found,
Joy and peace in his salvation,
Heavenly bliss and consolation:
Every grief is drown'd
Where such bliss is found.

366.* T. 4.

LORD Jesus, I pray,
On earth while I stay,
In union to be
With thee & thy people inseparably.

2 Concern'd for more grace
And true happiness;
Intent evermore
'Fore thee to be contrite, and lowly, and poor.

3 O were my whole mind
And spirit inclin'd
To show forth thy praise,
To serve thee with gladness, and walk in thy ways.

4 If question'd by thee:
"Say, lovest thou me?"
I own I shall prove
Deficient, O Lord, yet thou know'st, that I love.

5 John's portion so blest,
To lean on thy breast,
Be mine, till with thee, [shall be.
When time is no more, I for ever

367.* T. 159.

'TIS the most blest and needful part
To have in Christ a share,
And to commit our way and heart
Unto his faithful care:
This done, our steps are safe & sure,
Our heart's desires are render'd pure, [hand,
And nought can pluck us from his
Which leads us to the end.

2 Nought in this world affords true rest
But Christ's atoning blood;
This purifies the guilty breast,
And reconciles to God:
Hence flows unfeigned love to him
Who came lost sinners to redeem,
And Christ our Saviour doth appear
Daily to us more dear.

3 My only joy and comfort here
Is Jesus' death and blood;
I with this passport can appear
Before the throne of God:
Admitted to the realms of bliss,
I then shall see him as he is,
Where countless pardon'd sinners [meet,
Adoring at his feet.

368.* T. 14.

THY child so minded ever keep,
Let me know nought beside
Thee, who wast slain me to redeem,
Thee, Jesus crucified.

2 O may we, Saviour, step for step,
Bear thee sweet company,
Thus will, whate'er we undertake,
An act of worship be.

3 May we to thee in all our wants
Child-like yet closer fly,
Directing still, throughout our [course,
By faith to thee our eye.

4 Altho' but little we can do,
Yet 'tis our heart's desire,
To do that which affords thee joy,
Nor dost thou more require.

369.* T. 206.

THOU slaughter'd Lamb, :‖:
Whose love the same
Doth still abide,
Though oft :‖: severely tried;
I am no longer mine :‖:
But thine,—bought with a price;
As sacrifice
Accept the whole :‖:
Of spirit, body, soul. :‖:

2 My King benign, :‖:
I'd fain be thine;
Not any thing,
No smallest :‖: hankering
Cause me, while here I stay,
My dearest Lord, from thee
To stray; no, may each breath
Exalt thy death,
And sing thy praise :‖:
For thy unbounded grace. :‖:

370.* T. 36.

O LET thy countenance, most loving Saviour,
Shine on me day and night, and let me ever
Have of thy presence and thy gracious dealing
A tender feeling:—

2 That soul and body, on thy merit feeding,
May daily be from grace to grace proceeding,
With thee at peace, in tenderest love's communion
And perfect union.

371. T. 14.

JESUS, my Saviour, full of grace,
Be thou my heart's delight,
Remain my favourite theme always,
My joy by day and night.

2 Hungry and thirsty after thee
May I be found each hour;
Humble in heart, and constantly
Supported by thy power.

3 May thy blest Spirit to my heart,
Throughout my future race,
True faith and constancy impart
To live unto thy praise.

4 The mystery of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
Till I shall once in heaven above
For ever dwell with thee.

372. T. 14.

O DEAREST Lord, take thou my heart;
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee.

2 If there's a fervour in my soul,
And fervour sure there is,
It shall be quite at thy control,
And but to serve thee rise.

3 To seek in earthly things for bliss
Is vain; none can be found,
Till Jesus Christ our portion is;
In him true joys abound.

4 'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quickening grace;
And all the bliss I seek above
Is to behold his face.

373. T. 14.

TIS heaven on earth by faith to see
Thy face, my gracious Lord;
The noblest, most substantial joys
Thy cheering smiles afford.

2 Thou say'st, dear Jesus, all thy [saints,
Who love thy face to see,
Shall have, while in this vale of [tears,
Kind visits oft from thee.

3 O let my soul with thee converse,
Who art my chief delight;
For the whole world can't ease my [heart,
If banish'd from thy sight.

374. T. 591.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood;
All thy pleasures I forego,
All thy wealth and all thy pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
In his favour to abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him in all my works I seek,
Who hung upon the tree;
Only of his love I speak,
Who freely died for me:
While I sojourn here below,
Nothing I desire beside;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

375. T. 14.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

4 There, like the nightingale, she
Her solitary lays; [pours
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And, all-harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what [love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo thro' the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

376. T. 79.

O JESUS, everlasting God,
Who hast for sinners shed thy blood
Upon Mount Calvary,
And finish'd there redemption's toil;
Thus I became thy happy spoil:
All praise and glory be to thee.

2 Fain would I think on all thy pain,
Would find therein my life & gain,
And firmly fix my heart
Upon thy wounds and dying love;
Nor evermore from thee remove,
Till from this world I shall depart.

3 The more thro' grace myself I know,
The more inclin'd I am to bow
In faith beneath thy cross;
To trust in thy atoning blood,
And look to thee for every good,
Yea, count all earthly gain but loss.

377. T. 90.

THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, for thou art mine:
Thou art my fortress, strength, and tower,
My trust, and portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, my All in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The balm to heal my broken heart,
In storms my peace, in loss my gain;
My joy beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown;—

3 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power;
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My refuge in temptation's hour;
My comfort 'midst all grief & thrall,
My life in death, my All in all.

378. T. 22.

'TIS thro' the grace thou dost bestow,
O Lord, that I thy goodness know;
Grant, that I in humility
For evermore may cleave to thee.

2 The privilege to be with Christ
In union, can't enough be priz'd;
Since I'm the purchase of his blood,
Grant me this privilege, O God.

3 Reflecting how our Lord and Head,
When ris'n, his followers visited,
We pray to share that happiness,
Which without sight we may possess.

4 Communing with the Lamb of God,
With heartfelt gratitude we're bow'd;
And walk in true humility,
As Christ's disciples constantly.

379. T. 79.

O THAT we could for ever sit
With Mary at our Saviour's feet,
Be this our happy choice;
Our only care, delight, and bliss,
Our joy, our heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's cheering voice.

2 O may his love our hearts inspire;
Nought else on earth may we desire,
Nought else in heaven above:
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give us, O Lord, thy grace to know,
Give us to feel thy precious love.

380. T. 146.

O WHAT is Christ to me,
Who hath for my diseases
Found out a remedy,
And every grief appeases?
My ever faithful Friend,
My Confidant most true,
On whom I can depend
In joy and sorrow too.

381.* T. 230.

BE our comfort which ne'er faileth,
When any trial us assaileth,
Or when we're needlessly distress'd;
Jesus show, on each occasion, [tion,
That thou our strength art and salva-
Our shield, our hiding-place, and rest:
O may we constantly
Look up by faith to thee,
Who redeem'dst us;
And daily prove,
That thou art love,
Till we shall be with thee above.

382.* T. 79.

CAN any contemplation
Compare with that sensation,
O Christ, that we are thine:
That our names on the pages
Are written, where the wages
Are enter'd of thy love divine.

383. T. 167.

MOMENTS of ecstatic pleasure,
When I feel thee, Saviour, mine:
What is this world's joy or treasure
To the thought, that I am thine?
Earthly dreams of vain enjoyment
Cannot soothe the watchful soul;
Joy and grief, rest and employment,
Sacred be to thee the whole.

384.* T. 185.

BETHANY, O peaceful habitation,
Blessed mansion, lov'd abode;
There my Lord had oft his resting station,
Converse held in friendly mood:
With that bliss which Mary highly savour'd;
I could wish this day still to be favour'd;
But thy presence makes to me
Every place a Bethany.

385.* T. 244.

THO' we can't see our Saviour
With these our mortal eyes,
Our faith, which tastes his favour,
The want of sight supplies:
Our hearts can feel him near,
So that to us 'tis clear,
His presence is as certain
As if we saw him here.

386. T. 586.

WHEN Christ our Saviour lives and dwelleth
In us, O what consummate bliss:
This from our hearts all gloom dispelleth,
Our life of heaven a foretaste is:
Lord Jesus, hear our supplication;
Let all of us in every station,
Be truly join'd to thee,
Until eternally
Thy face we see.

387.* T. 114.

JESUS, my King, thy kind and gracious sceptre [me:
Assuages every grief that burdens
When I with all my heart apply to thee, [preceptor;
Then thy peace-giving Spirit 's my
Thy comforts so refresh and cheer my heart,
That fear and restlessness must soon depart.

2 The gifts of Christ are so inestimable, [can afford:
That all the world nought equal
What are the treasures which the worldlings hoard?
To comfort weary souls they are not able, [dantly;
But Jesus can and does abun-
All earthly joys will fail, but never He.

3 How highly bless'd, how happy is the spirit [inly mourns,
Which, weary of self-working,
And unto him for aid and succour turns:
The humble every good from him inherit; [ease,
He to the troubled soul imparteth
Restoring to the wounded conscience peace.

4 That which the law could have imparted never, [grace;
Is then produc'd alone by Jesus'
This is the source of genuine holiness: [behaviour;
This changes and reforms our whole
From strength to strength, from grace to grace led on,
We safe proceed, until our race is run.

5 O may I look to Christ without cessation:
Come, visit me, thou Day-spring from on high, [espy,
That in thy light the light I may
On grace depending as my sole foundation;
Confirm my faith, grant that no fault in me
May intercept the light that beams from thee.

6 Thou Source of love, I rest in thy embraces, [peace:
Thou art alone my everlasting
My only treasure is thy boundless grace; [thy mercies;
'Tis heaven on earth to live upon
And since in thee all happiness I find, [mind.
I seek nought else to satisfy my

388.* T. 115.

HOW great the bliss to be a sheep of Jesus, [herd-staff:
And to be guided by his shep-
Earth's greatest honours, howsoe'er they please us,
Compar'd to this, are vain and empty chaff: [give,
Yea, what this world can never
May, thro' the Shepherd's grace, each needy sheep receive.

2 Here is a pasture, rich and never-failing, [flow;
Here living waters in abundance
None can conceive the grace with them prevailing,
Who Jesus' shepherd-voice obey and know:
He banishes all fear and strife,
And leads them gently on to everlasting life.

3 Whoe'er would spend his days in lasting pleasure,
Must come to Christ, and join his flock with speed;
Here is a feast prepar'd, rich beyond measure,
The world meanwhile on empty husks must feed: [good,
Those souls may share in every
Whose Shepherd doth possess the treasuries of God.

389.* T. 164.

O DAYS of solid happiness,
O antepast of heaven,
When, in the accepted time of grace,
We know our sins forgiven:
Cleans'd in the precious flood
Of Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoying in our hearts by faith
The blessings purchas'd by his death.

4 Hark, O my soul, what sing the choirs
Around the glorious throne?
"The Lamb was slain," for evermore
Sounds in the sweetest tone;
The elders there cast down their crowns,
And all, in endless day,
Sing praise to him who shed his blood,
And wash'd their guilt away.

This, while on earth, we will declare,
Cheerful in our degree,
That thro' Christ's all-atoning blood
Each soul may happy be:
But thou, O Lord, make every day
Thy grace to us more sweet,
Till we behold thy pierced side,
And worship at thy feet.]

395. T. 132.

OH, if the Lamb had not been slain,
To save us from perdition,
And everlasting life to gain,
What had been our condition?
But since in him poor sinners find
A friend so faithful, true, and kind,
We cannot but be happy.

2 With all our errors and mistakes
He bears, and loves us dearly;
A contrite soul he ne'er forsakes,
That follows him sincerely:
When the whole heart to him is giv'n,
We have a foretaste here of heaven,
In fellowship with Jesus.

3 When we have fail'd and deeply mourn,
That we the Spirit grieved,
And to our Lord for comfort turn,
We quickly are relieved:
Whene'er we say, with humble shame,
"Lord Jesus, I have been to blame,"
He saith, "Thou art forgiven."

4 As pardon'd sinners we rejoice
With Jesus' congregation;
Above all other things we prize
His bitter death and passion;
His wounds, his tears, and bloody sweat
We bear in mind, nor can forget
His unexampled mercy.

396. T. 115.

O HAPPY days, days mark'd with solid blessing,
In converse spent with our best friend below;
Then streams of heavenly comfort, rich, unceasing,
To us from Jesus' wounds and merits flow;
Thus we for his appearance wait:
When we shall rest with him, our joy will be complete.

2 Meanwhile our lot is fall'n in pleasant places,
A goodly heritage we have indeed;
The Lamb to follow and show forth his praises,
And in his footsteps with his flock to tread:
May we, by nothing drawn aside,
Maintain our part with him and with his chosen bride.

3 Accept us as we are, tho' poor and needy,
O Lord, and sanctify us by thy grace;
That we, as vessels, for thy use made ready,
May glorify thy name in every place,
And care in true simplicity,
As thine espoused souls, for what belongs to thee.

4 How precious are thy thoughts, beloved Saviour,
Thy thoughts of peace o'er us, the sum how great;
Already here we in thy sight find favour,
In thy sweet nearness heaven anticipate:
And oh, what bliss awaits us there,
Where we with the redeem'd shall in thy glory share.

5 But since the pure in heart alone inherit
Those promises so precious and so sweet;
From all defilement of the flesh and spirit
Cleanse us, and make us for thy service meet;
That we ourselves to thee may yield,
Till thy whole counsel be in each of us fulfill'd.

397. T. 594.

WHAT peace divine, unutterable,
When we with Christ our God converse;
No angel's tongue to express is able,
What feels a sinner free from curse:
Such bliss to enjoy in all its meaning,
Implies our sinful hearts to know,
And, by the holy Spirit's training,
Before the cross of Christ to bow.

2 From him true heavenly life deriving,
With cleansing power from sin's each stain,
Partakers of his grace reviving,
Within us all is born again:
We hunger then for food celestial,
We thirst for life's exhaustless stream;
And wean'd from love of things terrestrial,
We find in Christ our bliss supreme.

3 Thrice happy they, who by experience
Have known this change from death to life;
Who look to him with faith and patience,
While pilgrims in this world of strife:
His blood-bought grace and full salvation
Their solace prove while here below;
And, when complete their faith's probation,
To see his face with joy they go.

398. T. 14.

IF Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things, and things to come,
And grace, and glory too.

2 If he is mine, then though he frown,
He never will forsake:
His chastisements all work for good,
And but his love bespeak.

3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

4 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee,
He the dispenser of all good,
Is more than all to me.

5 If he is mine, unharm'd I pass
Thro' death's tremendous vale,
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

6 Let Christ assure me he is mine,
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

399. T. 14.

AMAZING grace, how sweet the sound,
That sav'd a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believ'd.

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I am already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord hath promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

400.* T. 97.

MY All in all, my faithful Friend,
Upon whose mercy I depend;
Than aught in earth or heaven dear;
My paschal Lamb from year to year;
My Shield, my Rock, my Polar-star,
My Guide, abide.
Thou art my God, and ever shalt

2 When doubts and fears, a gloomy band,
Beset my soul on every hand;
When fails my strength, and reason's light
Appears immers'd in darkest night,
Thee, the great Counsellor, I still can trace,
Unsearchable in wisdom, power, and grace.

For us he man became,
And still abides the same;
To make us all one spirit
With him, is his bless'd aim.

410.* T. 590.

WHAT strikes, O wounded Lamb of God,
My soul so sensibly?
'Tis when I view the fervent love,
That brought thee down to die,
And feel that from thy precious blood,
So freely shed for me,
Flows all my happiness in time
And in eternity.

2 This grace, as long as life shall last,
I humbly will proclaim;
Ev'n I, a sinner void of good,
Who dust and ashes am:
'Tis deeply rooted in my heart,
Eras'd it ne'er shall be,
That by thy meritorious death
Thou hast redeemed me.

3 Thy mercy may I ne'er forget,
While here below I stay:
I 'm lost in wonder and amaze,
When I thy goodness weigh,
That I, poor sinner, am become
A child of thine through grace,
And, being thine, a joyful heir
Of ceaseless happiness.

4 With contrite tears I thee adore,
And thank for mercy free;
I'll in my walk show forth thy praise
Ev'n in my small degree:—
If thou support me with thy aid,
As my most gracious Lord,
The imperfect service which I yield,
Will joy to thee afford.

5 Whenever my frail nature swerves
Beyond the proper bounds,
Thou know'st, O Lord, what pain it gives,
How grievously it wounds:
With eager haste I therefore flee,
And safely wish to hide
Within thy wounds, O Christ my rock,
And in those clefts abide.

6 O thou who to redeem my soul
Didst on the cross expire,
Grant I may love thee in return:
Be this my fix'd desire,
Henceforth no more to cherish self,
But to thy praise to live,
Who lovedst me, and out of love
Thyself for me didst give.

7 Thy sufferings then, and bitter death,
My heart shall e'er retain;
And earnestly I 'll shun thro' grace
Whatever gives thee pain;
For nothing now which this vain world
Can offer or devise,
Can yield me any further joy,
Nought but my ransom-price.

8 For ever then remain engrav'd
Deep in my heart's recess;
Thee, whom I wish to love in truth,
O may my mouth confess:
Grant that each sheep within thy fold
Thy mark impress'd may bear,
Until thou at the judgment-day
In glory shalt appear.

411.* T. 151.

BEHOLD, my soul, thy Saviour
Pours out his life and blood,
Thee to restore to favour,
And reconcile to God:
His death thy guilt erases,
His stripes give thee relief;
Rise then, and sing his praises
Who turns to joy thy grief.

2 How is my soul delighted,
Tho' shame o'erspreads my face,
When I, by faith excited,
The Lamb of God can trace
In all his bitter passion,
Till, dying on the tree,
He bore my condemnation,
And gained life for me.

3 I see him in the garden
Shed floods of bitter tears,
Sinking beneath the burden;
I hear his anxious prayers:
I see him pine and languish,
As on the ground he lay,
Till thro' his pores in anguish
The blood-sweat fore'd its way.

4 I fully am assured
My Saviour loveth me,
By all he hath endured
In his great agony:
His back plough'd deep with furrows,
His side pierc'd with a spear,
And unexampled sorrows,
His boundless love declare.

5 My favourite theme is Jesus,
All else I count but loss;
His love all thought surpasses,
Ah, view him on the cross:
Thence hope and consolation
I freely can derive;
Were he not my salvation,
I could not bear to live.

Near Jesus' cross I tarry,
On him I fix mine eyes,
Behold him spent and weary,
A bleeding sacrifice:
In heaven of his glory
I shall obtain a sight,
But here his suffering beauty
Remains my chief delight.

7 What undeserved favour,
To me has Jesus shown;
Might I recline for ever
Upon his breast like John:
'Tis my heart's inclination,
Like Mary oft to sit,
Until my consummation,
Lord, at thy pierced feet.

8 In my forlorn condition
Thou, Lord, didst me receive;
Thou savedst from perdition
My soul, and bad'st me live:
With inward spirit's ardour
I thank thee for thy grace;
Thyself this heavenly fervour
Of love to thee increase.

412.* T. 146.

LORD Jesus, who for me
Hast endless bliss obtained,
And as thy property
My soul with blood regained;
Accept a weeping eye,
A warm and grateful heart;
Tho' a thank-offering poor,
Yet take it in good part.

2 Jesus, thy dying love,
And thy blood-bought salvation,
By day and night shall prove
My favourite meditation:
While I commune with thee,
As though before mine eyes
I saw thee bodily;
My faith this vivifies.

3 I look to Golgotha,
For me I view thee languish,
And melt like wax away
Before thy pain and anguish:
By faith I see God's wrath
In what on thee did fall,
The fountain too and bath
For my offences all.

4 Most gracious God and Lord,
Mankind's almighty Saviour,
Worthy to be ador'd
By all, both now and ever:
Those souls are bless'd indeed
Who thee embrace by faith,
As thou for us wast laid
Low in the dust of death.

5 In thee I trust by faith,
Jesus, my God and Saviour;
On thy atoning death
My soul shall feed for ever:
Thy sufferings shall remain
Deep on my heart impress'd,
Thou Son of God and man,
Till I with thee shall rest.

413.* T. 149.

WHEN I Christ in spirit trace
As the world's Creator,
And regard the sinfulness
Of my fallen nature;
I revere—him with fear:
But his expiration
Yields me consolation.

2 Heart-reviving is the view
Of our lovely Saviour;
Him, our highest good, to know,
Be our whole endeavour;
We're unclean,—full of sin,
But the stripes of Jesus
Heal all our diseases.

3 Lamb of God, all praise to thee;
Thou hast victory gained,
And upon the cross for me
Endless bliss obtained:
Thou art mine,—I am thine;
May my whole demeanour
To thy name give honour.

414.* T. 146.

WE sinners, void of good,
Defil'd by sin and stained,
Yet bought with Jesus' blood,
Who our salvation gained,
As helpless, vile, and poor,
Appear before his face,
And humbly him adore
For our blest lot of grace.

2 When we thy mercy weigh,
How nails and scourges tore thee,
Our debt immense to pay,
We melt in tears before thee:
Thy pain, thy stripes, and wounds,
Thy death, thou slaughter'd Lamb,
Whence all our bliss redounds,
Our grateful praises claim.

3 Eternal thanks be thine,
Author of our salvation:
Thou didst our hearts incline
To accept thy invitation;
We are thy property,
O may we thine abide;
This is our only plea,
That thou for us hast died.

4 Might with an iron pen
This truth divine be graven,
For sinners Christ was slain,
To purchase life and heaven:
Unwearied we prolong,
And joyfully repeat
The blessed gospel-song;
'Tis ever new and sweet.

5 Lord, teach us how to prize
Our great predestination,
And humbly to rejoice
With thy dear congregation,
Redeemed with thy blood:
Grant us a child-like faith
Among thy flock, O God,
Until our latest breath.

415.* T. 97.

THANKS to the Man of sorrows be,
To Jesus Christ, who set us free
From sin and death, when on the cross
He suffer'd to retrieve our loss:
Had he not shed his blood our debt to pay,
We still had been the devil's wretched prey.

2 O had not Jesus' blood been shed,
Life would a burden be indeed;
No comfort could we ever find,
No ray of hope to cheer our mind:
But now on earth we may enjoy his grace,
And humbly hope in heaven to see his face.

3 Rise, brethren, we to all the earth
Our Lord's atonement will set forth,
Will love our Master unto death,
And humbly cleave to him by faith:
Lord Jesus, be thou prais'd eternally; [we be?
If there no Jesus were, what should

416.* T. 15.

THY blood, thy blood the deed hath wrought,
That won me for thee, Saviour;
Else had I never on thee thought,
Nor come to thee for ever.

2 Tho' I 'm a sinful creature still,
I have a full exemption
From serving sin, since thou didst quell
Its power by thy redemption.

3 I feel how much in debt I am,
This makes me oft ashamed;
Yet as thy purchase, slaughter'd Lamb,
I am, through mercy, claimed.

4 O let me thee behold in faith,
As thou for me wast wounded;
And trust in thy atoning death,
Whereon my bliss is grounded.

5 Thy mercy ne'er from me remove;
But under thy direction
Let me experience, while I live
On earth, thy kind protection.

6 May this each day be my employ,
The fruits of thy blest passion
Still more completely to enjoy,
And taste thy great salvation:—

7 Till I shall once behold thy face
In endless bliss and glory,
And for the wonders of thy grace
With humble thanks adore thee.

417.* T. 228.

O LAMB of God, once slain for us,
Thy bitter sufferings, death, & cross
Remain my heart's confession:
Thee, the great Author of my frame,
As my Redeemer now I claim;
Thy love is past expression:
For joy—weep I
While I ponder—o'er this wonder;
Thine the suffering,
Mine the gain for thy sin-offering.

2 Thy blood was shed for me, I know,
For my redemption did it flow;
O sweetest consolation!
Now nothing in the world beside
Can make me truly satisfied,
But thy blood-bought salvation:
There is—true bliss,
Virtue, healing—all that 's ailing,
Strength, supplying
Life, altho' my flesh be dying.

3 O happy hour, by faith I see
My suffering, dying Lord, for me
Upon the cross outstretched;
If from my view this should depart,
Nought could relieve my troubled heart,
Yea, I should be most wretched;
But he—knows me
To be feeble,—and not able
For a moment
To live without his atonement.

4 Therefore I'll view the Lamb of God,
His body cover'd o'er with blood,
His soul with grief oppressed;
This sight removes all doubt and fear,
It gives me boldness to draw near,
By whatsoe'er distressed:
Here I—find joy,
Heavenly pleasure—beyond measure;
Near my Saviour
I would fain abide for ever.

418. T. 141.

LAMB of God beloved,
Once for sinners slain,
Thankful we remember
What thou didst sustain?
Nothing thee incited
But unbounded grace,
To bear condemnation
In the sinner's place.

2 I with sacred sorrow
View Mount Calvary;
But my soul rejoices
O'er thy death for me:
Since thou by thy passion
Didst for me atone,
Take me as an offering;
Thine I'll be alone.

3 In thy wounds, O Jesus,
I have found true peace;
Thou in all distresses
Art my hiding-place:
Unto thee I'll ever
Look with humble faith,
And rejoice, and glory
In thy wounds and death.

4 I, unworthy sinner,
Lie before thy throne;
Tho' I scarce am able
To express, I own,
All my wants, dear Saviour,
Yet thou know'st them well;
Now in me the counsel
Of thy love fulfil.

419. T. 341.

'TIS done, my God hath died,
My love is crucified!
Break, this stony heart of mine;
Pour, my eyes, a ceaseless flood;
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine;
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood.

2 To love thee, Lord,—ah, this
Ev'n here is heavenly bliss:
With thy love my heart inspire,
There by faith for ever dwell;
This I always will desire,
Nothing but thy love to feel.

3 He bore the curse of all,
A spotless criminal:
Burden'd with our crimes and guilt,
Blacken'd with imputed sin,
Man to save, his blood he spilt;
Died, to make the sinner clean.

4 Join earth and heaven to bless
The Lord our righteousness;
Sinn'd we all and died in one,
Just in One we all are made:
Christ the law fulfill'd alone,
Died for all, for all obey'd.

5 In him complete I shine,
His death, his life is mine;
Fully am I justified;
Free from sin, & more than free
Guiltless, since for me he died,
Righteous, since he rose for me.

6 Jesus, to thee I bow,
Approach thee humbly now
O the depths of love divine;
Who thy wisdom's stores can tell?
Knowledge infinite is thine,
All thy ways unsearchable.

420. T. 14.

I LOVE the Lord: he lent an ear
When I for help implor'd;
He rescu'd me from all my fear,
Therefore, I love the Lord.

2 Return, my soul, unto thy rest:
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest;
His goodness calls thee home.

What shall I render unto thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

4 This will I do, for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim:
Salvation's sacred cup I take,
And call upon thy name.

5 Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear, and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thine altar bow:—

6 Henceforth myself to thee I give,
With single heart and eye,
To walk before thee while I live,
And bless thee when I die.

421. T. 205.

LAMB of God,—thy precious blood,
Healing wounds and bitter death,
Be our trust,—our only boast,
Blessed object of our faith:
Thy once marred countenance
Comfort to our hearts dispense;
By thy anguish, stripes, and pain,
May we life and strength obtain.

2 We adore—thee evermore,
Jesus, for thy boundless grace;
For thy cross,—whereby for us
Thou hast gain'd true happiness;
For thy death, which sets us free
From sin's cruel slavery;
For thy all-atoning blood,
Which hath brought us nigh to God.

3 What can we—now give to thee,
For thy unexampled love?
We're unclean—and full of sin,
Till thou dost our guilt remove:
Is aught good in us, we own
'Tis not ours, but thine alone;
Unto us belongeth shame,
But all glory to thy name.

4 Thro' thy grace,—may we always
Put our trust in thee by faith,
And rely—eternally
On thy meritorious death:
Fill our hearts with constant peace,
Till in thee we end our race,
And shall thee for evermore
'Midst the ransom'd hosts adore.

422. T. 159.

I 'M overcome with humble shame,
And blushes fill my face,
When I behold the suffering Lamb,
And when my faith can trace
How Jesus paid my ransom-price,
And gave himself a sacrifice:
My gracious Saviour, near to thee
I ever wish to be.

2 'Tis then with happy John I view
His body mark'd with scars;
Like Mary I his feet bedew
With floods of sinner-tears:
I 'm struck with this most charming sight,
The Lamb of God is my delight;
The glory of the Trinity
In him by faith I see.

3 Free from the noisy, busy crowd,
Here would I ever stay,
And live in union with my God,
With Jesus night and day;
Extolling his unbounded love,
Till to his presence I remove,
And there in higher notes of praise
My Hallelujahs raise.

423. T. 166.

WHAT praise unto the Lamb is due;
How should this theme our souls inspire,
When we his boundless love review,
And see him on the cross expire:
Who can describe how much he lov'd,
Or paint that strong and fervent zeal,
With which his tender heart was mov'd,
When he sustain'd the pangs of hell.

2 Beside him we will nothing know,
All things account for him but loss;
Our hearts with love to him shall glow,
We 'll glory only in his cross:
He is the hungry sinner's food,
His goodness we desire to taste;
When we enjoy his flesh and blood,
It proves to us a heavenly feast.

3 Thy wounds present to our faith's eye;
Their influence shed within our breast:
Lord, let no stranger with thee vie,
Let sin be wholly dispossess'd:

Free from the law's condemning power,
By grace alone we wish to live;
Grace must support us every hour,
Faith can alone the victory give.

424. T. 16.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I 'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I 've much forgiven.
I 'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I 'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

425.* T. 147.

IMPRESS'D with filial fear,
A breeze divine perceiving,
Its influence receiving,
With awe we thee revere:
Our eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Our souls devoutly glowing,
One thought absorbs us now:
Thou, Jesus, only thou.

2 Who can thy kindness prove,
Or know thy great salvation,
And not with exultation
Confess that God is love?
Thou Messenger anointed,
The Lamb by God appointed,
By all in earth and heaven
To thee be praises giv'n.

426.* T. 126.

TO earth no longer cleaving,
I look to Jesus' cross;
All this world's trifles leaving,
For him count all things loss,
Who underwent such racking pain,
Distress of soul, and anguish,
Vile sinners to regain.

2 I 'm lost in deepest wonder,
When I am led to trace
His dying love, and ponder
On his amazing grace;
How he, with his expiring breath,
Bought bliss and life eternal,
For rebels doom'd to death.

3 Grace thro' the blood of Jesus,
The contrite soul's delight;
Nought else on earth could please us,
Should we of this lose sight,
And could we not, thro' mercy free,
Our worthless names engraven
In Jesus' nail-prints see.

4 Oh, were his love impressed
On us indelibly,
Our lot would be most blessed;
How can we happier be,
Than when his rod and staff impart
Support and consolation
Unto the fainting heart?

427.* T. 126.

O WHAT complete salvation
In Jesus I possess;
In his atoning passion
I find true happiness:
I 'm now content on earth to live,
Since to my unseen Saviour,
Through grace, by faith I cleave.

2 Nought but my Saviour's passion
Can purify the heart,
And bid the infatuation
Of world and sin depart:
The very thought is then abhorr'd,
That I those things should cherish,
Which crucified our Lord.

3 O Lamb of God tormented,
Thy pain and anguish sore
Have me to thee cemented,
And bound for evermore:
Whoe'er relies on thee alone,
Will safely be conducted,
Until his race is run.

4 I trust in Jesus' merit,
My life flows from his death;
And doth his holy Spirit
Before the eye of faith
My crucified Redeemer paint,
I am thro' grace establish'd
Firm in his covenant.

5 In holy contemplation,
I day and night review
The theme of Christ's salvation,
And find it ever new:
My pulse shall to his honour beat,
And till his blest appearing,
Each breath his praise repeat.

428.* T. 185.

IF to me experience had not proved,
What surpasses human thought,
That my Saviour, by compassion moved,
With his blood my pardon bought,
I had spent my days in anxious grieving;
But, to him be praise, I now, believing
In my Lord, by faith receive
Comfort, which the world can't give.

2 O what blessings are from Jesus' passion
And atoning death deriv'd;
I refuse all other consolation,
If of these I am deprivd:
But no sooner doth his blood bedew me,
And impart its healing virtues to me,
Than my soul, tho' sunk in grief,
Is restor'd, and finds relief.

3 When my Jesus from the cross complacent
Casts on me a look of love,
Grateful tears flow down my cheeks incessant,
All my soft affections move;
Could I, with a mind of earth divested,
By all worldly cares quite unmolest-[ed,
Be engag'd with him alone,
Then were heaven on earth begun.

429.* T. 10.

FROM Jesus' blood and merit
I gain new life and spirit,
Forgiveness, grace, salvation,
Strength, joy, and consolation.

2 My spirit him embraces,
He all my wants redresses;
I in his love's fruition
Am happy without vision.

3 Am I, of him possessed,
Already here so blessed,
What joys shall I be tasting,
When in his presence resting.

430.* T. 205.

ALL the bliss—which we possess,
Is deriv'd from Jesus' cross;
He to God—hath by his blood
Reconcil'd and saved us:
Now his righteousness is found
Our salvation's only ground;
Hence all our felicity
Springs, here and eternally.

2 Amen, yea,—Hallelujah;
Lord, our comfort, joy, and peace,
By thy cross—thou gain'dst for us
Everlasting happiness:
Since the effects we richly prove
Of this wondrous act of love,
With what gratitude should we
Raise our hearts and eyes to thee.

431. T. 14.

HOW can I view the slaughter'd Lamb,
And all his sufferings trace,
And not sink down with humble shame,
And give him thanks and praise.

2 This, Lord, I do with many tears,
And own, with wonder fill'd,
Thy stripes and shame, thy griefs and prayers
Made me thy pardon'd child.

3 Still be thy wounds to me more dear,
More precious every day:
Till I at thy pierc'd feet appear,
Dress'd in thy bright array.

432.* T. 14.

THE impression of what Christ my friend
Hath done for worthless me,
When he his life & blood did spend,
Attend me constantly.

2 O may I humbly onward move,
While dying here I stay;
And Jesus, whom unseen I love,
Prepare me for his day.

433.* T. 68.

BE thy wounds and cross
Ever new to us;
From thy suffering scenes & merit
Nothing c'er divert our spirit:
With thy blood bedew
All we think or do.

434. T. 11.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstacy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

435.* T. 79.

TIME'S undefin'd dimensions,
Eternity's expansions,
Have fill'd my soul with awe;
But nothing e'er so struck me,
As when God's Spirit took me,
To that great sight on Golgotha.

436.* T. 228.

SING Hallelujah, honour, praise;
Your grateful lands to Jesus raise,
O favour'd congregation:
For he became a sacrifice,
And paid in blood our ransom-price,
Procuring our salvation:
Holy—happy
Is our union—and communion
With our Saviour;
Blessed be his name for ever.

2 O how enraptur'd is my heart,
That in my Jesus I have part;
He is my only treasure:
May I for evermore abide
A member of his chosen bride,
And live unto his pleasure:
Oh, I—have joy,
At the favour,—that my Saviour,
Here already,
Join'd me to the Church, his body.

437.* T. 234.

THANKS be to thee, thou slaughter'd Lamb,
For thy eternal love and favour;
We sinful worms with humble shame
Acknowledge thee our only Saviour:
For us thy soul was sore dismay'd,
For us thy body was tormented,
For us thou bow'dst thy sacred head,
Thus by thy death death's power was ended;
Now fix our hearts and eyes
On this thy sacrifice;
O that we may forget it never;
But be it always clear,
God did in Christ appear,
From judgment us to free for ever.

XXI. LOVE OF JESUS.

438.* T. 97.

THOU Source of love, thou sinners' Friend,
Thy mercy who can comprehend?
Who ever can presume to say
He loy'd, ere thou hadst shown the way?
Thou who hast lov'd us from eternity,
Dost raise within us genuine love to thee.

2 Such unexampled, boundless grace
Doth fill our souls with deep amaze,
That God, who earth and heaven made,
Should be in humble flesh array'd,
Thereby to save lost man from death and hell,
Who did so basely 'gainst his Lord rebel.

3 Thy love, which always is the same, [flame;
Can ev'n the coldest hearts in-
Yea, they must feel a kindling ray,
Dissolve in tears and melt away:
Thy mercy, Lord, is such an endless store, [adore.
Man's reason here must silently

4 However weak and helpless we,
However powerful sin may be,
Thou art our strength in every ease;
Thro' thy support and aiding grace
We firmly trust, that we shall conquerors prove, [above.
Since thou dost give us victory from

5 Lo, we fall down with filial fear,
Conscious that thou art present here:
We humbly laud thy saving name,
We sink abas'd with humble shame, [throne,
Almighty God, before thy glorious
And thee our only Lord and Saviour own.

6 Reach out thy sceptre, King of love,
Let us thy royal favour prove,
Who, conscious of our indigence,
Approach thy throne with confidence;
O teach our lips to praise, our hearts to glow, [flow.
Our eyes with grateful tears to over-

439.* T. 97.

WHOM, dear Redeemer, dost thou love? [prove?
What doth thy highest pleasure
Whom dost thou favour, cheer, & bless,
And call to endless happiness?
Thou who art holy, great, unchangeable,
The mighty God, yet our Immanuel?

2 The answer humble thanks doth claim, [shame:
And fills our souls with conscious
"I love thee, sinner; come to me,
I will receive thee graciously;
Tho' thou be sinful, ready to despair,
Thou shalt my pardon, help, and glory share."

3 What wonder in the soul takes place, [grace;
When we survey thy boundless
For ah, to know our evil heart,
And thy great name, and what thou art, [prove,
And yet to find thee still so gracious
This makes us sink abas'd with shame and love.

4 We all know who and what we are,
And all with one consent declare,
That in ourselves no good we find
To move thee, Lord, to be so kind:
Yet many here with inward rapture feel
Thy Spirit's unction and assuring seal.

5 O ground us deeper still in thee,
And let us thy true followers be;
And when of thee we testify,
Fill thou our souls with heavenly joy:
May thy bless'd Spirit all our souls inspire,
And set each cold and lifeless heart on fire.

6 Our souls and bodies, Lord, prepare,
That we rich fruit for thee may bear;
Grant we may live unto thy praise,
And serve thy cause with faithfulness:
Since grace and truth are our heart's wish and aim,
O glorify in us thy saving name.

440.* T. 90.

MY Saviour, thou thy love to me
In want, in pain, in shame hast shown:
For me thou on the accursed tree
Didst by thy precious blood atone:
Thy death upon my heart impress,
That nothing may it thence erase.

2 O that my heart, which open stands,
May catch each drop, that torturing pain, [hands,
Arm'd by my sins, wrung from thy
Thy feet, thy head, thy every vein:
That still my breast may heave with sighs;
Still tears of love o'erflow mine eyes.

3 O that I like a little child
May follow thee; nor ever rest,
Till sweetly thou hast pour'd thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast:
O may I now and ever be
One spirit, dearest Lord, with thee.

4 What in thy love possess I not?
My star by night, my sun by day,
My spring of life when parch'd with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God.

5 Still let thy love point out my way:
How wondrous things thy love has wrought;
Still lead me, lest I go astray:
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And when I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

6 From all eternity with love
Unchangeable thou me hast view'd;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursu'd:
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

7 In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

441.* T. 79.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, who for us
Didst die upon the shameful cross
To save our souls from death,
We humbly at thy feet fall down,
And thee thy body's Saviour own,
On whom we firmly trust by faith.

2 Weak, helpless babes, 'tis true, we are,
Poor sinners, but from guilt made clear;
The virtue of that blood,
Which did for all our sins atone,
We have experienc'd, and have known
From thence the quickening power of God.

3 We, deeply bow'd, can nought reply,
But at thy pierced feet we lie,
Astonish'd at thy grace,
That, vile and wretched as we are,
Such undeserved love we share;
To thee is due eternal praise.

4 When we thy boundless love survey,
Our hearts like wax then melt away,
Our eyes with tears o'erflow;
We are determin'd nought beside
To know, but Jesus crucified,
And him to follow here below.

442.* T. 580.

CHRIST, my Redeemer, Lord, and God,
How came I, sinner void of good,
To that bless'd company
Of ransom'd souls, who are in faith
United, grounded on thy death?
Why didst thou fix thy choice on me?

2 To thee, with guilt oppress'd, I cried:
My prayers were heard, my wants supplied;
My heart, devoid of faith,
Unfeeling, dead in sins before,
Now quicken'd by thy mighty power,
Glows with love's ardour for thy death.

3 Tho' I to mercy had no right,
Yet I found favour in thy sight,
Like Magdalen at thy feet;
So that I now, supremely blest,
In thee have found true peace and rest,
Yea, happiness and joy complete.

443.* T. 132.

THE Lord my Shepherd is and Guide,
Who kindly doth direct me;
For all my wants he will provide,
From dangers will protect me:
He leads me to a pasture-ground,
Where for my soul rich food is found,
The word of his salvation.

2 He guides my soul to living springs,
Where sweetly I 'm refreshed;
His Spirit joy and comfort brings
To me whene'er abashed:

He leads me in the blessed way
Of his commandments, day by day,
To his name's praise and glory.

3 A table for me he prepares,
My soul enjoys his favour;
And, thus secur'd, no enemy dares
My God and me to sever:
My heart his holy Spirit cheers,
And changeth all my grief and fears
To joys unutterable.

4 His goodness and his mercies all
Will follow me for ever;
And I'll maintain my proper call
To cleave to my dear Saviour,
And to his congregation here; [there
And when call'd home, I shall live
With Christ, my soul's Redeemer.

444.* T. 36.

THY thoughts of peace o'er me, my gracious Saviour,
Thy mercy, love, and patience, which ne'er waver, [prostration,
These are my comfort, prompt me to And adoration.

2 I am the chief of sinners, yea, the poorest [assurest;
Of those, whom of thy favour thou
Yet blessings on all sides I see abounding,
My soul surrounding.

3 Hadst thou not sought me first and follow'd ever,
I had not come to thee, nor known thy favour;
When thou hadst found me, then with arms of mercy
Thou didst embrace me.

4 I thank thee with sincerest heart's affection, [election,
That thou, according to thy grace-
Hast brought me to thy blood-bought congregation,
Seal'd my salvation.

445.* T. 208.

NONE but Christ, my Saviour,
Loves with matchless fervour,
This is surely true:
Souls in him believing,
Of his grace receiving,
Find it daily new:
Yea, his mercy far exceeds
All to think or say we're able;
'Tis incomparable.

2 Weeping or rejoicing,
When from love arising,
He takes in good part:
Whoe'er cannot truly,
Holy, holy, holy,
Sing with cheerful heart,
O might he but contrite be:
Christ regards our mournful crying,
Inward groans and sighing.

3 Yea, his own he guideth,
Faithful he abideth,
Till his thoughts of peace
Fully are accomplish'd,
And, our race here finish'd,
We shall see his face:
O rejoice with heart and voice,
Church of God, and praise for ever
His unbounded favour.

446. T. 89.

ONE there is above all others,
Who deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
"Friend of sinners" was his name;
Now, to heavenly glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another,
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us, tho' we treat him thus:
Tho' for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often
What a friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

447. T. 14.

JESUS, thy love exceeds by far
The love of earthly friends;
Bestows whate'er the sinner needs,
Is firm, and never ends.

2 My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So bounteous, great, and free?
Behold I give my sinful heart,
My life, my all to thee.

3 No man of greater love can boast,
Than for his friend to die:
Thou for thy enemies wast slain:
What love with thine can vie?

4 Tho' in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd,
Thou wouldst partake of human flesh,
Beset with troubles round.

5 And now, upon thy throne above,
Thy love is still as great:
Well thou remember'st Calvary,
Nor canst thy death forget.

6 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of thy love;
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odour prove.

448. T. 90.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Sovereign Creator, Lord of all,
Since I in thee salvation find,
Before thy cross I humbly fall:
My Lord, my God, my soul's desire,
With sacred flames my heart inspire.

2 How couldst thou love such worms as we?
Why didst thou look upon our race?
Why didst thou die upon the tree?
What caus'd all this but boundless grace?
'Twas, dearest Lord, thy matchless love,
Which thee to save our souls did move.

3 O let thy pity thee constrain,
Pardon our sin, its power subdue;
May all of us be born again,
Thy image in us all renew:
Let on us shine thy cheering face;
Give us to know thy saving grace.

4 Be thou our strength, be thou our song;
Be our exceeding great reward:
Let every heart and every tongue
Rejoice and triumph in the Lord:
Jesus, our boast shall be of thee,
In time and in eternity.

449. T. 14.

COME, Holy Ghost, inspire my song
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour, O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich effusion flow
For guilty rebels, lost by sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

4 God's only Son, stupendous grace,
Forsook his throne above;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 The almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wondering eyes,
And hail'd the incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine;
Of bliss a boundless store:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies:
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All.

450.* T. 74.

SAVIOUR, thro' grace divine
I know that I was thine
From early infancy:
This by thy calls I see,
And drawings all along,
Frequent, distinct, and strong.

2 I know, thro' mercy free
Thine I shall ever be;
No separation here
From thee I need to fear:
In thee I can confide;
Thou faithful wilt abide.

3 I know and own with shame,
Worthless and poor I am;
Down in the dust I bow,
Lord, keep me ever low;
In thee alone I trust,
Thy love is all my boast.

451. T. 90.

BEFORE the Father's awful throne
Our High-priest lifts his pierced hands,
And interceding for his own
His purchas'd property demands:
His people's everlasting friend,
Who, loving, loves them to the end.

2 By faith we claim him as our own,
Our kinsman, near allied in blood,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
The Son of man, the Son of God:
We to his mercy-seat draw nigh;
He never can himself deny.

452.* T. 14.

THY mercies and thy faithfulness,
Dear Lord, are daily new,
But who can tell them to thy praise
Upon a close review.

2 Could I extol thee worthily
For thy unbounded grace,
Display'd in various ways to me,
My lauds would never cease.

453.* T. 590.

O LORD, accept my worthless heart,
And keep it ever thine;
Since thou for me a sinful worm,
Hast shed thy blood divine,
Therewith to save my guilty soul
From endless pain and woe:
What dearest friend in all the world
Could equal kindness show.

454.* T. 56.

THOU, O Jesus, :‖: art a gracious Lord,
Ever faithful, :‖: keeping to thy word;
None can be so full of grief,
But he soon may find relief
By the comfort :‖: thy kind looks afford.

455.* T. 37.

LORD, had I of thy love
Such an impression,
As to forget all else
In that fruition,
Still would my love fall short
Of thy great mercies;
Nor can eternity
Tell all thy praises.

456. T. 151.

O LOVE, all love excelling,
From heaven to earth come down,
Come, fix in us thy dwelling,
Of all thy gifts the crown:
Lord, thou art all compassion,
Unbounded love thou art;
O grant us thy salvation,
Speak peace to every heart.

457. T. 184.

HOW much we 're lov'd by God our Saviour,
With warmest gratitude we trace;
His patience, mercy, pardon, favour,
Supported us throughout our race:
To him we trust for future blessing;
He 'll lead us till our latest breath;
O may we all with love unceasing
Rejoice in him our Lord, by faith.

XXII. LOVE TO JESUS.

458.* T. 106.

THEE will I love, my strength and tower;
My soul with love to thee inspire:
Thee will I love with all my power;
Thou art alone my soul's desire:
Thee will I love, my King and God:
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thou fairest of the sons of men?
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee who canst relieve my pain?
Asham'd I sigh and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I stray'd;
I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd;
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd;
And now, if more, at length, I see,
'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.

4 Give to my eyes repenting tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

459.* T. 232.

THEE, Lord, I love with sacred awe,
Thy gracious presence ne'er withdraw
From me, thy feeble creature:
The world is tasteless unto me,
I find no comfort but in thee,
And in thy loving nature:
Yea, when the strings of life are broke,
Thou shalt remain my lasting Rock;
Thou art my Portion, and my All,
Whose blood redeem'd me from the fall;
Lord Jesus Christ, :‖: thy saving name
Preserve me from eternal shame.

2 All my desires are fix'd on thee,
Lord Jesus, thou art more to me
Than every earthly treasure:
Were heaven itself without thee, Lord,
What could all heavenly bliss afford
To yield me solid pleasure?
Did I not feel that thou art near,
Whenc'er I mourn, my heart to cheer,
Nought in this world could comfort me;
My wishes centre all in thee:
Lord Jesus Christ, :‖: if thou art gone,
My every refuge is withdrawn.

3 With my whole heart I cleave to thee,
And thou wilt come and dwell with me;
This is my consolation:
In danger thou art my defence.
In fear my only confidence,
Thou Rock of my salvation.
Thou shalt remain my portion blest,
My All, by word and deed confess'd,
Till these mine eyes behold thy face;
Meanwhile support me by thy grace:
O Jesus Christ, :‖: my God & Lord,
In every trial help afford.

460.* T. 200.

O CHRIST, my only life and light,
Whose loving condescension
Refreshes me by day and night,
Beyond my comprehension:
Grant that I may return thy love
With grateful heart's devotion,
Thus my notion
Of mercy will improve
With every thought and motion.

2 Let nothing dwell within my heart,
But thy great love and favour;
May this engage my soul to part
With every sinful savour;
With all things, whether great or small,
Which cause the least division
Or collision
'Twixt me and God my all;
Who sav'd me from perdition.

3 How blest, how excellent and kind
Are thy great love and merit;
Were these but fix'd within my mind,
What could disturb my spirit?
O might no thought arise in me,
No object move my senses,
No pretences,
To obstruct my love to thee:
Thus heaven on earth commences.

4 Thy love divine is perfect rest,
The source of all true pleasure:
O Jesus, be my soul thus blest,
To enjoy thee in full measure:
Shed in my heart thy love abroad;
O let thy blood be healing
All that 's ailing,
And that depravity
I am with grief bewailing.

5 Thy love, my Saviour, all supplies
That to my soul is wanting;
'Tis the true light unto mine eyes,
My cordial when I 'm fainting;
My bread and wine, my costly dress,
My joy and delectation,
My salvation,
My comfort in distress,
My soul's lov'd habitation.

6 My dearest Lord, shouldst thou remove,
Nought else could yield me pleasure;
Shouldst thou withdraw thy precious love,
I lose my only treasure:
Thee may I seek and entertain,
With inward joy receive thee,
Never leave thee,
And ne'er henceforth again
Unfaithful prove and grieve thee.

7 Thy love hath always been the same
And ever did pursue me;
Before I knew thy saving name,
In mercy thou didst view me;
O let that love, almighty Lord,
Continue to direct me
And protect me,
Yea, help to me afford
'Gainst all that would infect me.

8 Thy love uphold when griefs prevail,
Give strength when I am feeble;
And when this heart and flesh shall fail,
Thou, who to save art able,
Support and strengthen my weak faith;
Apply thy powerful merit
To my spirit,
That I may after death
Eternal joy inherit.

461.* T. 151.

JESUS, my highest treasure,
In thy communion blest
I find unsullied pleasure,
True happiness and rest:
Myself as an oblation
I have to thee assign'd,
Because thou by thy passion
Hast heal'd my sin-sick mind.

2 O joy, all joys exceeding,
Thou Bread most heavenly,
When I on thee am feeding,
Thou dost me satisfy
With marrow and with fatness,
With comfort, joy, and peace,
And fill my heart with gladness,
Assuaging my distress.

3 Let me perceive thy friendly,
Thy cheering countenance:
Spread thro' my heart its kindly,
Enlivening influence:
Without thee, gracious Saviour,
To live is nought but pain;
To enjoy thy love and favour
Is happiness and gain.

4 Earth's glory to inherit
Is not what I desire;
My heavenly-minded spirit
Glows with a nobler fire:
Where Christ himself appareth
In brightest majesty,
For me a place prepareth,
There, there I long to be.

462.* T. 156.

JESUS is my light most fair;
He, the Father's well-beloved,
Left his throne, our griefs to share,
By eternal mercy moved:
He alone is my delight,
He my soul hath captivated,
With his love I 'm penetrated:
He hath overcome me quite.

2 Round his pierced feet I 'll cling,
Him I seek with love most tender;
And accurs'd be every thing,
Which my seeking him would hinder:
Tell me nought of worldly fame,
Tell me nought of earthly treasure;
Would you please in any measure,
Tell me of his lovely name.

3 But himself I must behold,
To him I will make confession;
My defects are manifold,
But I trust to his compassion:
For I cannot, will not rest,
Till I've found my dearest Saviour,
Till he looks on me in favour,
Till he grants me my request.

4 May I of thy chosen bride
Be a member chaste and holy;
Let me quite in thee confide,
Cleave to thee and love thee solely:
Jesus, kindly me receive;
Thine alone may I be called;
Grant that what hath me enthralled,
May no longer me enslave.

5 Thou in grace hast look'd on me,
And with precious gifts hast blessed;
Yet content I cannot be,
Till I am of thee possessed:
Jesus, now upon me shine,
Jesus, be my sun resplendent,
Jesus, be my joy transcendent,
Jesus, be thou ever mine.

463.* T. 39.

I'LL glory in nothing but only in Jesus,
As wounded and bruised from sin to release us;
For he is my refuge, to him I'll cleave solely,
Thus can I, like Enoch, in this world live holy.

2 What tho' the world foameth and rageth with fury,
In nought but my crucified Jesus I'll glory:
Beside him, my Saviour, I'll know nothing ever;
From him neither trials nor death shall me sever.

3 My Jesus is always desirous to meet me,
Abounding in love, and in mercy to greet me:
Above all I love him, for he is my treasure;
I humbly adore him and serve him with pleasure.

4 My heart's fix'd on Jesus whose love is so tender;
My life and my all unto him I surrender:
He is and remaineth my soul's meditation,
My faith's only object, till my consummation.

464.* T. 83.

JESUS will I never leave,
He's the God of my salvation;
Through his merits I receive
Pardon, life, and consolation:
All the powers of my mind
To my Saviour be resign'd.

2 Nought on earth can satisfy
One desire which God inspireth;
Only Jesus can supply
All my needy heart requireth:
He all losses can retrieve,
Him I'll therefore never leave.

3 He is mine, and I am his,
Join'd with him in close communion;
And his bitter passion is
The foundation of this union:
Full of hopes which never yield,
Firm on him, my rock, I build.

4 O the happy hours I spend
With him in bless'd conversation;
He's my near and faithful friend,
Full of grace, peace, & salvation:
From the look at Jesus' wounds
Pure delight to me redounds.

5 With my Jesus I will stay,
He my soul preserves & feedeth:
He the life, the truth, the way,
Me to living waters leadeth:
Blessed who can say with me,
Christ, I'll never part with thee.

465.* T. 22.

DEAR Jesus, when I think on thee,
My heart for joy doth leap in me;
Thy blest remembrance yields delight,
But far more blest will be the sight.

2 When thou art near, I must confess,
I feel a bliss I can't express:
Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can cloy,
Fountain of bliss and source of joy.

3 Let me by faith behold thy face,
Still taste thy love and share thy grace;
Still let my tongue confess thy name,
And Jesus be my constant theme.

4 Thy love and mercies all exceed;
The more I on these dainties feed,
The more my eager soul is bent
To live but in this element.

5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

466.* T. 11.

DEAREST Jesus, come to me,
And abide eternally;
Friend of needy sinners, come,
Fill and make my heart thy home.

2 Oftentimes for thee I sigh,
Nothing else can give me joy;
This is still my cry to thee:
Dearest Jesus, come to me.

3 Should I in earth's pleasures roll,
None could satisfy my soul:
Thee, O Jesus, I adore,
Thou'rt my pleasure evermore.

4 Jesus, thee alone I call
My beloved Friend, my All;
Nothing, whatsoe'er it be,
Shall divide my heart with thee.

467.* T. 15.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, thou hast
To come to thee invited; [me
Thy love, to love thee ardently,
Hath my cold heart excited.

2 Thy cross, thy shame, thy agony,
Thy wounds, and bitter passion,
Have wholly won my heart for thee,
And prompt my adoration.

3 The fire of love that burns within,
Is that divine impression,
That thou didst suffer for my sin,
And die for my transgression.

468.* T. 97.

'TIS evident that Jesus loves,
His death for us this fully proves;
He lov'd the world, a sinful race,
He loves the church, his flock of grace,
He loves the children, yea, he loves ev'n me,
Who nought deserv'd but endless misery.

2 O may I in his love be blest,
Like John, reclining on his breast;
And oft, like humble Magdalen,
Adore the friend of sinful men,
With longing heart attending at his feet,
Till with a gracious look from him I meet.

3 I'll weep whene'er he's not to me
What the most cordial friend can be;
Do I not always feel him nigh,
And his reviving grace enjoy,
Do I not in his sweet communion live,
Nought else to my poor soul can comfort give.

469.* T. 4.

WHEN duly I weigh,
How much day by day
Thee, Lord, I have tried,
My Friend ever faithful, who for me hast died;—

2 I own the fault mine:
Thy patience divine,
Which clearly I trace,
With tears fills my eyes, with shame covers my face.

3 As Mary ador'd
Her Master and Lord,
When her thou didst greet,
And prostrate before thee, embraced thy feet;—

4 As Thomas with awe,
Thy wounds when he saw,
His Saviour avow'd,
And cried with conviction, "My Lord and my God;"—

5 As Peter replied,
His love being tried,
"My heart thou dost prove,
Lord, thou knowest all things, thou know'st that I love;"—

6 So may I, each day,
A clearer display
Obtain of thy grace;
Thus my love, O Jesus, to thee will increase.

470.* T. 45.

WHAT splendid rays—of truth and grace,
All other lights excelling,
I perceive, when Jesus Christ
Makes my heart his dwelling.

2 He blesses me so sensibly,
That spirit, soul, and body
Can in him my Saviour joy,
Tho' quite poor and needy.

3 His looks of grace—insure always
To me my heavenly calling:
Am I weak, his hand preserves
Me, his child, from falling.

4 My prayer sincere,—while absent here,
From him, my soul's beloved,
Is, that my heart's confidence
In him be unmoved.

5 Could I with him—spend all my time,
In constant love's fruition,
Infinitely happy then
Would be my condition.

6 Whene'er I mourn—and humbly turn
For comfort to my Jesus,
This already is a proof
That he's near and gracious.

7 They who have grace—our Saviour's face
To seek on each occasion,
Never fail to be refresh'd
With his consolation.

471.* T. 167.

O COULD we but love that Saviour
Who loves us so ardently,
As we ought, our souls would ever
Full of joy and comfort be:
If we, by his love excited,
Could ourselves and all forget,
Then, with Jesus Christ united,
We should heaven anticipate.

2 Did but Jesus' love and merit
Fill our hearts both night and day,
And the unction of his Spirit
All our thoughts & actions sway:
Might we all be ever ready
Cheerfully to testify,
How our spirit, soul, and body
Do in God our Saviour joy.

472. T. 14.

TEN thousand talents once I ow'd,
And nothing had to pay;
But Jesus freed me from the load,
And wash'd my debt away.

2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
And blotted out my score;
Much more indebted I have been,
Than e'er I was before.

3 My guilt is cancell'd quite, I know,
And satisfaction made;
But the vast debt of love I owe
Can never be repaid.

4 The love I owe for sin forgiv'n,
For power to believe,
For present peace, and promis'd heaven,
No angel can conceive.

5 That love of thine, thou sinners' Friend,
Witness thy bleeding heart,
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.

6 Nay more, the poor returns I make
I first from thee obtain;
And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.

7 'Tis well—it shall my glory be,
(Let who will boast their store,)
In time and in eternity
To owe thee more and more.

473. T. 11.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee [right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yea, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
O for grace to love thee more.

474. T. 14.

TEACH me yet more of thy blest ways,
Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God;
And fix and root me in the grace,
So dearly bought with blood.

2 O tell me often of each wound,
Of every grief and pain;
And let my heart with joy confess,
From hence comes all my gain.

3 For thee, O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss;
And every name, and every thing,
Compar'd with thee, but dross.

4 Engrave this deeply on my heart,
That thou for me wast slain;
Then shall I, in my small degree,
Return thy love again.

5 But who can pay that mighty debt,
Or equal love like thine?
My heart, by nature cold and dead,
To thankfulness incline.

475.* T. 232.

JESUS, I love thee fervently,
As thou upon the accursed tree
Wast slain for my transgression;
I'm glad, and grateful tears bedew
My cheeks, when I in spirit view
Thy death and bitter passion;
This gives the impulse, Lord, that I
In truth can love thee heartily:
My love to thee thou knowest best
But yet defective 'tis confess'd;
Thou highest Good,
Thy precious blood,
That cleansing flood, [glow'd.
Claims that my love more ardent

476.* T. 228.

WHAT causeth me to mourn, is this:
My warmest love not equal is
To my heart's inclination:
The more I love, the more I feel
I should far better love thee still,
Thou God of my salvation:
Grant me—daily
More to savour—of thy favour,
Grace and blessing;
Thus my love will be increasing.

XXIII. BROTHERLY LOVE, AND UNION OF SPIRIT.

477.* T. 583.

HOW good and pleasant is it to behold [Shepherd's fold,
The favour'd sheep of our good
By him upheld, in love and knowledge grow,
Each sharing in the other's weal and woe.

2 Fulness of grace in him, our Head, abounds;
Hence every blessing to his church redounds;
He dwells among us, and his Spirit's light
To love each other teacheth us aright.

3 The word of God like plenteous rain descends, [attends;
And fructifying power its course
Unto our souls it richest food supplies,
And to salvation makes us truly wise.

4 If love unfeign'd we in our actions show, [bestow:
The God of peace his blessing will
O Lord, preserve thy church for Jesus' sake,
And bless what in thy name we undertake.

2 From their being join'd in one,
By the faith of God's dear Son,
Boundless blessings they receive,
And to Christ desire to live.

3 None in his own wisdom trusts,
None of his attainments boasts;
Each his brother doth esteem,
And himself the meanest deem.

4 They're delighted, when they all
With one voice on Jesus call;
And when fitly, without strife,
Each his duty doth in life.

5 Meek they are to all mankind.
To good offices inclin'd,
Ready, when revil'd, to bless,
Studious of the public peace.

6 Tender pity, love sincere
To their enemies they bear:
And, as Christ affords them light,
Order all their steps aright.

7 Jesus, all our souls inspire,
Fill us with love's sacred fire;
Thus will all in us perceive,
That we in thy name believe.

8 May it to the world appear,
That we thy disciples are,
By our loving mutually,
By our being one in thee.

478. T. 11.

THEY who Jesus' followers are,
And enjoy his faithful care,
By a mutual, hearty love,
Their belief in Jesus prove.

479. T. 22.

BEHOLD us, Lord, rough stones we
Yet for thy building us prepare; [are,
Reject not one of us, we pray,
Thy Spirit's voice may all obey.

2 O may thy flock still more increase
In mutual love and perfect peace;
In harmony with fervent zeal
Serve thee, and do thy holy will.

3 Lord, grant us a forgiving mind,
To patience and to peace inclin'd,
That we may with each other bear;
To cherish love be all our care.

4 Tender compassion may we show,
Share in each other's weal and woe,
Rejoice with those that do rejoice,
And with the weeping sympathize.

5 At all times may we ready be,
Yea, even in deep poverty,
The wants of others to relieve,
And soothe and comfort them that grieve.

6 And be it our concern, to seek
In nothing to offend the weak,
To bear with their infirmities,
And others, not ourselves to please.

7 Grant us in meekness to reclaim
Those who have been in aught to blame,
Mindful that we, as well as they,
Are liable from thee to stray.

8 May we, tho' gifts be manifold,
As members of one body, hold
One doctrine, and be ever led
By thee, our Master, Lord, & Head.

9 O make us quite conform'd to thee,
And grant us true humility;
May we, supported by thy grace,
With patience run our destin'd race.

480. T. 14.

O LET thy love our hearts constrain,
Jesus, thou God of love;
The bond of peace let us maintain;
All discord far remove.

2 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Write thou indelibly thy law;
Let love pervade our hearts.

3 Who would not now pursue the way,
Where Jesus' footsteps shine?
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine?

4 United firmly by thy grace,
We shall thy followers prove;
The frowning world must then confess:
"See how these Christians love."

481. T. 11.

CHERISH us with kindest care,
Jesus, we thy brethren are,
Of thy flesh and of thy bone;
To the end, O love thine own.

2 As our Head us move and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide;
Plac'd according to thy will,
Let us all thy mind fulfil.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Useful to each other be;
Each the other's burden bear,
In his weal and woe take share.

4 If one member honour'd be,
All rejoice most heartily;
If one suffer, all a part
Bear with sympathizing heart.

5 Closely join'd to thee our Head,
Nourished by thee and fed,
Let us daily growth receive,
And with thee in union live.

482. T. 14.

BLEST Saviour, on my soul impress
The image of thy mind,
To bear my brother's waywardness,
Long-suffer, and be kind.

2 'Tis hard the worldling's scoff to meet,
And that from day to day,
To mark the scorner in his seat,
And be the drunkard's lay.

3 More hard to bear the look unkind,
The word that causeth pain,
Where nature's closest ties should bind,
And love alone obtain.

4 Most hard, when brethren in the Lord,
By selfish passions borne,
Aid the rude world, by glance or word,
To wreathe the crown of thorn.

5 Yet, when I think what patient care
My Lord extends to me,
Shall I not with my brother bear,
And that right lovingly?

6 O yes—what wrong to me is done,
By brother, friend, or foe,
I leave it in thine hand alone,
And 'neath thine hand lie low.

483. T. 11.

JESUS, we look up to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Thou who art the Prince of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove;
Lord, us all in thee unite,
To enjoy thy saving light.

3 Make us all one heart and mind,
Courteous, merciful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
As thou wast on earth, O Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
In our conduct patterns be
Of unfeign'd humility.

484.* T. 155.

NEVER yet hath in this world
Love that highest pitch attained,
Tho' unfeigned,
That it could compared be,
In degree,
To that love which our Creator
Show'd unto his rebel creature,
While as yet his enemy.

2 Ah, behold the Son of God,
Who for those that crucified him,
And denied him,
(Mongst whom, to my grief and shame,
Stands my name,)
Pardon from his Father craveth,
Yea, ev'n his tormentors saveth;
This his love is still the same.

3 For our brethren we should too
To lay down our lives be willing,
Thus fulfilling
What he of his flock desires,
Yea, requires;
But, with all his flowery speeches,
Man in vain this lesson teaches,
Till God's love the soul inspires.

4 Brethren, would you please the Lord?
Copy then in your behaviour
Him your Saviour;
That you're his, the world will own
Then alone,
When, preferring each his brother,
You show love to one another:
Thus are his disciples known.

5 Yet the warmest mutual love,
That to brethren you're possessing
By his blessing,
When compar'd with Jesus' love,
Weak must prove;
For, to save us from damnation,
By becoming our oblation,
Love immense our God did move.

485.* T. 167.

FLOCK of Jesus, be united,
Covenant with him anew;
By his love divine excited,
Praise and serve him as 'tis due:
O that nothing whatsoever
May relax this blessed tie;
In thy love, most gracious Saviour,
Grant us all stability.

2 With love's ardour to be fired,
Let us with each other vie;
So that, should it be required,
For the brethren we could die:
O what boundless love did Jesus
To his enemies display;
May his holy pattern teach us,
How love ought to bear the sway.

3 O that we, his steps to follow,
'Midst affliction, scorn, and spite,
And his sacred name to hallow,
Did each other more excite:
Every one stir up his brother
To keep Jesus still in view,
Thus encouraging each other
His example to pursue.

4 Then the souls he join'd together
Will, according to his prayer,
Be accepted of his Father,
And his kind protection share:
As thou art with him united,
Lord, may we be one in thee,
And, by genuine love excited,
Serve each other willingly.

486.* T. 167.

GRANT, Lord, that with thy direction,
"Love each other," we comply,
Aiming with unfeign'd affection
Thy love to exemplify:
Let our mutual love be glowing;
Thus will all men plainly see,
That we, as on one stem growing,
Living branches are in thee.

2 O that such may be our union,
As thine with the Father is,
And not one of our communion
E'er forsake the path of bliss:
May our light 'fore men with brightness,
From thy light reflected, shine;
Thus the world will bear us witness,
That we, Lord, are truly thine.

487.* T. 22.

THE enjoyment of Christ's flesh and blood,
Which is on earth our highest good,
His members closely should unite,
And them to mutual love excite.

2 Love he most strongly did enforce,
Just ere he finished his course;
For love most fervently he pray'd,
The night in which he was betray'd.

3 O that we all could quite fulfil
Our Saviour's testament and will:
To love each other we desire;
Come, sacred Love, our hearts inspire.

4 We join together heart and hand,
To walk towards the promis'd land;
For his appearance may with care
Each member day and night prepare.

5 Till we the Lord our righteousness
Shall see in glory face to face,
The bond of peace may we maintain,
And one with him, our Lord, remain.

488.* T. 14.

HOW pleasant is love's harmony,
When brethren truly dwell
Together in heart's unity,
And cordial friendship feel.

2 Lord Jesus, in that very night,
Ere thou didst bleed and die,
Thou didst with thy disciples urge
Love's ever-sacred tie.

3 Remind thy little flock, too apt
Among themselves to jar,
That all thy members' unity
Was ev'n thy dying care.

4 May we this testament fulfil,
One mind and spirit be,
And love with unremitting zeal
Each other fervently.

489. T. 14.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can a brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and fond esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His spirit fill'd with love.

490. T. 582.

BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

491.* T. 147.

JEHOVAH, holy Lamb,
Thou who our hearts hast fired
With love, by thee inspired,
We praise thy saving name:

Thou wilt all discord banish;
Envy and strife must vanish
Before that sacred flame,
Jehovah, holy Lamb.

2 Thou art the loveliest,
Our only joy and treasure,
Our heart's delight and pleasure,
As long as love shall last:
And love shall ever flourish,
Tho' all things else must perish:
As God himself express'd,
Thou art the loveliest.

3 How fast can love-cords bind:
Thou by thy love hast bound us,
E'er since thy mercy found us,
Thou Shepherd ever kind:
O let us taste thy favour,
And thy rich bounty savour:
We're closely to thee join'd;
How fast can love-cords bind.

4 O boundless love and grace;
When we shall sing Christ's praises
Above in heavenly places,
Our voice we'll higher raise:
As Shepherd he will feed us,
Support, protect, and lead us,
Till we shall see his face;
O boundless love and grace.

5 The Elders' holy choir,
Who are in the Lamb's presence,
And pay him their obeisance,
Cast down their crowns' attire:
We join their adoration,
And praise him with prostration;
'Fore him we humbly fall,
He is our All in all.

6 Thanks, wisdom, majesty,
His ransom'd congregation
Brings to him for salvation,
And for love's unity:
The Lamb who did deliver
Our souls, be prais'd for ever:
Blessing and honour be
To him eternally.

492.* T. 124.

OH, in love what stores of grace
Are contained;
By this band our covenant
Is maintained:
They who strangers are to love
Move our pity;
Love makes living weighty.

2 He who is to Jesus Christ
Quite resigned,
And to walk his blessed way
Is inclined,
On his path, by love constrain'd,
Firmly treadeth,
And straight on proceedeth.

3 When the true believer's mind
Grace o'erflowetb,
Then all labour doth succeed,
No hurt groweth:
Pilgrims travelling Zion-ward
Cheer each other;
Each stirs up his brother.

4 By Christ's dying love constrain'd,
None can ever
Him to serve a burden deem,
'Tis a favour:
Looking unto Christ, what else
Were distressing
Will become a blessing.

493.* T. 165.

JESUS, grant me to inherit,
Strengthen'd by thy aiding grace,
Thro' the guidance of thy Spirit,
All the fruits of righteousness:
Grant me true humility,
Faith and zeal to live for thee;
To mankind O make me gracious,
To my friends and foes propitious.

2 Give me grace in all conditions
Firmly to adhere to thee;
And, 'midst all the exhibitions
Of thy boundless love to me,
To let my poor neighbour share
In my plenty and my prayer:
By thy love to me imparted
Make me always tender-hearted.

3 In the lonely house of mourning,
Thro' thy weeping family, [ing,
Comfort, medicine, meat, and cloth-
May I minister to thee:
May I calm the orphan's cry,
Make the widow sing for joy,
And the captive's moan distressing
Raise to songs of praise and blessing.

494. T. 39.

WHAT brought us together, what
joined our hearts?
The pardon which Jesus, our High-
priest, imparts:
'Tis this which cements the disciples
of Christ, [tiz'd.
Who are into one by the Spirit bap-

2 Is this our high calling, harmonious to dwell,
And thus in sweet concert Christ's praises to tell,
In peace and blest union our moments to spend,
And live in communion with Christ as our friend?—

3 O yes, having found in the Lord our delight,
He is our chief object by day and by night;
This knits us together, no longer we roam,
We all have one Father, and heaven is our home.

495. T. 159.

WHEN brethren dwell in unity
In Jesus' ransom'd fold,
Join'd by love's ever-sacred tie,
'Tis pleasant to behold:
Like dew his grace on them descends,
Yea, his rich blessing he commands
Upon their going out to rest;
Their coming in is blest.

2 We tread on consecrated ground,
For 'tis his own abode,
The sparrow here a nest hath found,
Thine altars, O Lord God:
Blest they who to his courts repair,
To seek him in his house of prayer;
To such he will himself reveal,
His praises they shall tell.

496. T. 159.

WE in one covenant are join'd,
And one in Jesus are; [bin'd
With voices and with hearts com-
His praise we will declare:
In doctrine and in practice one,
We'll love and serve the Lord alone;
With one accord sound forth his praise,
Till we shall see his face.

XXIV. FOLLOWING JESUS, AND BEARING HIS REPROACH.

497.* T. 230.

JESUS, Lord most great and glorious,
Reward and crown of the victorious,
Restorer of lost paradise;
We appear with supplication,
Before thee, God of our salvation,
And send to thee our fervent cries:
O Lord our righteousness,
'Tis thy delight to bless;
We desire it,
Come then, for we—belong to thee,
And bless us inexpressibly.

2 O thou Well-spring of salvation,
We pray thee us to form and fashion
According to thy blessed mind:
We, by nature spoil'd and marred,
Were from that happy life debarred,
Which in thy fellowship we find:
By thy almighty power
Support us every hour,
Thou life's Fountain:
Without thy aid—we can't proceed,
Be thou our help in time of need.

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit,
They shall the realm of heaven inherit,
Free grace is theirs and endless bliss;
While all those who place reliance
On their own works, and bid defiance
To grace, will of salvation miss:
O may we all of thee
Learn true humility,
Lowly Jesus;
May we despise—all earthly joys
For thee, the pearl of greatest price.

4 They that mourn, blest is their station,
They find abundant consolation,
Since Jesus first that path did tread;
He prevailed while he suffer'd,
And now to us that cup is offer'd,
By which himself was perfected:
We cannot hope for joy
On earth without alloy:
Here is weeping;
At the Lamb's feast—is perfect rest,
This is a vale of tears at best.

5 Blessed are the meek in spirit,
They shall, saith Christ, the earth inherit; [here;
Their life is hid with him while
Yet as heirs of Christ's salvation,
In heaven they have their conversation, [there:
Their treasure and their hearts are
And as the Lamb of God
Life's path with meekness trod,
His disciples
His steps pursue,—and, as 'tis due,
Show in their conduct meekness too.

6 Blessed, who without cessation
Hunger and thirst for that salvation,
Which flows from Christ's pure righteousness;
They are fill'd and satisfied,
With richest dainties are supplied,
Who long and pant for saving
Christ's body and his blood [grace:
Prove their life-giving food;
Thereby nourish'd, [bear
From year to year—they thrive, and
Fruits that to him well-pleasing are.

7 All the merciful are blessed;
For they, when in their turn distressed,
Shall mercy find most certainly:
Water to the poor afforded
Is as an act of love recorded,
And is rewarded generously:
Who to the indigent
Doth prove beneficent,
He is blessed; [same,
But woe to them—who scorn the
For God remembers not their name.

8 All the pure in heart are blessed;
Of joys unspeakable possessed,
They shall behold their God in peace:
They who faithful have remained
To Jesus, and preserv'd unstained
The garment of his righteousness,
Shall once obtain the grace,
To see him face to face:
I entreat thee,
Impart to me—that purity,
Dear Jesus, which I trace in thee.

9 They are blessed with God's favour,
Who peace unceasingly endeavour
Among their neighbours to secure:
As his children them he owneth;
He with success their labour crowneth,
And their reward of grace is sure:
Love is the character
Of each true follower
Of our Saviour:
May he through grace—make us always
Intent upon promoting peace.

10 Blest are they who gladly suffer
For righteousness, and freely offer
Their lives and blood for Jesus' sake; [ness,
Yea, who bear the cross with meek-
Resign'd and patient in all weakness,
And him their only pattern make:
For Jesus' help and love
Their consolation prove:
They who freely
For him will bear—reproach, while here,
At last shall in his glory share.

11 Blessed they who are despised,
In scornful manner stigmatized,
And for their Saviour's sake defam'd:
As the bride deems it an honour
To take the bridegroom's name upon her,
Should we of Jesus be asham'd?
Far, far be this from us;
Welcome, reproach and cross:
We are Christians,
Who follow thee,—Lord, cheerfully
Thro' honour and thro' infamy.

12 Gracious Lord, who by thy passion
And death hast gained our salvation,
O may we all thy name confess:
May we be by faith united
To thee, who hast us all invited,
To share eternal happiness:
Constrain us by thy love,
In all we do to prove
Faithful followers,
Dear Lord, of thee;—and grant that we
May ever love thee ardently.

498.* T. 11.

HOLY Lamb and Prince of peace,
Hear my soul implore thy grace;
Grant that my behaviour may
Meekness, such as thine, display.

2 O that I may faithfully
To thy voice obedient be;
Valiant, stedfast, may my love
In the hardest trials prove.

3 Keep thou me, a feeble child,
Sober, watchful, undefil'd;
That where'er thy steps I see,
Simply I may follow thee.

4 Thou the great, victorious Lamb,
Who all hosts of hell o'ercame,
Grant that by thy blood I may
Conqueror be till thy great day.

5 When thou shalt on Zion stand,
May I be at thy right hand,
Clothed in the glorious dress
Of thy spotless righteousness.

499. T. 22.

HOW shall I follow him I serve?
How shall I copy him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to his seat above?

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?

3 'Twas thus he suffer'd, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary, [thine.
Nor heed my griefs, remembering

5 O let me think how thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:

6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me:
Thou camest not thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love thee more than these?

500. T. 11.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Foes are round us, but we stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

4 Onward then we gladly press
Through this earthly wilderness:
Only, Lord, our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

501. T. 596.

O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.

2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

3 The souls that believe,
In paradise live:
And me in that number will Jesus receive.

4 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away:
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

5 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort; Go, follow him, go.

6 Perhaps, with the aim
To honour his name,
I may do some service, poor dust tho' I am.

7 Yet this is confess'd,
I count it most bless'd,
As at the beginning, in him to find rest.

8 And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

9 So closely in mind
To Jesus I'm join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

10 Lo, this is the race
I'm running through grace
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

502.* T. 26.

LORD Jesus, 'tis with us thy alm,
That soul & body should be thine;
O take our hearts, and us incline
To be devoted to thy name.

2 What love can be compar'd with thine?
Who hath to us so just a claim
As thou, who didst our souls redeem,
And for us leave thy throne divine?

3 Go, all ye wise, without control
Your empty notions still pursue;
Jesus alone I have in view, [soul.
This powerful magnet draws my

4 A subject I of Christ my King;
And tho' I poor and helpless be,
Yet all around shall plainly see,
My Saviour is my every thing.

5 Thee I adore, most gracious Lord;
Grant, that my walk in truth may be
At all times pleasing unto thee,
Directed by thy holy Word.

6 My King, thy noble statutes write
Upon the table of my heart;
Thy grace and truth to me impart,
And let thy law be my delight.

503.* T. 83.

JESUS Christ, thou Leading-star,
Thy great name we praise and hallow:
From believers be it far
Any other guide to follow:
Thou, Lord, if we walk in light,
Wilt direct our steps aright.

2 Christians are not here below
To enjoy earth's transient treasure;
After Christ they 're call'd to go,
His reproach they count a plea-
Under manifold distress [sure;
Thro' the narrow gate they press.

504. T. 26.

THOU meek and patient Lamb of God, [see,
Who can by faith thy sufferings
And not devote himself to thee,
His life and every drop of blood.

2 Thy dying love doth justly claim,
That I should live unto thy praise,
Yea, gladly share in thy disgrace,
And suffer freely for thy name.

505. T. 22.

IF father, mother, children, wife,
Houses, or lands, or aught in life
Delude thy heart, and thou no more
Dost follow Jesus as before;

2 His words with due attention hear
"My cross whoever will not bear,
And all forsake to follow me,
He cannot my disciple be."

3 First let us duly count the cost,
And then in Jesus place our trust;
If we on him alone depend,
He 'midst all trials proves our friend.

4 If once the plough in hand we take,
Preserve us, Lord, from looking back;
O let us, thro' thy aiding grace,
Pursue our course with steadiness.

5 On those who faithful prove to death, [faith,
And show by works of love their
A crown of life thou once wilt place,
Before thy Father them confess.

506. T. 14.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do,)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 O Lord, with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me:
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secur'd
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me
And bid my fears depart: [rest,
No love but thine can make me
And satisfy my heart. [blest,

7 What anguish has that question
If I will also go? [stirr'd,
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No.

507.* T. 90.

"MY yoke," saith Christ, "upon you take,
Serve me amidst oppression;
The world and all its joys forsake,
And shun no tribulation:
Come, follow me, and humbly bear
My cross, and in my suffering share."

2 Then let us follow Christ our Lord,
Both soul and body offering,
Be cheerfully, with one accord,
Partakers of his suffering;
For they who show true faithfulness,
Shall gain a rich reward of grace.

508. T. 243.

AMIDST tribulation
We follow our Saviour,
Whose name and profession
We 'll honour for ever;
His shame we bear—and gladly share.

2 We in every nation
Will boldly confess him,
Make known his salvation,
Yea, serve him and bless him,
And him adore—for evermore.

3 Our Lord contradiction
Of sinners endured;
Him 'midst all affliction
We follow, assured
That we at last—with him shall rest.

509. T. 167.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my All shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise & leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts & looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame & treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain;
Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring the sweeter rest.

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days:
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

510.* T. 16.

CROSS, reproach, and tribulation,
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.

2 The reproach of Christ is glorious;
Those who here his burden bear,
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal glory share.

3 Christ, our ever-blessed Saviour,
Bore for us reproach and shame,
Conqueror now he lives for ever,
And we conquer in his name.

4 Bear then the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith;
Sing ye joyful songs and praises,
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.

5 Bonds, and stripes, and tribulation
Are our honourable crowns;
Shame is our glorification,
Gloomy dungeons are our thrones.

511. T. 22.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A sinful worm asham'd of thee?
Forbid it, Lord; thee I confess,
Before both friends and enemies.

2 Asham'd of Jesus, of my God,
Who purchas'd me with his own blood,
Of him who to retrieve my loss,
Despis'd the shame, endur'd the cross?

3 Asham'd of Jesus, of that Friend
On whom my heavenly hopes depend?
It must not be;—be this my shame,
That I not more revere his name.

4 Asham'd of Jesus, of my Lord,
By all heaven's glorious hosts ador'd?
No, I will make my boast of thee,
In time and in eternity.

5 And when I stand before thy throne,
Me 'fore thy heavenly Father own;
Then shall the holy angels see
Thee, Jesus, not asham'd of me.

512.* T. 14.

GLORY to God, whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.

2 Scorn'd and revil'd as was their Head,
When walking here below,
Thus in this evil world they led
A life of pain and woe.

3 With the same faith our bosom glows,
Wherein those warriors stood,
When in the cruel hands of those
Who thirsted for their blood.

4 God whom we serve, our God can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, or smooth a wave,
For such as fear his name.

5 Yea, should it ev'n to man appear
At times, as tho' our Lord
Forsook his chosen people here,
At last he 'll help afford.

6 If but his arm support us still,
Is but his joy our strength,
We shall ascend the rugged hill,
And conquerors prove at length.

513.* T. 11.

RISE, ye followers of the Lamb,
Serve him 'midst reproach & shame,
His example keep in view,
And the narrow path pursue.

2 O all-wise, sublime decree,
He assum'd humanity,
Liv'd on earth despis'd and poor,
Died, salvation to procure.

3 See his faithful witness-train:
They endur'd the cross and pain;
(Men the world deserved not,)
Hard and cheerless was their lot.

4 Should we not rejoice to see
Our names in heaven's registry,
With the names of those enroll'd,
Who shall reap an hundred-fold.

514.* T. 16.

IN that glorious vest arrayed,
Wherein we 'fore God can stand,
We will Jesus undismayed
Follow, joining heart and hand.

2 If our all on him we venture,
And, while we on him rely,
On the hardest trials enter,
Needful strength he will supply.

3 Of our lives we will be careful,
While reserved for his use;
But, when he demands, unfearful
Wealth and life for Jesus lose.

515.* T. 56.

BLESSED Jesus, :||: all our hearts incline
Thee to follow :||: where thy footsteps shine;
At all times and everywhere
May our words and actions bear
A resemblance, :||: gracious Lord, to thine.

516.* T. 54.

THE sufferings of this life's short day
Can't be compar'd with that display
Of glory, which God's heirs shall prove,
When they who Jesus truly love,
Shall shine above.

2 Therefore we 'll follow willingly
Our Saviour in adversity;
Then, after having suffer'd here,
We shall in heaven his glory share,
Beyond compare.

517.* T. 164.

HOW great at last my joy will be,
If I have faithful proved
To Christ, and 'midst adversity
Till my last breath him loved:

They who reproach here bear,
In heaven a crown shall wear;
Who follow Christ are truly blest,
For they with him shall ever rest.

518. T. 159.

WE covenant with hand and heart,
To follow Christ, our Lord;
With world, and sin, and self to part,
And to obey his word:
To love each other heartily,
In truth and in sincerity,
And under cross, reproach, and shame,
To glorify his name.

519.* T. 155.

AMEN, Ruler of thy Church,
Grant, we pray, this our petition;
In submission
To thy will, with steady pace,
In thy ways
To proceed: if thou attend us,
Cross and shame shall not offend us;
Thee we boldly will confess.

XXV. SELF-KNOWLEDGE, AND SIGHING FOR GRACE.

520. T. 37.

THEY that are whole need not
The good physician;
But they who know and feel
Their lost condition,
Bewail their wretched state,
To Christ appealing,
Experience of his stripes
The virtue healing.

2 We know, that in our flesh
No good thing dwelleth;
But with ne'er-failing skill
Our wounds he healeth:
Thus Spirit, body, soul,
Tho' poor and needy,
Can to rejoice in him
Be ever ready.

521.* T. 22.

MY soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, its source, my spirit flies;
O turn to me thy cheering face;
I'm poor, enrich me with thy grace.

2 Deeply convinc'd of sin, I cry,
In thy death, Saviour, let me die:
O may the world, may self & pride
In me henceforth be crucified.

3 Take full possession of my heart,
To me thy lowly mind impart;
Break nature's bonds, & let me see,
He whom thou free'st, indeed is free.

4 My heart in thee and in thy ways
Delights, yet from thy presence strays,
O keep, I pray, my wavering mind
Stay'd upon thee, to thee resign'd.

5 I know that nought in me avails,
Here all my strength and wisdom fails;
Who bids a sinful heart be clean?
Thou only Saviour of lost men.

6 Still will I wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till in thy light the light I see;
Till thou in my behalf appear,
To banish every doubt and fear.

7 All my own schemes, each fond design,
I to thy better will resign;
Impress this deeply on my breast,
That I in thee am truly blest.

8 Then ev'n in storms I thee shall know,
My sure support and refuge too;
In every trial I shall prove,
Assuredly, that God is love.

522.* T. 121.

FOR grace I weep and pant,
'Tis mercy that I want;
How wretched should I be,
Did I not Jesus know,
Who to deliver me
Suffer'd in my stead,
In a tomb was laid,
And rose from the dead.

2 Could all the flames of love
In heavenly hosts above,
And in the church below,
At once united prove,
And in one bosom glow;
Jesus' love outweighs;
Yea, his boundless grace
Is beyond all praise.

3 Love is his nature still;
In me he will fulfil
His precious thoughts of peace,
If I am to his will
Resign'd in every case;
Let him do what 's best,
Then, supremely blest,
I enjoy true rest.

4 O my Immanuel,
My wounded spirit heal:
I humbly seek thy face;
Yea, pungent sorrow feel,
That I 've abus'd thy grace:
Jesus, pardon me;
May I henceforth be
Faithful unto thee.

5 O Lord, thy grace impart,
Refresh and cheer my heart,
Thy pardoning love display,
For thou my Saviour art;
To me, poor sinner, say,
"Thy reproach is mine,
All my merit 's thine,
Take my peace divine."

6 I know, that thro' thy grace
Thou wilt my guilt erase,
And banish all my fear;
Wilt grant to me thy peace,
And me with patience bear:
On me grace bestow,
Jesus, thee to know;
Amen, be it so.

523.* T. 141.

1 AM a poor sinner,
This I surely know;
And if my dear Saviour
Did not love me so,
As ne'er to forsake me,
Worthless tho' I be,
He ere now his mercy
Had withdrawn from me.

2 Grace and a sensation
Of my sinfulness
Keep on each occasion
In me equal pace:
While I own, ashamed,
I deserved wrath;
I rejoice, reclaimed
From sin's power, by faith.

3 Jesus, when thy blessings
Fill my needy heart,
Fear and anxious doubtings
Then from me depart;
I, in thy atonement,
My election trace,
And rejoice, astonish'd
At my lot of grace.

4 Witness true and faithful,
Christ, the church's Head,
All is Yea and Amen
Thou hast promised:
As I am, so take me
With my worst and best;
Ever thine preserve me
Till with thee I rest.

5 While we thy past dealings
Gratefully review,
We 're assur'd, thy mercies
Are each morning new;
And that thou wilt freely
Give thy promis'd grace,
And amidst our weakness
Form us to thy praise.

524.* T. 141.

JESUS' love unbounded
None can e'er explain;
Yet, alas, how often
Do we cause him pain:
Even those still grieve him,
Who enjoy his grace,
And, to him devoted,
Should show forth his praise.

2 Lord, thy body's Saviour,
Comfort us anew;
Ah, regard our weeping;
Thy compassion show:
Pardon our transgressions,
Hear our fervent cry,
And our souls and bodies
Heal and sanctify.

3 All our days, O Jesus,
Hallow unto thee;
May our conversation
To thy honour be:
Let us all experience,
To the end of days,
Thy reviving presence
'Midst thy chosen race.

525.* T. 30.

O MY God, I come oppress'd with sadness,
Fill my troubled soul with joy and gladness,
In thy salvation;
Nowhere else I find true consolation.

2 Faithfully thy Spirit me directed,
But his warnings I have oft neglect-
Most gracious Saviour, [ed;
Pardon and restore me to thy favour.

3 I confess, O Lord, with deep con-
trition, [tion;
My unfaithfulness, hear my peti-
Comfort and bless me, [fresh me.
With thy gracious presence now re-

4 O baptize me with thy fire and
Spirit; [merit
Grant me from the fulness of thy
True heart's compunction, [tion.
Primitive love, simplicity, and une-

5 Give me grace to walk with cir-
cumspection; [infection,
Keep me from the world's and sin's
That my behaviour [Saviour.
May adorn thy doctrine, gracious

526.* T. 16.

O WHAT would be my condition,
Did not Jesus stand my friend;
But his faithful love and mercy
Keep me from all danger screen'd.

2 Doth howe'er in my frail nature
Something stir that is not good,
And might to my soul prove hurtful,
Straight I turn to Jesus' blood;—

3 Straight to Jesus' wounds and
bruises,
With believing confidence:
Thus I always can find shelter
From sin's baneful influence.

4 Lamb of God, display the virtue
Of thy sanctifying blood;
Overstream with life and blessing
Us poor sinners 'fore thee bow'd;—

5 Sinners, in ourselves unworthy
Of the smallest crumb of grace,
But who dare of boundless mercy
Boast, to our Redeemer's praise.

527.* T. 4.

WE know that we're poor
And sinful all o'er,
In us there's no good;
O cleanse us, dear Saviour, in thy
precious blood.

2 How wondrous thy love
And mercy do prove,
This plainly our faith [death.
Discerns by thy agony, passion, and

3 Lord Jesus, receive
The thanks we can give;
O that to thy praise
Our thoughts, words, and actions
were hallow'd always.

4 We all at thy throne
Now humbly fall down;
Praise to thee, our God,
Be brought by us sinners, redeem'd
with thy blood.

528.* T. 244.

WHEN I am conscious truly
Of my great sinfulness,
And that so very slowly
Towards the mark I press;
Nought then can comfort me,
But Jesus' mercy free,
And that he bore with patience
My sins upon the tree.

2 Yea, when I see in spirit
My Saviour shed his blood,
That I might life inherit
And everlasting good;
Then I true happiness
And joy in him possess,
My eyes with tears flow over
For heart-felt thankfulness.

529.* T. 22.

WHILE here on earth we run our
race,
We Jesus' love and kindness trace;
Though more our faults than tongue
can tell,
His mercy is unchangeable.

2 When we like wandering sheep
had stray'd,
Unwearied goodness he display'd;
He sought us, worthless as we are,
And took us in his tender care.

3 Asham'd, we own our great de-
fect,
And did not Jesus us protect,
We should be oft depress'd with
fears,
While traversing this vale of tears.

4 But Jesus' blood and death im-
part
True comfort to the needy heart:
Those who still weak and feeble are,
He kindly in his arms will bear.

530. T. 119.

AT thy feet, :||:
At thy pierced feet I lie;
Saviour, mark my heart's contrition,
Listen to each broken sigh;
Ah, refuse not the petition
Of a sinner, conscious he's unclean,
Full of sin. :||:

2 Make me clean, :||:
My whole nature purify:
Wash me in that precious fountain,
Which by faith I open'd see,
Standing on the blissful mountain,
Where thou bar'st my sin, my guilt, and shame,
Slaughter'd Lamb. :||:

3 Look on me, :||:
See each painful wound and sore,
Thou compassionate Physician,
Speak the word, my sickness cure;
Wrest me from the sad condition,
Into which transgression brought my soul;
Make me whole. :||:

4 Bid me live, :||:
Bid a dying sinner live;
Raise, O raise my drooping spirit:
Then to thee myself I 'll give,
And, until I heaven inherit,
Every moment in thy service spend,
Faithful Friend. :||:

531. T. 14.

O JESUS, Jesus, my good Lord,
How wondrous is thy love,
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,
Which I each moment prove.

2 I once was wholly dead in sin,
And ignorant of thee,
And liv'd contentedly therein,
Nor knew thy love to me.

3 But thine all-seeing eye then view'd,
And mark'd my every way,
Me still in tender love pursu'd,
Who oft from thee did stray.

4 Yet oh, how faithless is my mind,
How prone to turn aside,
And wander in its own deceits
Of reasoning and of pride.

5 How doth the old corruption strive
And fight to reign again;
There 's surely not a heart like mine,
So wretched, dark, and vain.

6 Thou Friend of sinners, love me still,
The poorest and the worst:
Where sin abounded, well I know,
Thy grace aboundeth most.

7 Yet let me not thy grace abuse,
And sin because thou 'rt good:
But let thy love fill me with shame,
That I so long withstood.

8 On me, my King, exert thy power,
Make old things pass away;
Create all new, draw me to thee
Still nearer every day.

9 Thou know'st which way to rectify
Each stubborn ill within,
How to subdue my every thought,
And conquer all that 's sin.

10 Chastise me when I do amiss;
O might no thought arise
Which is displeasing unto thee:
Of grace send fresh supplies.

11 Impress thy wounds upon my heart,
And all thy bitter pain;
Abide in me for evermore,
And constant victory gain.

532. T. 58.

O LAMB of God, who wast for sinners slain,
That they might pardon, life, and bliss obtain,
Give me to experience thy great salvation,
And in my heart O fix thy habitation
For evermore.

2 Thou know'st my inmost soul, I've nought to boast,
And without thee should be for ever lost:
When I am neglectful, thou dost reprove me,
Yet I am well assur'd that thou dost love me,
For thou forgiv'st.

3 How glad am I that thou so gracious art,
That thou dost bless my sinful, worthless heart,
And canst with such patience bear my behaviour:
O wert thou not exactly such a Saviour,
What should I do?

533. T. 151.

COME, faithful Shepherd, bind me
With cords of love to thee,
And evermore remind me
That thou hast died for me:
O may thy Holy Spirit
Set this before mine eyes,
That I thy death and merit
Above all else may prize.

2 Am I of my salvation
Assured thro' thy love;
May I on each occasion
To thee more faithful prove:
Hast thou my sins forgiven,
Then, leaving things behind,
May I press on to heaven,
And bear the prize in mind.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake me,
Tho' I am oft to blame;
As thy reward, O take me
Anew, just as I am:
Grant me henceforth, dear Saviour,
While in this vale of tears,
To look to thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears.

534. T. 14.

OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd:
How sweet their memory still:
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with [God,
Calm & serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

535. T. 106.

AH, Lord, how apt am I to stray
From thee, how prone to lust and pride;
Nature oft strives to bear the sway,
And turn my heart from thee aside:
Yet such vile, wretched sinners are
The objects of thy love and care.

2 Forbid, O Lord, each vain desire,
Bind my affections to thy cross;
Quench all the sparks of nature's fire,
May I count all for thee but loss:
Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,
Thy love within my heart enthrone.

3 O Jesus, wipe away my tears,
Be unto me a healing balm;
Warm thou my heart, dispel my fears,
And speak the tempest to a calm:
Remove the maladies of sin,
And in thy blood O wash me clean.

4 I gladly will show forth thy praise,
If thou wilt gird me with thy power,
And sing the glories of thy grace,
Until my pilgrimage be o'er;
With hallow'd fire inspire my tongue,
And love shall be my endless song.

536. T. 14.

DEAR Lord, accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.

2 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love;
But ah, when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move.

3 O cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy power;
O make me thy belov'd abode,
And let me rove no more.

537. T. 22.

VAIN are all efforts of the mind,
The way of life and peace to find,
Till on our hearts it is impress'd,
That Jesus is our only rest.

2 By my own strength I can't procure
True rest, nor even feel I 'm poor;
Strive I great comforts to obtain,
Instead of joy I've nought but pain.

3 He shows me how from him I rove,
And court my neighbour's praise & love;
How self-will raises discontent
Against my Saviour's government.

4 How soon, when Satan tempts, I start,
Pass by convictions in my heart,
Let my first love and zeal abate,
Fall, and my very fall forget.

5 When, fill'd with humble shame, I feel,
That he hath patience with me still,
I sink abas'd before his face,
And thank him for his boundless grace.

6 Search out, discover, and erase,
Whatever is not to thy praise;
All that might an obstruction prove
To thy bless'd purposes of love.

7 Complete thy work, my gracious King,
My heart into subjection bring;
Destroy, I pray, the carnal mind,
And make me quite to thee resign'd.

538. T. 22.

FROM my own works at last I cease,
For God alone can give me peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Of my own strength I must despair.

2 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of woe.

3 'Tis thine alone to change the heart,
Thou only canst good gifts impart;
I therefore will my heart resign
To thee, O cleanse and seal it thine.

4 With humble faith on thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All:
I wait, O Lord, to hear thee say,
"My blood hath wash'd thy sins away."

5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, & joy impart,
And give thyself unto my heart.

539. T. 22.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn;
That God is love and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat:
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But oh, my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine:
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

540. T. 106.

O JESUS, could I always keep
My eye on thee, the living way,
I then, tho' once a wandering sheep,
Should err no more, or run astray;
But wheresoe'er thou goest, I
Should follow thee, not asking why.

2 O that I never might forget
What thou hast suffer'd for my sake,
To save my soul, and make me meet
Once of thy glory to partake:
O might I oft in spirit see
How thou wast crucified for me.

3 But, gracious Lord, when I reflect
How oft I've turn'd my eye from thee;
How treated thee with cold neglect,
And listen'd to the enemy;
And yet to find thee still the same,
This fills my soul with humble shame.

4 Astonish'd at thy feet I fall,
Thy love exceeds my highest thought;
Henceforth be thou my All in all,
Thou, who with blood my soul hast bought:
May I henceforth more faithful [prove,
And ne'er forget thy dying love.

541. T. 79.

WHEN, having been with guilt oppress'd,
My wandering spirit findeth rest
Thro' Jesus' pardoning grace;
Then I by faith can call him mine,
My needy soul doth then incline
To be in Mary's happy place.

2 My prayer is: Jesus, let me hear
Thy voice, which can instruct and cheer
My poor and worthless heart:
For should I cease thy words to obey
And from thy blessed presence stray,
Nature would soon its power assert.

3 A single eye, a faithful heart,
Dear Jesus, to thy child impart
In every trying hour; [vent,
Reason's tormenting thoughts pre-
Still keep my eye on thee intent,
Till sight my faith and hope o'erpower.

542. T. 22.

LORD Jesus, my most faithful friend,
Thy aid unto thy child extend
In each temptation's trying hour;
That sin may not my heart o'erpower.

2 That spark enkindled in my heart
Preserve unquench'd, tho' all the art
Of Satan and the world be tried,
To draw me from thy faithful side.

3 O let thy Spirit stay with me,
To groan and speak my wants to thee;
Still let him show my every need,
And that in thee I'm help'd indeed.

4 Thy faithfulness I oft have prov'd
In countless trials quite unmov'd:
Thy grace alone can me preserve,
When my frail heart from thee would swerve.

543. T. 14.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, Lamb of God,
I thirst alone for thee; [grace,
I long to enjoy thy saving grace,
And taste thy mercy free.

2 For mercy, mercy, Lord, I ask;
This is the total sum:
Mercy, good Lord, is all my suit;
O let thy mercy come.

3 Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, and know each thought:
On me look down in mercy, Lord,
Whom thou with blood hast bought.

4 My faithless heart, O gracious Lord,
Correct with gentle hand;
In every danger help afford,
Alone I cannot stand.

5 Without thy favour while I live
Life but a burden is:
Nought else can satisfaction give,
Experience shows me this.

6 Haste then, O Lord, to thee I pray;
Impart to me thy grace,
That when this life is fled away
In heaven I may have place.

544. T. 96.

AH, give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My inbred misery reveal;
Ah, give me, Lord, I still would say,
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer.

2 Father, I want a thankful heart:
I wish to taste how good thou art,
To plunge into thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend thy love to me
More fully with the saints below,
Till I, as I am known, shall know.

545. T. 159.

WITH what unwearied faithfulness,
Lord, hast thou follow'd me;
Tho' I, regardless of thy grace,
In darkness stray'd from thee:

How heavy hung the dismal cloud,
How did distresses on me crowd;
And I, despairing of relief,
In thee had no belief.

2 But thou, my kind, almighty Friend,
Didst sin's dominion quell;
My misery and confusion end,
And every cloud dispel:
One look cast at the throne of grace,
One smile complacent from thy face,
Assures me, that thy mercy free
Is not withdrawn from me.

546. T. 159.

MY case to thee is fully known,
On thee I cast my care;
Dear Saviour, that thy will be done
In me, is all my prayer:
O may I harbour in my breast
No thought that cannot bear the test,
When thou discover'st by thy light
To me what is not right.

2 Reality and solid ground,
Firm root in thee to gain;
To feel thy precious blood hath drown'd
Whatever gives thee pain:
'Tis this I want, nor can I be
Content, till I am one with thee,
Until my life is hid in thine,
Till thou art wholly mine.

547. T. 159.

HOW needful, strictly to inquire
And ask our hearts each day,
"Doth Jesus' love me still inspire,
My thoughts and actions sway?
Am I a branch in Christ the vine?
Am I his own, and is he mine?
Do I by faith unto him cleave,
And to his honour live?"

2 The Spirit's witness, full & clear,
Will state the real case,
And either draw a contrite tear,
Or thanks unfeigned raise:
Hence will the consequence ensue,
That the full purpose we renew,
To run in faith the appointed race,
Supported by his grace.

548. T. 11.

THEY who know our Lord indeed,
Find in him a friend in need,
And behold in Jesus' face
Nought but mercy, truth, and grace.

2 They can cast by faith their care
On that Lord who heareth prayer;
And when they to him draw nigh,
He doth all their wants supply.

3 They who him their Saviour know,
Lowly at his footstool bow:
They to whom his name is dear,
To offend him greatly fear.

4 O how wondrous is his love
To all who his goodness prove;
Deep abasement, heavenly joy,
Their alternate thoughts employ.

5 Wonders without end we see,
Countless mercies great and free:
Lord, accept our thanks and praise
For thy goodness, truth, and grace.

549. T. 14.

WITHOUT a consciousness within
Of poverty and need,
An humbling sense of guilt and sin,
We are not poor indeed.

2 But all who know themselves
Are ready to confess,
Instructed by the Spirit's light,
Their utter helplessness.

3 How greatly he forgiveness wants,
The contrite sinner knows;
With inward spirit's ardour pants
In Christ to find repose.

4 Who is so full of tenderness
And patience, as thou, Lord?
But I must own with shame, alas,
I oft transgress thy word.

5 Oh, from my heart, God Holy Ghost,
This suit I make to thee:
Show me how much my ransom cost,
How great my poverty.

550.* T. 22.

O LORD, 'fore thee abas'd I fall,
And on thy name for mercy call;
The faults indeed are numberless,
Which humbly I to thee confess.

2 I give myself to thee anew,
My soul and body are thy due:
Form me into thy likeness here,
By means, or gentle, or severe.

3 Grant that I may henceforth to thee
More faithful and obedient be:
O may thy blood and righteousness
My beauty be, my glorious dress.

551. T. 36.

THY love unchanging is our consolation,
Thy patience and long-suffering our salvation,
O thou, our yesterday, to-day, and ever,
Most faithful Saviour.

2 Thy purposes of love remain unshaken,
Tho' we, alas, our vows have oft forsaken:
Forgive, bear with us, grant us thy direction,
And kind protection.

3 As a thick cloud let all our sins be blotted
Out of thy book, that nothing past be noted;
As children chasten us when we are failing,
Heal us when ailing.

552. T. 141.

SINCE we, though unworthy,
Through electing grace,
'Midst thy ransom'd people
Have obtain'd a place;
Lord, may we be faithful
To our covenant found,
To thee, as our Shepherd,
And thy flock fast bound.

2 While we, deeply humbled,
Own we 're oft to blame,
This abides our comfort,
Thou art still the same:
In thee all the needy
Have a friend most dear,
Whose love and forbearance
Unexampled are.

3 Hear the joint petition
We present to thee,
Whose unbounded mercy
Is our only plea:
All that is displeasing
Unto thee, forgive;
More to thy name's glory
May we henceforth live.

553. T. 218.

WHEN on thy goodness, Lord, we ponder,
And think how we thy love return,
We sink before thee, lost in wonder;
O'er our ingratitude we mourn:
We thy long-suffering and compassion,
To us display'd, account salvation;
With contrite hearts our sins confess:
O grant us still thy kind forbearance
And love unchanging to experience;
Refresh our souls with pardoning grace.

554. T. 14.

I KNOW the weakness of my soul
But Jesus is my stay;
My kind Redeemer hath engag'd
To lead me in his way.

2 For ever he abides the same,
Tho' I to change am prone;
My welfare always he promotes,
Who chose me for his own.

555.* T. 97.

WHATE'ER I am, whate'er I do,
'Tis grace I must ascribe it to;
This can alone my heart preserve;
For I 'm so liable to swerve,
That ev'n the grace which thou to day bestow'st,
If not renew'd, to-morrow might be lost.

556. T. 590.

THE worst of evils we can name
Is an unfaithful heart;
May none amongst us from our Lord
Be tempted to depart:
Our human frailty need not lead
Our souls from him astray;
For he the needful strength imparts
To walk the narrow way.

557.* T. 590.

FEAR not, without reserve disclose
The festering wounds of sin:
Your case, the Lord, your Healer, knows;
His blood can wash you clean:
There is a balm in Gilead,
To cure the sin-sick soul;
None e'er to Christ for refuge fled
But was by him made whole.

558.* T. 23.

I AM needy, yet forgiven;
With thy blood my heart enliven:
Give me, Jesus, of thy passion
An abiding, deep impression.

2 With new grace, dear Lord, array me, [vey me;
And from strength to strength con-
For thy service make me ready,
Sanctify both soul and body.

559.* T. 214.

THOUGH by nature I'm defiled,
Jesus' blood hath made me clean;
He my sin-sick soul hath healed:
Yea, tho' traces still remain
Of my former sad condition,
When to him for help I cry,
He to soothe my grief is nigh:
Lord, remain my kind physician,
I, thy patient, then am sure
Thou wilt work a thorough cure.

560.* T. 22.

ALTHO' my deep depravity
Oft causes me to mourn and sigh;
My hope to prosper for the Lord
Doth heart-felt joy to me afford;—

2 Till to that happy fold I'm led,
Which with celestial joy is fed,
And of life's fountain drinks above,
In endless bliss and perfect love.

XXVI. SANCTIFICATION.

561.* T. 58.

THE Lamb of God, who saves us by his death,
Is made unto us holiness, by faith;
Nought besides availeth, since our Creator [nature,
Became a man, assuming human
To ransom us.

2 To Jesus Christ is due eternal praise, [days;
For our high calling in these gospel-
What divine enjoyment and consolation [nation
Do we now gain from Jesus' incar-
And bitter death.

3 If we in Jesus' saving name believe, [receive;
And pardon of our sins from him
With his blood besprinkled and cleansed truly, [holy,
In soul and body we are render'd
And have his mind.

4 And thus by faith we live, and yet not we,
But Christ lives in us so effectually,
That, by him renewed and actuated,
We are in him unto good works created, And grow in grace.

562.* T. 126.

THIS yields true joy and pleasure
To Christ, when with one voice
His people, in their measure,
Exalt his sacrifice, [which he
And praise him for the wounds,
Receiv'd for our redemption
Upon the accursed tree.

2 Of his complete salvation
We witness here below,
And gladly make confession,
Resolv'd nought else to know:
God in his wisdom did ordain,
That lost, repenting sinners
His righteousness should gain.

3 No holiness availeth
With God, but this alone;
The Holy Spirit sealeth
This truth, that in the Son
By faith we're freely justified,
And gain sanctification,
Because for us he died.

563.* T. 22.

JESUS, the church's Lord and Head,
Thy Spirit's influence on us shed,
Whom thou, while sinners, by thy blood
Hast ransom'd and brought nigh to God.

2 Since thou, our wretched, lost estate
In mercy didst commiserate,
And feeble flesh and blood assume,
To save us from the wrath to come:

3 We are, if we in thee believe,
And from thy fulness grace receive,
Made clean and sanctified by thee,
And serve thy name acceptably.

4 Renew'd in heart, we're then inclin'd
To live according to thy mind:
Can we do good—with cheerfulness
We do it, and give thee the praise.

5 Whatever honours thee, our Lord,
What is call'd virtue in thy word,
Is honest, lovely, pure, and just,
By faith in thee is then produc'd.

6 Preserve, O Lord, our garments pure,
Keep us from every harm secure;
Our members render thro' thy grace
Blest instruments of righteousness.

7 May spirit, soul, and body be
A pleasing sacrifice to thee;
Thy name we bear, our hearts thou know'st,
In thee alone we place our trust.

564.* T. 11.

MIGHTY God, we humbly pray,
Let thy power so bear the sway,
That in all things we may show
That we in thy likeness grow.

2 Grant that all of us may prove,
By obedience, faith, and love,
That our hearts to thee are giv'n,
That our treasure is in heaven.

3 May it in our walk be seen,
That we have with Jesus been,
That as king o'er us he reigns,
And unrivall'd sway maintains.

4 Then shall we in every state,
Soul and body dedicate
Unto him who for us died,
Till with him we're glorified.

565.* T. 14.

HOW can a sinner here below
Be pleasing unto God?
By his own righteousness?—O no:
Alone thro' Jesus' blood.

2 When thro' his merits we obtain
The gift of pardoning grace,
A sanctified heart we gain,
And walk in holiness.

3 If anything in us appears
Unlike to Jesus' mind,
To own it with repenting tears,
Ah, may we be inclin'd.

4 A child of God for ever pants
More like his Lord to be;
Tho' with conviction still he grants,
That none is good but He.

5 Oft as in spirit Christ he views,
This is his humble cry,
Which he continually renews:
"As thou wast, O were I;—

6 "Whate'er is earnal, through thy grace
In me be mortified;
Thus, clothed in thy righteousness,
I shall in thee abide."

566.* T. 185.

HE who striveth for sanctification,
But is unrenew'd in heart,
Feeling yet a secret condemnat'on,
Since with sin he still takes part;
He who hath not yet in Christ believed,
Pardon in his blood, and peace received;
Hath not found that holiness
Which adorns a child of grace.

2 But how happy is the soul that cleaveth
To the Friend of sinners poor;
And with humble confidence believeth,
My diseases he can cure:
While with shame confessing, that by nature
He throughout is a corrupted creature,
By the blood of Christ applied,
He is cleans'd and sanctified.

567.* T. 151.

WHO thro' Christ's blood remission
Of all his sins hath gain'd,
And without intermission
With Jesus hath remain'd;
To true sanctification
Attains through Jesus' grace,
And in his conversation
Shows forth his Saviour's praise,

2 Our pleasure and our duty,
Though opposite before,
Since we have seen his beauty,
Are join'd to part no more
It is our highest pleasure,
No less than duty's call,
To love him beyond measure,
And serve him with our all.

568 T. 166.

THOU, Jesus, more than thirty years,
In deep humiliation
Hast liv'd on earth, thy prayers and tears
Have purchas'd our salvation;
Thou hast, till yielding up thy breath,
Unheard of pains sustained,
In soul and body felt our death,
And life for us regained.

2 O what a privilege is this,
That man, tho' fall'n by nature,
May thro' thy grace know what it is
To be a happy creature;
Heal'd by thy stripes and wounds, from sin
And Satan's power released,
Fill'd with thy love and peace within,
And thus to new life raised.

3 Thou chosest us to show thy praise
In all our conversation,
As witnesses of blood-bought grace,
Each in his call and station;
This is our covenant's only ground,
To yield thee soul and body:
In life and death to thee we're bound,
And for thy service ready.

4 How precious are thy thoughts of peace
O'er us, if but attained:
O may we stedfast run our race,
Till we the crown have gained:
Grant that we slumber not, nor sleep,
But, in faith persevering,
Our lamps well trimm'd and burning keep,
Until thy blest appearing.

569. T. 585.

BLESSED Jesus, we implore thee,
Let us, cleans'd and purified,
Walk in grace and truth before thee,
And in thee by faith abide;
Sanctified :‖:
Both in body and in mind.

2 Unto us thy name's sweet savour
Is as ointment poured forth;
In thine eyes we have found favour,
Tho' deprav'd and void of worth;
And thy banner :‖:
Over us is love divine.

3 Now the conflict is decided,
We count all things else but loss;
What with thee our hearts divided,
Now is nailed to thy cross:
We will glory :‖:
In the wounded Lamb of God.

4 We will dwell on Calvary's mountain,
Where the flocks of Zion feed;
Oft resort unto the fountain,
Open'd when the Lord did bleed;
Thence deriving :‖:
Grace, and life, and holiness.

5 There, with trimmed lamps we'll tarry,
Till the Lord comes from on high,
Watch in prayer and ne'er be weary,
But await the midnight cry:
Haste to meet him, :‖:
Lo, the bridegroom draweth nigh.

6 On that day of consummation,
May we sinners mercy find,
Saved with complete salvation,
And not one be left behind;
As wise virgins, :‖:
May we then before thee stand.

570.* T. 185.

WITH new life endow'd by Christ, our Saviour,
May we to the world be dead;
That great prize to gain be our endeavour,
Purchas'd when for us he bled:
By his love constrain'd may we adore him,
Thinking, speaking, acting, as before him,
Being to his gracious mind
Ever willingly resign'd.

2 May we all be ever so disposed
In our hearts by day and night,
As when, this life's period being closed,
We to him shall take our flight:
Or as when, releas'd from condemnation,
We receiv'd the seal of our salvation,
And obtained thro' his blood
Happiness and peace with God.

571. T. 126.

DRAW nigh to Christ, your Brother,
Let no distrust take place;
He's lovely as none other,
Draw nigh, receive the grace
Which flows from his humanity,
To all who with full purpose
Like Jesus aim to be.

2 He's yours with all his merit,
If you are truly his,
And thus become one spirit
With him who holy is;
Who spirit, soul, and body heals,
And is that kind physician
Who for his patients feels.

3 Whoe'er this truth believeth,
With love to Jesus burns;
But none its power perceiveth,
Until to Christ he turns;

O blessed Jesus, grant us grace
To grow into thy likeness,
And live unto thy praise.

572.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, sanctify thou me,
And make my spirit one with thee:
Thy body, torn with many a wound,
Preserve my soul and body sound.

2 The blood-sweat, trickling down thy face,
Assure my soul of purchas'd grace;
Thy cross, thy sufferings, and thy pain,
My everlasting strength remain.

3 The water flowing from thy side,
Which by the spear was open'd wide,
Shall be my bath; thy precious blood [God.
Cleanse me, and bring me nigh to

4 Dear Jesus, grant this my request,
Be thou my everlasting rest,
Protect me by thy saving arm,
Secure my soul from every harm.

573.* T. 102.

CHRIST crucified, my soul by faith
With thee desires to be united;
For, as the purchase of thy death,
To thy communion I 'm invited:
O hear my petition, and let me with thee [in me.
Be crucified, Jesus, with all that's

2 O that I might still more enjoy
The blessed fruits of all thy passion:
Thy merits to my soul apply,
And let me share thy great salvation:
O hear my petition, &c.

3 Let me in all things conqueror prove,
Deliver me from sin's infection:
Preserve me in thy sacred love
As well in joy as in affliction:
O hear my petition, &c.

574. T. 14.

OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that 's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me:— [blood

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:—

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither death nor life can part
From him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above:
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

575. T. 185.

SHOULD our minds, to earthly objects cleaving,
Of the mark forgetful prove?
God forbid, all earthly trifles leaving,
Let us fix our thoughts above,
Have with Christ in heaven our conversation, [tion,
Keep in view our blessed destina-
As redeem'd from this world's thrall,
To pursue our heavenly call.

2 Let us watch and pray, and never slumber,
Lest the foe approach unseen;
Cast away whate'er would us encumber;
Fear to touch the thing unclean;
Lest, escaped from the world's pollution,
We again give way to sin's delusion:
Ah, 'twould cause us pungent pain,
Christ to crucify again.

3 God be prais'd, tho' in ourselves defiled,
Tho' sin cleaveth to us still,
By the tempter we need not be foiled,
If to Jesus we appeal;
Yet our Lord a faithful heart detendeth:
Happy, who with listening ear attendeth
To the Spirit's warning voice,
Nor his chastening doth despise.

576.* T. 200.

TO thee I send my fervent cries,
O let them rise to heaven;
Lord Jesus, to my prayers and sighs,
A gracious ear be given:

Thy blessed word by my support,
May I, in thee believing,
To thee cleaving,
By faith be purified,
From thee true life receiving.

2 Let neither lust nor fear prevail
To draw me from my duty;
By aiding grace I shall not fail
To walk in holy beauty: [giv'n?
For who hath aught but what is
Such favour none can merit;
But thy Spirit,
Our guide to life and heaven,
Can graciously confer it.

577. T. 71.

LORD, who didst sanctify
Thyself, and hast thereby
Procur'd that blessing,
That we before thy face
May walk in holiness,
To thee well-pleasing:—

2 In true simplicity,
O may we cleave to thee,
Our God and Saviour;
In all things free from blame,
To glorify thy name
Be our endeavour.

3 In heart here purified,
May we in thee abide
Without cessation:
Thy praise be our employ;
On earth our highest joy
Thy congregation.

578. T. 79.

DEAR Lord, my soul desireth,
In all thy word requireth,
By works to adorn thy grace:
O may my conversation
Display on each occasion
That holy mind which in thee was.

579.* T. 68.

WHILE we take our seat
At the Master's feet,
Urg'd by love, we in our measure
His commandments keep with plea-
Doth he streng'th bestow, [sure;
We can all things do.

580. T. 14.

BESPRINKLE with thy blood my [heart,
O Jesus, Son of God;
And take away whate'er thy grace
Hath hitherto withstood.

2 Earthly affections mortify,
And carnal nature's strife;
O may I henceforth only thirst
For thee, the well of life.

3 Waters of life hence may I draw,
And never more depart:
My ardent longing is, O Lord,
Fix at this spring my heart.

4 Alas, with shame I own that oft
I've turn'd away from thee:
O let thy work, renew'd to-day,
Remain eternally.

581.* T. 79.

JESUS, thyself to us reveal,
Grant that we may not only feel
Some drawings of thy grace,
But in communion with thee live,
And daily from thy death derive
The needful strength to run our
race.

2 O let us always think thee near,
Near unto us as is the air,
Which constantly we breathe:
Thus will, from all we think or do,
To thee unfeigned praises flow:
For thine we are in life and death.

3 Jesus, thou fain wouldst have us
be [thee;
In all things more conform'd to
We're fill'd with conscious shame,
And thank thee for thy care & love;
Thy patience, which we richly prove,
Our heart-felt gratitude doth claim.

582. T. 11.

LORD, I look for grace to thee;
Meek and humble may I be,
Pride and anger put away,
Love for injuries repay.

2 May I hate a lying tongue,
Never seek another's wrong,
From all paths of fraud abstain,
And abhor unlawful gain.

3 Lord, each evil temper cure,
Banish every thought impure,
Cleanse my heart, my sins forgive;
Teach me to thy praise to live.

583. T. 16.

JESUS, by thy Holy Spirit
May we all instructed be;
Sanctify us by the merit
Of thy bless'd humanity.

2 Grant that we may love thee truly;
Lord, our thoughts & actions sway,
And to every heart more fully
Thy atoning power display.

3 Lead us so that we may honour
Thee, the Lord our righteousness,
And bring fruit to thee, the donor
Of all gospel-truth and grace.

584.* T. 23.

TO that Lord who unconstrained
Death's dire pangs for us sustained,
May we all in our small measure
Willingly give joy and pleasure.

2 May our mind and whole behaviour,
Bear resemblance to our Saviour,
And his sanctifying merit
Hallow body, soul, and spirit.

585. T. 14.

OH, that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still:
Oh, that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart:
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul has gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip,
Yet I have not forgot thy way;
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

586.* T. 590.

O THOU, whose human life for us
Did happiness obtain;
Thou who, expiring on the cross,
God's image didst regain;
Once lost it was, but is restor'd
By thy humanity;
Under thy shadow, Son of Man,
'Tis good a man to be.

587. T. 586.

HOW could I bear to be partaker
Of sinful, frail humanity,
Had not the world's almighty Maker
Become a sinless man for me?
But since my God assum'd my nature,
I gladly am a human creature;
For such his mercies are,
He takes a tender share
In all I bear.

588.* T. 244.

LORD Jesus, thy atonement
Be ever new to us;
Grant we may every moment
In spirit view thy cross:
O keep our garments pure
In the temptation-hour;
From sin's infatuation
Preserve us by thy power.

589.* T. 228.

O JESUS, were we, thro' thy grace,
In all respects form'd to thy praise,
Like thee in thought and action;
Did we but wake and sleep to thee,
Bear pain and sickness patiently,
Trusting in thy direction:
Where'er—we are.
Might, dear Saviour,—our behaviour,
Thro' thy blessing,
Always be to thee well-pleasing.

590.* T. 79.

THY law, O Lord, be my delight;
My gracious King, thy statutes write
In my untoward heart:
Thy power divine afford me grace
To love thee, and to walk thy ways,
And never from thee to depart.

591. T. 14.

I ASK not honour, pomp, or praise,
By worldly men esteem'd;
I wish from sin's deceitful ways
To feel my soul redeem'd.

2 I wish, as faithful Christians do,
Dear Lord, to live to thee,
And by my words and walk to show,
That thou hast died for me.

3 O grant me, thro' thy precious blood,
Thy gospel thus to grace;
Renew my heart, O Lamb of God,
Thus shall my works thee praise.

4 Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Arouse my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep me still awake.

592. T. 114.

GOD, who art love, the same both now and ever,
Lift up, we pray, on us thy countenance,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace divine dispense,
And give us richly to enjoy thy favour;
On us thy sanctifying grace bestow,
That in thy love and knowledge we may grow.

XXVII. HUMILITY, SIMPLICITY, AND GROWTH IN GRACE.

593.* T. 166.

THRICE happy I esteem my lot,
To feel true spirit's poverty;
This portion from the Lord I've got,
It yields content and peace to me:
He gave me this inheritance,
My soul's salvation to advance;
To him eternal thanks and praise
Be render'd for my call of grace.

2 O how exceeding rich and great
The grace of Jesus Christ appears;
He left his heavenly Father's seat,
To share our sorrows, griefs, and tears:
No worldly pomp or dignity
The sons of men in him could see,
When they the eternal Word beheld,
His Godhead in our nature veil'd.

3 For us he left his glorious throne,
A life of pain and woe he led,
Among his nation liv'd unknown,
And freely suffer'd in our stead;
That he, those who in him believe,
Might as his property receive,
Since, by his anguish, death & blood,
He reconcil'd us unto God.

4 Yea, tho' the eternal Son of God,
A man of sorrows he became,
Took on him our sins' heavy load,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame:
The Maker of creation's sphere
Did in an abject state appear,
That, by his poverty, the poor
Might be enriched evermore.

5 While here on earth no place he had,
Where he his weary head could lay,
Oft hungry, thirsty, spent, and sad,
He learnt by suffering to obey;
His meat and drink was to fulfil
His heavenly Father's holy will,
And to seek out the sons of woe,
That he to them might kindness show.

6 Say, O thou love's eternal source,
What prompted thee this step to take?—
Compassion was the mighty force;
O'er sinful man thy heart did break:
Uncall'd thou cam'st to set him free
From sin, from curse, and misery;
Yea, to enrich his fallen race
With thy salvation, joy, and grace.

7 My body and my soul combine
To laud and magnify the Lord,
My Shepherd and my Guide divine,
Who leads me by his holy Word,
Preserves me in the narrow way,
Works wonders for me day by day,
Whose staff to comfort never fails,
When any trial me assails.

8 Nought can such pleasure yield to me,
While in this vale of tears I stay,
As that his glory I shall see,
And live with him in endless day:
Ev'n here, of everlasting rest
I of a foretaste am possess'd,
While in sweet union I abide
With him, & with his chosen bride.

9 Most gladly I to others leave
Their worldly treasure, pomp, and fame;
Since of Christ's fulness I receive,
I glory only in his name:
In his reproach I freely share,
Who for my sake the cross did bear,
And joy in shame and poverty,
Since Jesus poor became for me.

594.* T. 151.

GENTLE is the coercion
Of Jesus' power and love;
Without it my exertion
Must unavailing prove:
Humbled in heart and broken,
To Christ for strength I flee;
"My grace," himself hath spoken,
"Sufficient is for thee."

2 If ask'd: "Hast thou already
In grace such progress made,
As, with steps firm and steady,
The appointed path to tread?"
I own: "I'm weak and feeble,
Alone I cannot stand;
'Tis Christ who makes me stable,
And holds me by the hand."

3 Is good in contemplation,
I on my Saviour call,
Who gave the intimation,
And worketh all in all;
The wish'd-for good effected,
His gracious help I own,
Who hath the work directed;
The praise be his alone.

595.* T. 83.

WOULD we inward peace enjoy,
We must first be poor in spirit,
At the feet of Jesus lie,
Trusting only in his merit;
Then our kind and loving Lord
Will to us his strength afford.

2 None from God so distant are,
None so sinful, none so wretched,
But they may his mercy share,
For his arms are still outstretched:
Yet we must, when we apply,
On his grace alone rely.

3 In this humble, happy frame,
And from grace to grace proceeding,
We press forward in his name,
And have cause to bless his leading;
Gladden'd by his looks of grace,
We run our appointed race.

596. T. 590.

O LORD, the contrite sinner's friend,
Most wretched should I be,
Did I not know thy precious blood
Was shed for worthless me:
Nought could console me in distress,
Or give my soul relief;
When troubles seize my anxious breast,
Nought could appease my grief.

2 O give me, Jesus, give me still
My poverty to know;
Increase my faith, may I in grace
And in thy knowledge grow:
More clearly to me manifest
The mystery of thy cross;
And for this precious pearl may I
Count all things else but dross.

597.* T. 22.

MY Saviour, that I without thee
Can nothing do, rejoices me:
For all the grace thou dost bestow,
I fain my gratitude would show.

2 Tho' weak and poor, I am thine own;
All praise is due to thee alone,
That thou, when humbly I appear
'Fore thee, in mercy drawest near.

3 When pride would stir within my breast,
I find no happiness nor rest;
But, walking in humility,
Have perfect peace and joy in thee.

4 O keep me contrite, low, & poor;
Thus shall I praise thee evermore:
Myself thrice blessed I can call,
When I am nought & thou my All.

598.* T. 14.

NONE God the Father's favour share,
Or heaven's kingdom win,
But those who little children are,
And as such enter in.

2 The high and mighty ones the Lord
Doth from their seats put down;
But to the poor doth grace afford,
And them with blessings crown.

3 O may I with submissiveness,
Dear Lord, be taught by thee;
To thee obedience show thro' grace,
And learn humility.

4 Jesus, I humbly thee implore,
Grant me thy Spirit's light,
That he may teach me evermore,
And guide my steps aright.

5 A lowly mind impart to me,
According to my prayer;
Since those who know their poverty,
To the Most High are near.

6 Thou, who in heaven art ador'd,
Dost with the contrite dwell,
Revive the humble by thy word,
The broken-hearted heal.

7 Therefore, my soul, delight no more
In this world's vanity:
Look forward; Jesus hath in store
Unfading joys for thee.

8 Lord Jesus Christ, O may I grow
In knowledge and in grace;
Grant that in me, while here below,
Thy likeness all may trace.

599. T. 11.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Clothed with humility:—

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee,
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above;
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Oh, that all may seek and find
Every good in Christ combin'd:
Him let Israel still adore;
Trust him, praise him evermore.

600.* T. 14.

HAPPY the man, whose highest good
Is Christ invariably;
He shows his love and gratitude
By true humility.

2 In weakness, power divine he gains,
He dwells in peace and rest;
And owns, with filial confidence,
"Lord, what thou dost is best;—

3 "For thou art gracious, wise, and good,
Thou know'st how help to afford,
The time when it should be bestow'd:
Thy goodness be ador'd."

601. T. 591.

LORD, I feel a carnal mind,
That hangs about me still,
Vainly tho' I strive to bind
Mine own rebellious will:
Does not haughtiness of heart
Separate my God and me?
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

2 Fain would I my Lord pursue,
Be all my Saviour taught,
Do as Jesus bids me do,
And think as Jesus thought;
But 'tis thou must change my heart,
This good gift must come from thee;
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

3 Lord, I cannot, must not rest,
Till I thy mind obtain,
Chase presumption from my breast,
And all thy mildness gain:
Give me, Lord, thy gentle heart;
Lowliness my portion be;
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

4 Let thy cross my will control;
Conform me to my guide;
In thy image mould my soul,
And crucify my pride:
Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,
Ever looking up to thee:
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

602.* T. 141.

GO, ye flattering visions,
Honours, wealth, and lusts:
He who, lowly-minded,
In our Saviour trusts,
Rich in grace, is blessed,
Freed from anxious care;
For the poor in spirit
Heaven's kingdom share.

603.* T. 16.

WHEN simplicity we cherish,
Then the soul is full of light:
But that light will quickly vanish,
When of Jesus we lose sight.

2 He who nought but Christ desireth,
He whom nothing else can cheer,
But the joy which he inspireth,
Lending to his voice an ear;—

3 Who sincerely loveth Jesus,
And upon his grace depends;
Who but willeth what him pleases,
Simply following his commands;—

4 Who to Jesus humbly cleaveth,
Pays obedience to his word,
Yea, in closest union liveth
With our Saviour, Head, & Lord;—

5 Who in Jesus Christ abideth,
And from self-dependence free,
In nought else but him confideth:
Walks in true simplicity.

6 He who is by Christ directed,
Trusting the good Shepherd's care,
From all harm will be protected,
And no danger needs to fear.

604.* T. 184.

O BLEST condition, happy living,
Which true simplicity imparts,
When we to God ourselves are giving,
And Jesus' mind rules in our hearts:
This lays our souls in deep prostration,
And fervent prayer before the throne;
Casts down each vain imagination,
Till every thought is Christ's alone.

2 That which is by the world esteemed,
A single mind counts vanity:
What 's innocent by others deemed,
Is shunn'd by true simplicity:
Because the love to things terrestrial
We must deny thro' Jesus' grace,
And, to obtain the prize celestial,
Cast off whate'er impedes our race.

3 The simple heart no care perplexes,
That robs the world of all content;
Envy nor strife his spirit vexes,
Who lives in that calm element;
He cherishes his hidden treasure,
Unruffled by the worldling's spite:
If others ask to share this pleasure,
Simplicity tastes true delight.

4 O Jesus, God of my salvation,
Thy single mind impart to me;
Root out the world's infatuation,
However keen the pain may be:
Thrice happy they who tread, unwearied,
The path of true simplicity;
They as wise virgins are prepared
To meet the Bridegroom cheerfully.

605.* T. 22.

MEEK, patient Lamb of God, impart
Thy meekness to my stubborn heart;
Grant me to keep thee full in view,
And thy example to pursue.

2 Thy blood preserve my garments clean
From every spot and stain of sin;
As a wise virgin, to prepare
For meeting thee, be all my care.

3 Bestow on me a simple mind,
To every hurtful fancy blind;
Thy meekness, true sincerity,
And needful wisdom, grant to me.

4 Thou holy, spotless Lamb of God,
My worthless heart make thy abode;
O may I in thine image grow,
And honour thee in all I do.

606. T. 106.

A SINGLE mind to me impart;
Lord, may I sordid lucre flee,
Nor set on earthly gain my heart,
Hate avarice as idolatry;
Fix my desires on things above,
Rich in possession of thy love.

2 Let neither honours, pomp, nor pride,
Nor this world's gaudy vanity,
Which draw the soul from thee aside,
Beguile me from simplicity;
May this my highest honour be,
To be esteemed, Lord, by thee.

3 Screen me in each unguarded hour,
Lord, under thy protecting care;
Preserve me from seduction's power,
Lest fleshly lusts my soul ensnare:
May I to avarice, lust, and pride,
Say, "Christ destroy'd you when he died."

607.* T. 15.

LORD, grant to me a simple mind;
By thee may I be guided,
And as thy blessed will design'd,
Have my whole course decided.

2 With this desire 'fore thee I bow,
Asham'd of my demerit;
Ah, take without exception now
My body, soul, and spirit.

608.* T. 208.

WOULD we, sinners needy,
Here on earth already
Heavenly joys possess;
Jesus nought desireth,
Or of us requireth,
For our rest and peace,
But that we like children be;
Since he all our wants redresses,
Soothes all our distresses.

609.* T. 167.

TO belong to Christ our Saviour,
Christian, what doth this imply?
Constantly to seek his favour,
Ever watching faithfully;
To implore his kind direction
Day by day in all we do;
To confide in his protection,
Freed from every earthly view.

610.* T. 151.

AMIDST this world's profaneness
May I thy truth confess;
In primitive way and plainness,
Thy servant be thro' grace:
Nor fear, nor interest ever
Cause me to turn aside,
Or my connexion sever
With thy redeemed bride.

611.* T. 69.

LEARN, church of Jesus,
By faith to him to cleave,
And in blest union
With him, thy Lord, to live,
While far—from him sojourning here.

2 Grant that sustained,
Lord, by thy mighty grace,
With love unfeigned
We our appointed race
May run,—till we the prize have won.

612.* T. 22.

CHRIST is the Vine, we branches are;
Without him we no fruit can bear:
For of ourselves we cannot grow,
He must both power & life bestow.

2 Lord, thou hast chosen us, that we
Should bear well-pleasing fruit to thee:
O make us fruitful to thy praise;
Preserve us all from barrenness.

613. T. 11.

JESUS, who for me hast died,
Grant I may in thee abide;
Set me, Lord, unto thy praise;
Water me with showers of grace.

2 Make my heart a garden fair,
Which such pleasant fruit may bear,
As affords true joy to thee,
And thy Father, constantly.

3 In thy garden here below
Water me that I may grow;
When all grace to me is giv'n,
Then transplant me into heaven.

614.* T. 10.

WOULD we by our behaviour
Show that we love our Saviour,
He only can instruct us,
And in the way conduct us.

2 Thro' his atonement's powers,
O may we bloom like flowers,
And, by his grace and blessing,
Bear fruit to him well-pleasing.

615.* T. 185.

IN thy love and knowledge, gracious Saviour,
May we more and more abound;
Thy complete atonement shall for ever
Of our doctrine be the ground:
Grant that all may, in thy word believing, [cleaving,
And to thee, the Vine, as branches
Thro' thy Father's nursing care
Fruit unto thy honour bear.

616.* T. 4.

LORD Jesus, be near,
Thou seest us here;
Unite us in heart:
Dear Lord, come and bless us, our Brother thou art.

2 Soon make us to be
Well-pleasing to thee;
'Tis time and 'tis right
To bring forth some fruit, which may yield thee delight.

3 From this very day,
We will not delay
To follow the Lamb,
To serve him with gladness, and
honour his name.

617.* T. 228.

THIS one thing needful grant to
us,
By faith to view thee on the cross,
Bleeding for our salvation;
Then, 'midst all weakness, we indeed
Shall still from grace to grace pro-
ceed,
Lord, in thy congregation:
May none—ground on
Empty notions,—or good motions,
His religion,
Without power, and life's fruition.

618. T. 228.

BE this our happy destiny,
Lord Jesus, to be one with thee;
Grant, thro' thy Spirit's leading,
That we may gain yet firmer root
In thee, and bear abundant fruit,
From grace to grace proceeding:
From thee,—daily, [ing,
Strength receiving,—to thee cleav-
Blessed Jesus;
Thus we shall show forth thy praises.

XXVIII. PATIENCE UNDER AFFLICTION, AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

619. T. 14.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage
take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

620. T. 22.

DESPONDING soul, thou need'st
not fear, [hear;
Since God thy every prayer doth
In his own time he 'll surely grant,
As he thinks fit, what thou dost
want;
2 For he thy case doth understand;
Himself will take thy cause in hand:
The scale will turn, & thou shalt be
Asham'd of thy anxiety.

621.* T. 151.

IS God my strong Salvation,
No enemy I fear:
He hears my supplication,
Dispelling all my care:
If he, my Head and Master,
Defend me from above,
What pain, or what disaster,
Can part me from his love?

2 Of this I am persuaded,
With joy I can declare,
His love to me ne'er faded,
He listens to my prayer;
He aid to me dispenses,
He stands at my right hand;
Yea, when a storm advances,
'Tis calm at his command.

3 The ground of my profession,
Is Jesus and his blood;
He gives me the possession
Of everlasting good:
Myself, and whatsoever
Is mine, I cannot trust;
The gifts of Christ, my Saviour,
Remain my only boast.

4 My Jesus and his merit
Are all my aim and care;
Were he not with my spirit,
Ah, I should soon despair:

To appear 'fore my Creator
I never could desire;
He to my fallen nature
Would prove consuming fire.

5 'Tis Jesus Christ, who taketh
Away sin, death, and woe,
And by his blood he maketh
Each spot as white as snow;
Free from that condemnation,
Which sinners else must find,
I joy in his salvation
With an embolden'd mind.

6 His Spirit is the sovereign
Possessor of my heart;
There he alone shall govern,
And slavish fear depart;
He gives his benediction,
Yea, helpeth me to cry
Abba, when in affliction,
With child-like ferveney.

7 His Spirit cheers my spirit
With many a precious word,
That I shall joy inherit,
By trusting in the Lord;
Since, after tribulation,
All those who Jesus love,
Have that blest expectation,
To live with him above.

8 Should earth lose its foundation,
He stands my lasting rock;
No temporal desolation
Shall give my love a shock:
I'll cleave to Christ my Saviour,
No object, small or great,
Nor height, nor depth, shall ever
Me from him separate.

622.* T. 199.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help in time of need;
Our shield, our strength, and hiding-place, [indeed:
Our hope, and trust, a Friend
Behold the Enemy,
O how enrag'd is he;
Much cunning and great might,
Most dreadful make his spite;
On earth his equal is not found.

2 Man's boasted strength is weakness here, [vain;
His reason's powers oppose in
But one to save us shall appear,
By whom the victory we gain:
And dost thou ask his name?
'Tis Jesus Christ, the same
Known Lord of hosts to be;
There is no God but He;
And by his blood we overcome.

3 Yea, if the world with devils swarm'd,
In fiery ranks and fierce array,
We fear them not; by faith we're arm'd; [day:
With Christ we're sure to win the
Thus Satan we defy,
Nor dread his tyranny;
The great Accuser's cast;
The Tempter's power is past;
One word of Christ can lay him low.

623. T. 14.

GOD is my Saviour, and my light,
Why should I be dismay'd?
'Tis he defends my life; of whom
Then need I be afraid?

2 Hear my requests, O Lord, & give
An answer full of grace:
Thy face thou bidst me seek, and I
Reply: "I'll seek thy face."

3 Lord, do not in displeasure hide
Thyself, nor me reject;
The aid which I have had before,
From thee I still expect.

4 Wait still on God, my soul, from
All needful strength derive; [him
Tho' he delay, he will, at length,
The fainting heart revive.

624.* T. 159.

LOOK up, my soul, to Christ thy joy,
With a believing mind;
With all the ills which thee annoy,
The way to Jesus find:
Here in this world thou hast no home,
Nor lasting joy; to Jesus come,
He is the pearl of greatest price,
Who all thy wants supplies.

2 Steadfast in faith to Jesus cleave,
His faithfulness review,
And every burden with him leave,
Whose love is daily new:
His ways with thee are just & right,
He puts thy enemies to flight:
However threatening they appear,
Take courage, he is near.

3 Thy closet enter, pray, and sigh,
To Jesus tell thy grief;
His ear is open to thy cry,
His hand, to give relief:
Tho' men forsake thee, hate, and grieve,
Thy Saviour thee will never leave,
His word is pass'd, he'll aid afford;
Rely upon the Lord.

4 Lift up thy heart to him on high,
And leave this sordid earth;
Behold, with a believing eye,
God's excellence and worth:
Devote thy life, thy all, to him,
Who did thy soul from death redeem,
In love to thee the cross endur'd,
And life for thee procur'd.

5 Arise, and seek the things above;
Let heaven be all thy aim,
Where Jesus dwells in bliss & love,
And earth, and sin, disclaim:
The world, and all its empty joy,
His potent breath will once destroy;
Abiding rest, and peace of mind,
In Christ alone we find.

625. T. 590.

SINCE we can't doubt God's equal love,
Unmeasurably kind,
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resign'd;
Good, when he gives, supremely good;
Nor less, when he denies;
Ev'n crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

2 Whate'er I ask, I surely know,
And steadfastly believe,
He will the thing desired bestow,
Or else a better give:
To thee I therefore, Lord, submit
My every fond request,
And own, adoring at thy feet,
Thy will is always best.

626. T. 591.

IF to Jesus for relief
My soul hath fled by prayer,
Why should I give way to grief,
Or heart-consuming care?
Are not all things in his hand,
Has he not his promise pass'd?
Will he then regardless stand,
And let me sink at last?

2 While I know, his providence
Disposeth each event;
Shall I judge by feeble sense,
And yield to discontent?
If he worms and sparrows feed,
Clothe the grass in rich array;
Can he see a child in need,
And turn his eye away?

3 When his name was quite unknown,
And sin my life employ'd;
Then he watch'd me as his own,
Or I had been destroy'd:
Now his mercy-seat I know,
Now by grace I 'm reconcil'd;
Would he spare me while a foe,
To leave me when a child?

4 If he all my wants supplied,
When I disdain'd to pray;
Now his Spirit is my guide,
How can he answer nay?
If he would not give me up,
When my soul against him fought;
Will he disappoint the hope,
Which he himself hath wrought?

5 If he shed his precious blood,
To bring me to his fold;
Can I think, that meaner good
He will from me withhold?
Vain is Satan's each device,
Here my hope rests well assur'd;
In that great redemption-price
I see the whole secur'd.

627. T. 22.

WHO can condemn, since Christ hath died?
I by his blood am justified:
He ever lives to intercede,
And sends me help in time of need.

2 What can from Christ me separate?
Shall trials, howsoever great,
Shall tribulation, or distress,
Shall peril, sword, or nakedness?—

3 O no, I shall in all things prove
Conqueror thro' him who me did love;
My Lord obtain'd the victory,
Sufficient is his grace for me.

4 O love unbounded, refuge sure,
My helpless soul now lives secure:
Long as in thee, O Lord, I trust,
I know I never shall be lost.

628. T. 590.

NO more, with trembling heart, I try
A multitude of things,
Still wishing to find out the source
From whence salvation springs:
My anchor 's cast, cast on a ground,
Where I shall ever rest
From all the labour of my thoughts,
And workings of my breast.

2 What is my anchor? if you ask:
"A hungry, helpless mind,
Diving, with misery for its weight,
Till firmest grace it find:"
What is my ground? "'Tis Jesus Christ,
Whom faithless eyes pass o'er;
Yet here all sinners anchor may,
And ne'er be shaken more."

629. T. 14.

HOW happy we, when guilt is gone;
This alters our whole frame:
The same occasions still come on,
But we are not the same.

2 The load which caus'd us anxious care,
No more can weigh us down;
For Christ the burden helps to bear,
We bear it not alone.

3 While we at honest labour toil,
Our hearts may be at ease;
For if our Saviour on us smile,
In trouble we have peace.

4 Sick outwardly, or in distress,
We may be, 'tis confess'd:
But the believer, ne'ertheless
In trials finds he 's bless'd.

5 Have we thro' dangerous paths to rove,
The shades of death to pass;
Our shield eternal is his love,
Our light his glorious face.

6 O Lord, we can rely on thee,
We bless thy secret hand;
Thou between us and misery
Of every kind dost stand.

630. T. 22.

WHEN by adversity I 'm tried,
In God, my rock, I will confide;
'Midst trials, whatsoe'er they be,
Rely on his fidelity.

2 I 'll trust my great physician's skill,
Resign'd obey his blessed will; [fit,
For each disease he knows what 's
He 's wise and good, and I submit.

3 Altho' his medicine cause me smart,
And wound me in the tenderest part,
It is with a design to cure:
I must and will his touch endure.

4 Lord Jesus Christ, afford me grace,
In every trial thee to praise;
O let thy sacred will be mine,
To thee myself I now resign.

631. T. 14.

O THOU, whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here.

2 O grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's supremest gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The very hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

632. T. 205.

'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil,
These spring up & choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a cast-away?
Worldlings may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

633. T. 166.

'MIDST stormy days & nights of fear,
My anxious soul on thee would rest:
My Jesus, when wilt thou draw near,
To heal the sorrows of my breast?
O Saviour, till my tearful eye
Shall draw from thee the promis'd peace;
Until these waves of misery,
At thine almighty word shall cease;—

2 Till then, though clouds inclose me round,
And darkness hide thee from my sight;
Mine ear shall listen for the sound
Of thy dear footsteps in the night:
Thus, waiting, till the morn appear,
When thou upon my soul shalt rise,
And with sweet words of promise cheer,
And heal my wounds and dry my eyes.

634. T. 590.

WHAT tremblings seize the traveller's soul,
Beneath the darkening sky,
While awful thunders round him roll,
And lightning flashes nigh:
Soon as the sun again is view'd,
The clouds are all dispers'd,
The face of nature is renew'd,
Joys on the pilgrim burst.

2 While passing thro' this shadow'd vale,
To yonder blissful land,
Black storms & tempests us assail,
O'er which we've no command:
Unerring Wisdom thus permits
His children to be tried;
But he that to God's will submits,
With strength shall be supplied.

3 Afflicted souls, await the end
Appointed by your God;
From him deliverance shall descend,
With great increase of good:
Whate'er the dispensation be,
Which he to send finds meet,
His aim accomplish'd, each shall see
For him it was most fit.

4 By Christ we're screen'd with tender care
From vain and worldly noise:
Ye who God's happy children are,
Can in the Lord rejoice,
And walk in union with your God,
Who is your nearest friend,
Upon life's rough and dangerous road,
In safety to the end.

635. T. 167.

HERE, in constant, quick succession,
Bright and gloomy days are seen;
Yonder, without variation,
Skies unclouded and serene:
Sufferings here are transitory;
Light are ev'n the most severe,
Set against the weight of glory,
Which awaits the conqueror there.

2 Tho' by threatening storms surrounded,
Or oppress'd by pain and grief,
This poor heart is not confounded;
For in God I find relief:
On his powerful arm reclining,
I affliction's load sustain,
Bear the cross without repining,
Till the glorious crown I gain.

636. T. 14.

HOW condescending 'tis, that He,
Who worlds to being spake,
One promise unto worthless me
Should ever deign to make.

2 Yet countless are his promises,
And who can doubt his truth?
He'll lead me on throughout my race,
To hoary hairs from youth.

3 What is his covenant of love?
A covenant firm and sure;
Hills may depart, and mountains move,
And yet it shall endure.

4 'Tis, that the kindness of our God
Shall ne'er from us depart,
That equally his smile, or rod,
Displays his loving heart;—

5 That He will guide us, whom no power,
Nor craft, can e'er withstand,
That not temptation's darkest hour
Shall wrest us from his hand;—

6 That truth and mercy, while we've breath,
Shall compass us around,
And that with him shall after death
Our glorious lot be found.

7 In all distress to him I'll cry,
I'll humbly trust his word;
Nothing I ask will he deny;
For is he not my Lord?

8 O the rich blessings which accrue
To all who love his name:
His gifts are every morning new,
His bounty still the same.

637.* T. 212.

THE will of God is always best,
His will be done for ever;
Those who confide in him are blest,
And prove his love and favour:
He helps indeed, in time of need,
Not willingly he grieveth:
Those who depend—on God, their friend,
He never, never leaveth.

2 His comforts daily me sustain,
He lends me his assistance;
To what he doth for me ordain
I'll yield without resistance:
True is his word,—that ev'n my hairs
The Lord in mercy numbers;
He guards, and wakes,—care of me takes,
And all my wants remembers.

638.* T. 79.

AS thy will, O my Saviour,
Unto thy Father's ever
Was subject and resign'd;
Grant that, in deep subjection,
To follow thy direction
I may be cheerfully inclin'd.

2 I'll spare all needless thinking,
Nor shall my mind be shrinking
Concerning what may be;
May I in each proceeding
Submit to thy wise leading,
That thou 'rt my all suffices me.

639. T. 9.

WHAT, my soul, should bow thee down?
Perils or temptation?—
Is not Christ upon the throne
Still thy strong salvation?

2 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Thy almighty Saviour;
He who death for thee endur'd,
Surely will deliver.

3 Mention to him every want,
Yea, whate'er may grieve thee;
If for comfort thou dost pant,
Jesus will relieve thee.

4 Turn, my soul, unto thy rest,
Quickly turn to Jesus;
In his presence thou art blest,
He to thee is gracious.

5 Mourn whene'er thou hast forgot
Him, whose great compassion
Never fails, whose blood hath bought
Thy complete salvation.

6 Earthly things do not regard,
Trust in Jesus' favour;
He will be thy great reward,
And thy shield for ever.

640.* T. 16.

STORMS of trouble may assail us,
Yea, life's vessel overwhelm;
Yet no danger need appal us,
If our Saviour guide the helm.

2 If with willing resignation,
Free from care, we acquiesce
In his ways, his consolation
Will alleviate our distress.

3 God is mighty to deliver,
None his power can withstand:
In all trials whatsoever,
He will be our gracious friend.

4 When his hour strikes for relieving,
Help breaks forth amazingly,
And, to shame our anxious grieving,
Often unexpectedly.

641. T. 11.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Thou didst form me in the womb,
Thou wilt guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by thy wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury, and wealth;
Times of trial, and of grief;
Times of triumph, and relief;—

4 Times, temptation's power to prove;
Times, to taste the Saviour's love;
All is fix'd,—the means, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

5 Plagues and death around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

642. T. 96.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experience'd every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts, and treasures up, my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deeciv'd by those I priz'd too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By those that shar'd his daily bread.

4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit [dies;
Yet He, who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry.
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And oh, when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died;
Then, point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

643.* T. 83.

MY Redeemer knoweth me,
Both in joy and in affliction;
O my soul, now joyful be,
Trust thy Shepherd's kind direction:
His own sheep he knows by name,
And to bless them is his aim.

2 Unexampled is that love,
By which we're with him connected;
If we aught distressing prove,
Jesus is thereby affected:
We his watchful love and care
In all trials richly share.

644.* T. 142.

O FOUNTAIN eternal of life and of light, [seek it aright,
Where all find refreshment, who
Pure spring of salvation,
And true consolation,
From God's holy temple thy living stream rolls,
Whose waters flow ample for all thirsty souls.

2 Let him that is thirsty, encouraging call, [for all;
Now drink of the waters abounding
See where the glad river
Flows full from the Giver;
All ye who are ailing, and needy, draw nigh, [wants will supply.
This well-spring ne'er-failing your

3 Here come I, my Shepherd, athirst after thee, [plea;
In mercy receive me, for mercy's my
The word thou hast spoken
Can never be broken;
Thou know'st I am needy and greatly distress'd,
Thou callest the weary to come and find rest.

4 Thou River of life dost refresh heart and mind,
Those whom thou enrichest eternal good find:
Amidst tribulation
The cup of salvation
I take; thus with gladness inspired by thee,
All sorrow and sadness far distant must flee.

5 I plead thy rich promise, O give me to drink: [would sink
With fervour of spirit I wholly
Into thy love's ocean;
O let true devotion
My heart be impelling still onward to move
To Zion thy dwelling, the city of love.

6 Should bitter be mix'd with the sweet of my cup, [give up:
O grant me with joy all self-will to
The cup of dire sorrows,
Which thou didst drink for us,
To thine thou dost offer in this world of pain;
With thee they here suffer, with thee they shall reign.

7 O therefore, Lord Jesus, permit me to rest,
Where saints are no longer by suffering oppress'd;
Where joys beyond measure,
And fulness of pleasure,
In glory transcendent the conquerors share,
And where crowns resplendent the faithful shall wear.

645. T. 585.

O MY soul, what means this sadness,
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus :||:
And rejoice in his great name.

2 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee
From without, and from within,
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful :||:
To perform his gracious word.

3 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise him, :||:
Praise the dear Redeemer's name.

646. T. 22.

BE still, my heart, these anxious cares [snares;
To thee are burdens, thorns, and
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far, [care?
Why wilt thou now give place to
How canst thou want, if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst thy all to him commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble thee befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise pass'd,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 He that hath help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey thro',
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads me home, apace, to God;
I count my present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

647. T. 39.

BEGONE, unbelief; for my Saviour is near, [pear;
And for my relief he will surely ap-
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform; [the storm.
With Christ in the vessel I smile at

2 Tho' dark be my way, yet since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, and 'tis his to provide; [tures all fail,
Tho' cisterns be broken, and crea-
The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.

3 His love in times past me forbiddeth to think, [sink;
He'll leave me at last unrelieved to
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review, [me quite through.
Confirms his good pleasure to help

4 Why should I complain then of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? for he told me no less; [his word,
The heirs of salvation, I know from
Thro' much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5 How bitter the cup none can ever conceive,
Which Jesus drank up, that poor sinners might live:
His way was much rougher and darker than mine; [pine?
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I re-

6 Since all that I meet with shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet and the medicine is food:
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

648. T. 89.

YES, since God himself hath said it,
On his promise I rely;
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbelief reply?
He is strong, and can fulfil,
He is truth, and therefore will.

2 In my Saviour's intercession
Humbly still I will confide;
Lord, accept my free confession,
I have sinn'd, but thou hast died:
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

649. T. 244.

NONE e'er shall be ashamed,
Who wait upon the Lord;
Their shield, and rock, he 's named,
Who build upon his word:
He stands their constant friend,
On whom they can depend
With confidence unshaken,
To keep them to the end.

650.* T. 195.

DOTH our gracious Saviour,
In so many evils,
Which the foe at Christians levels,
Kindly guard and keep us;
Ah, how should we bless him,
And before the world confess him:
Love should so—ardent glow,
As to make us ever
Cleave to Christ our Saviour.

651.* T. 90.

THRICE happy is the feeble soul
Whose strength is only in his God:
The fiercest powers he can control
By faith in Jesus' precious blood;
In combat can maintain the field,
Because Jehovah is his shield.

652. T. 79.

THAT I am thine, my Lord and God,
Ransom'd and sprinkled with thy blood,
Repeat that word once more,
With such an energy and light,
That this world's flattery nor spite,
To shake me ever may have power.

2 From various cares my heart retires;
Tho' deep and boundless its desires,
I 'm now to please but One,
Him, before whom the Elders bow,
With him is all my business now,
And with the souls that are his own.

3 This is my joy which ne'er can fail,
To see my Saviour's arm prevail,
To mark the steps of grace;
How new-born souls, convinc'd of sin,
Yet by his precious blood made clean,
Extol his name in every place.

4 With these my happy lot is cast.
Thro' the world's deserts rude and waste,
Or thro' its gardens fair;
Whether the storm of malice sweeps,
Or all in dead supineness sleeps,
Still to go on be all my care.

5 See the dear sheep, by Jesus drawn,
In blest simplicity move on;
They trust his Shepherd-crook:
Beholders many faults will find,
But they can tell their Saviour's mind,
Content, if written in his book.

6 O all ye just, ye rich, ye wise,
Who Christ's atoning sacrifice
Deem foolishness, and slight,
Grant but I may, (the rest's your own,)
In shame and poverty sit down
At this one well-spring of delight.

7 Indeed, had Jesus ne'er been slain,
Or could aught make his ransom
That it avail'd no more; vain,
Were his unbounded mercy fled,
Were he no more the church's Head,
Nor Lord of all, as heretofore;—

8 Then, so refers my state to him,
Unwarranted I must esteem
And wretched all I do;
Ah, my heart throbs, and seizeth fast
That covenant which will ever last,
It knows, it knows these things are true.

9 Yes, my dear Lord, in following
Not in the dark, uncertainly, thee,
This foot obedient moves;
'Tis with a Brother and a King,
Who many to his yoke will bring,
Who ever lives, and ever loves.

10 Now, then, my Way, my Truth, my Life,
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt, and strife,
Drop off like autumn leaves;
Henceforth, as privileged by thee,
Simple and undistracted be
My soul, which to thy sceptre cleaves.

11 Let me my weary mind recline
On that eternal love of thine,
And human thoughts forget:
Child-like attend what thou wilt say,
Go forth and do it, while 'tis day,
Yet never leave my safe retreat.

12 At all times to my spirit bear
An inward witness, strong and clear,
Of thy redeeming power;
This will instruct thy child aright,
This will impart the needful light,
For exigence of every hour.

13 Now, then, the sequel is well weigh'd,
I cast myself upon thy aid,
A sea where none can sink;
Yea, thereon I depend, poor worm,
Believing that thou wilt perform
Beyond whate'er I ask or think.

653. T. 22.

GOD of my life, on thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall; [vail,
When the great water-floods pre-
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint, [plaint?
Where should I lodge my deep com-
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Doth not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer, [God,
But a prayer-hearing, answering
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

654.* T. 79.

JESUS, our Guardian, Guide, and Friend,
Now thy protecting wings extend,
Thy children save from harm;
Would Satan seek us to devour,
Against his malice, craft, and power,
Defend us by thy outstretch'd arm.

655.* T. 208.

JESUS, source of gladness,
Comfort in all sadness,
Thou canst end my grief;
While for thy salvation
I with expectation
Wait, I find relief:
Slaughter'd Lamb,--thy saving name
Yields to me far greater pleasure
Than all worldly treasure.

2 God is my salvation,
Joy, and consolation;
With the world I've done;
To pride's vain pretension
I pay no attention,
Avarice, I disown;
Perils, loss,--shame, death, and cross,
Sufferings e'er so keen, shall never
Me from Jesus sever.

3 If the Lord protect me,
Sin cannot infect me,
Nought can do me harm;
Although Satan rageth,
Christ the storm assuageth
By his mighty arm:
Would the foe—his malice show,
Since Christ is my strength and
I dread not his power. [tower,

4 Gloomy thoughts must vanish,
Jesus must replenish
Me with heavenly peace;
Who the Saviour loveth,
By experience proveth
Grief is chang'd to bliss:
Tho' I here—reproach must bear,
Yet he turneth all my sadness
Into joy and gladness.

656.* T. 22.

JESUS, my All, my highest good,
Who hast redeem'd me with thy blood,
When confidence in thee I place,
My soul is fill'd with joy and peace.

2 Where should I turn, or how thee leave?
Jesus, to thee my mind doth cleave;
With thee my heart hath always found
True counsel, comfort, help abound.

3 All who abide in faith and love,
This truth in their experience prove,
That none who simply put their trust
In Jesus Christ, can e'er be lost.

4 None can be so o'erwhelm'd with grief,
But they in Christ may find relief;
All misery, howsoever great,
His comforts can alleviate.

5 Jesus, my only God and Lord.
What comfort does thy name afford;
No friend on earth can ever be
For faithfulness compar'd with thee.

6 Were health, and strength, and friends withdrawn,
Were every earthly comfort gone,
If I have thee, I have ev'n here
What me eternally can cheer.

7 O Lord, preserve me sound in faith,
Thine let me be in life and death;
May nothing pluck me from thy hand,
Lead me in safety to the end.

657.* T. 234.

JESUS, my All, my soul's best Friend,
To thee myself I now deliver;
Whate'er comes from thy faithful hand. [ever.
How hard it be, how strange so-
I'll take it with a passive heart;
And tho' I cannot shout for gladness,
But keenly feel affliction's dart,
O may I not be sunk in sadness:
May I with cheerfulness
In thy ways acquiesce,
Nor murmur at thy dispensation;
But simply trusting thee,
On thy fidelity
Depend with humble resignation.

658.* T. 583.

AT last he's bless'd who by the Saviour's blood
Was cleans'd while here, and made an heir of God;
Ev'n now the acceptable year draws nigh. [into joy.
The day which turns our sorrows

2 At last God's servants ceaseless joy shall reap,
Who, bearing precious seed, go forth and weep;
If they 'midst suffering faithful here abide, [fied.
They shall with Jesus there be glori-

3 My soul, tho' here by various trials prov'd,
Believe that by thy Saviour thou art lov'd:
Submit thy will to his; with patience wait;
He soon to perfect bliss will thee translate.

659.* T. 189.

WHO overcometh shall abide for ever [grace,
A pillar in God's temple, thro' his
Adorned with the name of God our Saviour,
And of Jerusalem his chosen place:
Lord, make the feeble
Watchful and able,
That they be stable,
And victory gain.

660.* T. 68.

THANKS for ever be,
Jesus, unto thee,
That thy strength doth us enable
To adhere to thee, tho' feeble;
That thou hear'st our prayers,
And regard'st our tears.

661. T. 591.

TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Thence I draw divine supplies,
My soul new vigour fills:
Faithful is his promis'd word,
Help, while yet I ask, is giv'n;
Giv'n by him, the sovereign Lord,
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 Not the powers of earth or hell
Thy Guardian can surprise;
Careless slumber cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes:
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all his care shall prove;
Kept by watchful Providence
And ever-waking love.

3 Thee, on evil's scorching day,
The sun shall never smite;
Thee, the moon's malignant ray
Shall never blast by night:
Safe from known or secret foes,
Free from sin and Satan's thrall,
God, when flesh, earth, hell oppose
Shall keep thee safe from all.

662. T. 205.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound.
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

XXIX. PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

663.* T. 235.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

LORD God, thy praise we sing,
To thee our thanks we bring:
Both heaven and earth do worship
Thou Father of eternity: [thee,
To thee all angels loudly cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
Cherubs and seraphs thee proclaim,
And cry thrice holy to thy name:
Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
The Lord of Sabaoth.

With splendour of thy glory spread
Are heaven and earth replenished:
The apostles' glorious company,
The prophets' fellowship praise thee:
The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast:
The holy church, in every place
Throughout the earth, exalts thy praise.

Thee, Father, God on heaven's throne,
Thy only and beloved Son,
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The church doth worship and revere.

O Christ, thou glorious King, we own
Thee to be God's eternal Son:
Thou, undertaking in our room,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb:
The pains of death o'ercome by thee,
Made heaven to all believers free:
At God's right hand thou hast thy seat,
And in thy Father's glory great;
And we believe the day 's decreed,
When thou shalt judge the quick and dead.

Promote, we pray, thy servants' good,
Redeem'd with thy most precious blood;
Among thy saints make us ascend
To glory that shall never end:
Thy people with salvation crown,
Bless those, O Lord, that are thine own:
Govern thy church, and, Lord, advance
For ever thine inheritance.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honour thee:
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore:
Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day:
O Lord, have mercy on us all;
Have mercy on us when we call:
Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
According to our confidence:
Lord, we have put our trust in thee,
Confounded let us never be. Amen.

664. T. 591.

MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with one accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal praise be thine.

2 Vying with the heavenly choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love:
Thee, they sing, with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb:
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

3 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die:
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify:
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is chang'd for heaven.

665.* T. 583.

TO thee, the Lord of all, I 'll humbly sing,
To thee, my Maker, glad thank-[offerings bring;
But how can language worthily display
Thy lauds, or to thy name due homage pay?—

2 I 've nought to give, for all I have is thine:
Thine are my soul and body, and not mine;
My reasoning powers, my health, my daily food,
Are all thy gifts, and show that thou art good.

3 Am I a vessel unto honour made,
'Tis all the work of love unmerited,
Not for my righteousness; but mercy free
Redeem'd my soul from sin and misery.

4 Now, while on earth I stay, to thee I 'll live,
And to thy name alone the glory [give,
Till I with all thy saints my voice shall raise,
And join in everlasting songs of [praise.

666.* T. 132.

ALL glory to the sovereign Good,
And Father of compassion,
To God, our help, and sure abode,
Whose gracious visitation
Renews his blessings every day,
And takes our griefs and fears away:
Give to our God the glory.

2 The heavenly hosts with awe show forth
The praise of their Creator:
All creatures both in heaven and earth,
Whate'er exists in nature,
Speak their divine Original,
Impress'd most wisely on them all:
Give to our God the glory.

3 What is created by our God
Enjoys his preservation;
And he extends o'er all abroad
His fatherly compassion:
Throughout the kingdom of his grace
Prevail his truth and righteousness:
Give to our God the glory.

4 In my distress I rais'd with faith
To God my supplication;
My Saviour rescu'd me from death,
And gave me consolation;
This makes me with both heart and voice
Before the God of grace rejoice:
Give to our God the glory.

5 The Lord hath ever to his flock
Kept without separation;
He doth abide our shield, and rock,
Our peace, and our salvation;
He leads us with a mother's care,
Protects from danger, guards from fear:
Give to our God the glory.

6 Yea, when all creatures here deny
Their help and consolation,
Our great Creator then is nigh
With succour and compassion,
And sets the humble souls at rest,
That live forsaken, and oppress'd:
Give to our God the glory.

7 As long as I have breath in me
I will sound forth his praises:
His precious saving name shall be
Exalted in all places:
My heart, with all thy strength adore
The God of grace, the God of power,
And give him all the glory.

8 Ye who profess his sacred name,
Give to our God the glory:
Ye who his power know and proclaim,
Give to our God the glory:
Rejoice, from all vain idols freed,
The Lord is God, is God indeed:
Give to our God the glory.

9 Now then before his face appear,
With praises and thanksgiving;
With awe his holy name revere,
And join with all the living,
To extol the wonders he hath wrought,
His mighty deeds, surpassing [thought:
Give to our God the glory.

667.* T. 14.

I 'LL praise thee with my heart and tongue,
O Lord, my soul's delight,
Declaring to the world in song
Thy glory, praise, and might.

2 Thou art the eternal source of grace,
The source of lasting bliss;
From thee unto the human race
Flows all true happiness.

3 What are we? what do we possess,
While here on earth below,
Which thy great love and tenderness
Do not on us bestow?

4 Who spread the lofty firmament
And starry skies around?
Who makes the dew and rain descend
To fructify the ground?—

5 Who doth preserve our life and health,
Our ease and safe abode?
Who doth secure our peace and wealth?—
Our ever-gracious God.

6 On thee, almighty Lord of hosts,
Depend our life and all;
Thou keepest watch around our coasts,
Protecting great and small.

7 Thy chastisements are nought but love:
When we our sins confess,
We thy forgiveness richly prove;
'Tis thy delight to bless.

8 Thou count'st thy children's sighs and tears,
When they before thee mourn;
No tear too mean to thee appears
To put into thine urn.

9 Thou, when we sink oppress'd with grief,
Dost us with pity view,
Administ'ring thy kind relief,
And lasting comfort too.

10 Why need we mourn as in despair,
And grieve both day and night?
On him we 'll cast our every care,
Who gave us life and light.

11 Has he not tended us and fed,
Ev'n from our earliest days;
Our souls with loving-kindness led
Through many dangerous ways?

12 God never yet mistakes hath made
In his vast government;
No, what he doth permit or aid
Is bless'd in the event.

13 Then murmur not, but be resigned
To his most holy will;
Peace, rest, and comfort thou wilt find,
My soul, in being still.

668.* T. 227.

NOW unite to render praises
To Jehovah, to our God, and magnify
His great name in all your places,
Ye his people, ye who are his property:
For his goodness, love, and favour,
To his children last for ever;
He is full of truth and grace,
Pardoning all our trespasses:
Still his name by you be praised,
Who are seed to Abram raised,
Out of every tribe and nation:
Give him glory, give him thanks and adoration.

2 Yea, with joy ourselves addressing
To our gracious heavenly Father, we 'll proclaim
His great mercy without ceasing,
Join with angels to exalt his glorious name:
They, adoring on their faces,
With thrice "Holy" sing his praises;
We too will extol the name
Of our God and of the Lamb:
Be his glory ever sounded,
And his works, which are unbounded;
We, his ransom'd congregation,
Thank and praise him for our blessed destination.

3 To the throne go undismayed,
Go with boldness, and approach
the mercy-seat;
Since, from God in Christ displayed,
Nought but goodness, grace, and
favour you can meet:
Full of love, he longs to bless us,
And is ready to embrace us;
Yea, to give his flesh and blood
To us as our highest good;
To his table we 're invited,
And thro' grace with him united,
So that nought which may await us,
Can from Jesus and his love e'er
separate us.

He hath now his Godhead's treasure [stores enough,
To the needy open'd, and has
Therefore 'tis his sovereign pleasure,
That no sinner, that not one
should stand aloof:
Each may take, as were he named,
Grace for grace, nor stand ashamed;
Hungry souls who but believe,
Of his fulness may receive;
And his fulness never ceases,
Our enjoyment still increases:
Hence we drink in richest measure
From life's fountain draughts of
unexhausted pleasure.

5 These our faltering lays, dear Saviour, [ful hearts express,
Which, tho' feeble, yet our grate-
Condescend to accept in favour,
Till in glory we shall see thee face
to face:
Then for all thy works our praises
Shall resound in heavenly places;
There we shall to thee, our King,
Joyful Hallelujahs sing:
Now from everything in nature
Praise be given to the Creator,
And our lives and whole demeanour
To Jehovah, to our God, give praise
and honour.

669.* T. 195.

GOD reveals his presence;
Let us now adore him,
And with awe appear before him:
God is in his temple,
All in us keep silence,
And before him bow with reverence:
Him alone—God we own;
He 's our Lord and Saviour:
Praise his name for ever.

2 God reveals his presence
Whom the angelic legions
Serve with awe in heavenly re-
Holy, holy, holy, [gions:
Sing the hosts of heaven;
Praise to God be ever given:
Condescend—to attend
Graciously, O Jesus,
To our songs and praises.

3 O majestic Being,
Were but soul and body
Thee to serve at all times ready:
Might we, like the angels
Who behold thy glory,
With abasement sink before thee,
And thro' grace—be always,
In our whole demeanour
To thy praise and honour.

4 Grant us resignation,
Hearts before thee bowed,
With thy peace divine endowed
As a tender flower
Opens and inclineth
To the cheering sun which shineth:
So may we—be from thee
Rays of grace deriving,
And thereby be thriving.

5 Lord, come dwell within us,
While on earth we tarry;
Make us thy blest sanctuary:
O vouchsafe thy presence;
Draw unto us nearer,
And reveal thyself still clearer:
Us direct—and protect,
Thus we in all places
Shall show forth thy praises.

670.* T. 341.

THOU, Jesus, art our King;
Thy ceaseless praise we sing:
Praise shall our glad tongues employ,
Praise o'erflow the grateful soul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.

2 Thou art the eternal Light,
That shines in deepest night:
Wondering gaz'd the angelic train,
While thou bow'dst the heavens
beneath,
God with God wast man with man,
Man to save from endless death.

3 Thou for our griefs didst mourn,
Thou hast our sickness borne:
All our sins on thee were laid;
Thou with unexampled grace
All the mighty debt hast paid
Due from Adam's helpless race.

4 Thou hast o'erthrown the foe,
God's kingdom fix'd below:
Conqueror of all adverse power,
Thou heaven's gates hast open'd wide;
Thou thine own dost lead secure,
And to life eternal guide.

5 Above the starry sky
Thou reign'st, enthron'd on high;
Prostrate at thy feet we fall:
Power supreme to thee is giv'n,
As the righteous Judge of all,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

6 The seraphim in light
To sound thy praise unite;
All their choirs thy glories sing:
Who shall dare with thee to vie,
Mighty Lord, eternal King,
Sovereign both of earth and sky?

7 The venerable train,
Patriarchs, first-born of men,
And the Apostles of the Lamb,
By whose strength they faithful prov'd,
Join to extol his sacred name
Whom in life and death they lov'd.

8 The church, thro' all her bounds,
With thy high praise resounds:
The confessors fearless, here,
Boldly praise their heavenly King:
Children's feebler voices, there,
To thy name hosannas sing.

9 'Midst danger's blackest frown
Thee hosts of martyrs own:
Pain and shame alike they dare,
Firmly trusting in their God;
Glorying thy cross to bear,
Sealing thus their faith with blood.

10 Arise, exert thy power,
Thou glorious Conqueror:
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to close our race;
That, with thee, above the skies,
Endless joys we may possess.

671. T. 79.

JESUS, the whole creation's Head,
Lord of the living and the dead,
Endless thy glories shine:
Thy blood-bought church in mercy throne,
The church, assembled round thy own;
Or pilgrims here, we all are thine.

2 Pilgrims on earth, we here may rest,
The sparrow here hath found a nest,
Thine altars, O Lord God:
For all thy blessings and thy care,
Our gratitude in praise and prayer
Shall still ascend to thine abode.

3 Ye spirits of the just above,
With Christ now perfected in love,
Once our companions here;
In higher strains join us to sing
Blessing and honour to our King,
Till he in glory shall appear.

4 Hail, Lamb once slain, thy precious blood
Hath brought us sinners nigh to God,
Worthy art thou alone:
Accept, O Lord, Ancient of days,
Thy universal church's praise,
Here, and around thy glorious throne.

672.* T. 101.

THANKSGIVING, honour, praise, and might,
Unto the Lamb of God be render'd,
Who brought us to his kingdom's light,
From every nation, tongue, and kindred;
Before the world was form'd, we were ordain'd
By him to happiness, and life which hath no end.

2 To him who ever doth abide,
Be ceaseless songs of praise repeated
By the whole Church, his chosen bride,
Here, or in heavenly mansions seated:
The angelic hosts exalt his saving name,
And we, with all created beings, do the same.

3 By all the saints around his throne,
And all the angelic choirs in heaven,
With shouts of glory, to God's Son,
Our King and Shepherd, praise be given:
They join with us his goodness to rehearse;
His glorious name be prais'd throughout the universe.

673.* T. 146.

NOW let us praise the Lord
With body, soul, and spirit,
Who doth such wondrous things
Beyond our sense and merit;
Who, from our mother's womb
And earliest infancy,
Hath done great things for us;
Praise him eternally.

2 O gracious God, bestow
On us, while here remaining,
An ever-cheerful mind:
Thy peace be ever reigning:
Preserve us in true faith,
And Christian holiness:
That, when we go from hence,
We may behold thy face.

674.* T. 206.

ALMIGHTY Lord, :‖:
Eternal Word,
Creation's Head,
By whom :‖: the worlds were made,
Which in heaven's spacious* sphere :‖:
Appear;
Who by thy blood
Brought'st us to God;
Thee we confess :‖:
The Lord our righteousness. :‖:
[* *Heb.* i. 2.]

2 Sure as thou liv'st, :‖:
And as Lord mov'st
On Cherubim,
And aw'st :‖: the Seraphim,
Jehovah, great I AM, :‖:
And Lamb;
So sure's thy blood
The highest good
Of sinners poor, :‖:
Till death shall be no more. :‖:

675.* T. 9.

TILL permitted hence to go,
To behold my Saviour,
Whom ev'n here, by faith, to know,
I enjoy the favour:—

2 Till to heaven I go in peace,
Where no sin assaileth,
Sorrows, sighs, and tears must cease,
Love alone prevaileth:—

3 Till the day when I shall tread
Those celestial mountains,
Where the Lamb himself will lead
Me to living fountains:—

4 Till that time mine eyes I 'll raise
Unto him in spirit,
And my feeble tongue shall praise
My Redeemer's merit.

676. T. 90.

THE Lamb was slain: let us adore,
With grateful hearts his mercy [own;
May all within us evermore
In silence at his feet fall down;
Serve without dread, with reverence [prove.
love
The Lord, whose boundless grace we

2 The Lamb was slain: both day and night
The angelic choirs his praises sing,
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's hosts their noblest anthems bring; [song,
While here poor sinners join the
And praise him with a stammering tongue.

3 Gladly our own poor works we leave, [fame,
For him despise wealth, pleasure,
To him our souls and bodies give,
His death doth our affections claim:
Henceforth we own him as our Lord,
His name be by us all ador'd.

4 Thro' him alone we live, for he
Hath drowned our transgressions
In love's unfathomable sea: [all
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sinners, for the Lamb was slain;
He died that we might life regain.

5 As ground, when parch'd with summer's heat,
Gladly drinks in the welcome shower,
So may we, listening at his feet,
Receive his word, & feel his power
May nothing in our hearts remain,
But this great truth, "The Lamb was slain."

677. T. 159.

ADORED be the Lamb of God,
That he upon the cross
To God, by his most precious blood,
Hath reconciled us:
All praise be given to him, that we
Were born the day of grace to see,
When he his love to us reveal'd,
And thus our pardon seal'd.

2 To be his priests and witnesses
Is now our happy lot,
To sing in songs of endless praise
To Jesus who us bought:
We now like Mary wish to sit
In spirit listening at his feet,
Waiting with lamps prepar'd and dress'd
For the Lamb's marriage-feast.

3 Meanwhile his promises we trust,
And join our grateful lays
In concert with the ransom'd host,
To sing redeeming grace:
While they who round his throne appear,
The wonders of his love declare,
And sing, "The Lamb for us was slain,"
Our hearts reply: Amen.

678. T. 132.

SING praises unto God on high,
To him who us created;
Sing praises to the Lord, so nigh
To sinful man related:
Rejoicing Hallelujah sing,
Jehovah Jesus is our King,
And gracious Mediator.

2 He calls us brethren, not asham'd
To bear our human nature;
Yea, heirs of life we now are nam'd,
Joint-heirs with our Creator:
He ever lives our cause to plead,
Grants help in every time of need;
Praise to his name for ever.

679. T. 39.

YE servants of God, your great Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his most excellent name:
The name all victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth in heaven, almighty to save,
And yet he is with us, his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumphs shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation be brought unto God on the throne,
Let all sing rejoicing, and honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore him and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might,
And honour, and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing, for infinite love.

680. T. 11.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace;
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
Who is Lord of earth and heaven.

2 Jesus, lo, to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
Thou, the woman's promis'd Seed,
Glory of thy church, and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise our Priest & King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 We thy little flock adore
Thee our Lord for evermore:
Show us evermore thy love,
Till we join the choirs above.

681. T. 22.

BLESS, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise:
How can the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

2 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

3 Our youth decay'd his power repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He satisfies our souls with good,
And filleth us with heavenly food.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let all mankind adore his grace:
Let us with all our powers sing
Praise to our Saviour, God, & King.

682. T. 14.

COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
"To be exalted thus:" reply,
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

683. T. 22.

WE bless the Lord, whose tender love [above,
Caus'd him to leave his throne
To dwell with sinful worms below,
And save them from eternal woe.

2 On fallen men he cast his eye,
In depths of misery saw them lie;
Pitied their state, resolv'd to come
And suffer freely in their room.

3 A mortal body he assum'd,
Groan'd, bled, and died, and was entomb'd:
At length, the work thus finished,
He rose triumphant from the dead.

4 To heaven's bright realms he took his flight,
Beyond the reach of mortal sight;
There pleads with God for ransom'd men,
Thence will in glory come again.

5 To Jesus, our exalted Head,
Immortal honours now be paid;
The glory of his saving name
Our tongues shall evermore proclaim.

684. T. 14.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 His grace subdues the power of sin,
He sets the prisoner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive:
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

6 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

685. T. 14.

NOT all the angels of the sky,
Nor happy saints above,
Have greater cause to praise than I
The Saviour's dying love.

2 Had I an angel's heavenly tongue
Or seraph's melody,
My theme should be his praise, who hung;
Upon the cross for me.

3 For thee he hangs, my soul, rejoice,
For thee, my soul, expires:
Then sing his love with thankful voice,
Sing what his love inspires.

4 Till fleeting time shall have an end,
And years shall cease to roll,
Due praise shall from his church ascend,
And spread from pole to pole.

5 How sweet the precious gospel sounds
In the believer's ear;
This balsam heals his cankering wounds,
And dries each anxious tear.

6 But tears of joy must ever flow
For Jesus' wondrous love;
And when I leave this world below,
I'll sing his praise above.

686. T. 595.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb:
Wake, every heart, & every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For us whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing:
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My month I open wide;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

6 My soul, believe, and pray,
Without a doubt believe:
Whate'er we ask in God's own way,
We surely shall receive.

7 Here stands the promise fair,
For God cannot repent,
To fervent, persevering prayer,
He 'll every blessing grant.

701. T. 11.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself hath bid thee pray,
And sends none unheard away.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Oh, do not my suit disdain;
None shall seek thy face in vain.

702. T. 22.

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin, and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love reveal'd,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign,
Living, or dying, rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

703. T. 14.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this
Sincere petition rise.

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

704. T. 14.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray;
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Burden'd with guilt, convinc'd of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

4 God of all grace, we come to thee
With broken, contrite hearts:
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts:—

5 Give deep humility;—the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live:—

6 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone:

7 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay:—

8 Give these,—and then thy will be done;
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

705. T. 345.

O THOU who hearest prayer,
The God of power and might;
To seek thy face be all our care,
Our whole delight.

O God of grace and love,
Regard us from thy throne;
Send down to us the heavenly Dove,
Seal us thine own.

2 We have no other trust,
But thy dear sacrifice;
Our hope, thou holy One and just,
Do not despise:
Sinful, we plead thy blood,
Weak, we implore thy power;
Saviour, remember us for good
In danger's hour.

3 Come with thy saving strength,
With healing virtue come,
And let thy guiding hand at length
Conduct us home;
Till, say'd from all annoy
Of earthly fear and strife,
We enter into endless joy,
And heavenly life.

706. T. 11.

HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray,
Let thy counsel guide my way.

2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darken'd hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Save me from his treacherous wiles,
Arm me against pleasure's smiles;
Give me, for my spirit's health,
Neither poverty nor wealth.

4 Help thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain,
That my sole reproach may be,
Following Christ and fearing thee.

5 Lord, uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.

6 All I ask for is—enough;
Only, when the way is rough,
Let thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

7 Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify thy name.

8 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God.

707. T. 22.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a merey-seat;
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

708.* T. 10.

THE prayers of the needy,
Thou, Lord, to hear art ready:
Thy mercy and forbearance
We every day experience.

2 When thee in faith addressing,
Thou no good gift nor blessing
Unto thy church deniest,
But all her wants suppliest.

3 In thee we trust for ever,
Since thou to each believer
Afford'st that consolation:
"I've heard thy supplication."

709. T. 583.

THE love of Christ to me is greater far
Than to the eye of man it doth ap-

When I before him my complaints make known. [own.
He sympathizeth with them as his

2 As oft as I approach the holy place, [thro' grace,
And bow 'fore him by whom I live
He mercifully answers my request,
And thus my troubled heart is sooth'd to rest.

710.* T. 136.

THIS yields me joy,
That God in his compassion
Does not reject my prayer and supplication,
But graciously
Regards my poverty; [ready,
That with unwearied patience he is
At all times, to attend to me, his child most needy,
And to relieve my wants is nigh:
This yields me joy.

2 Long as I live,
The promises of Jesus
I'll to myself apply, to me they're precious;
When I to him,
My faithful Saviour, cleave,
And, pondering on his wonders, kneel before him,
Praise him with tears of joy, and in the dust adore him,
He of his love fresh proofs will give,
Long as I live.

3 I'm well assur'd
His love to me is tender;
Therefore I now my all to him surrender;
He's merciful,
A kind, forgiving Lord:
Tho' I may not immediately experience
The succour which I ask, I'll wait with faith and patience;
My safety is in him secur'd,
I'm well assur'd.

4 Praise ye the Lord,
Whose kindness, grace, & favour
Unto his congregation last for ever;
Whose presence cheers
His chosen witnesses:
Where'er we are, to him ourselves addressing
In prayer, we surely shall not fail to share his blessing;
We therefore sing with one accord:
Praise ye the Lord.

711.* T. 16.

QUITE alone, and yet not lonely,
I'll converse with God my Friend;
Now from worldly cares receding,
I my time in prayer will spend.

2 O how blessed are the moments,
When the Lord himself draws near,
When I feel his gracious presence,
And he listens to my prayer.

712. T. 14.

MANY complaints to Christ I can
Ev'n by a sigh relate,
Which I can't represent to man,
They are too delicate.

713.* T. 79.

WITH ardent longing, at thy feet,
Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly wait:
O lend a gracious ear
Unto my manifold complaints:
I trust thou wilt relieve my wants,
And deign thy needy child to hear.

2 Grant me an upright, simple heart,
A cheerful mind to me impart,
Free from sin's galling load:
O may I of my sinfulness
Always retain a consciousness,
But not serve sin; forbid it, God.

3 Grant me a harmless, dove-like mind,
To true humility inclin'd;
Thy will be mine indeed:
O may I labour, constantly
Endow'd with spirit's poverty,
From every hurtful influence freed.

4 In peace with all may I be found,
Clearly thy gospel-truth propound,
In praying faithful be;
A share in other's welfare take,
The schemes and plots of Satan break,
Fast bound unto thy church and [thee.

5 Presence of mind on me bestow;
A readiness O may I show
To execute thy will:
When I enjoy the highest good,
Partaking of thy flesh and blood,
My soul with thy love's ardour fill.

6 May I be serious, child-like too,
In all essentials firm and true;

Give me a trusty ear;
A sympathizing, tender heart,
In joy and sorrow to take part,
And gladly others' burdens bear.

7 In converse make me tractable
And mild; in storms invincible,
And never prone to yield:
May I maintain incessantly
A tender fellowship with thee,
From day to day by grace upheld.

8 Thy unction O may I obey,
And tread the pilgrim's rugged way;
Grant I may shun no toil:
In all my senses render me
Well exercis'd, and let me be
Anointed with thy gladdening oil.

9 What for myself I thus request,
That pray I also for the rest
Of those, who cheerfully
Go forth, salvation to proclaim
Thro' faith in thy most holy name,
Wherever they are sent by thee.

10 Thou of all nations the desire,
With zeal thy ministers inspire;
And grant that every field,
With gospel-seed already sown,
In Gentile lands or in our own,
May an abundant harvest yield.

11 O Father, us with pleasure own,
The dear-bought purchase of thy Son;
O Spirit, be our guide,
To us thy saving light afford;
O Christ, the church's Head & Lord,
May we for ever thine abide.

714.* T. 36.

LORD Jesus Christ, thy body's Head and Saviour,
On us, thy children, deign to look in favour; [overflowing,
Our grateful hearts with thanks are Before thee bowing.

2 What peace do we derive, what consolation,
What strength from thy atoning death & passion: [adore thee,
Impress'd with holy reverence we And fall before thee.

3 Thy goodness, as thy power, is past expression;
We trust that thou, whene'er with supplication [cept us,
We seek thy face, in mercy wilt ac- And not reject us.

4 O Lord, thou great High-priest of our profession,
Who at God's right hand makest intercession, [the needy
And by thy powerful prayers to help Art ever ready:—

5 The many drops of blood which from thee flowed,
The streams of tears which oft thy cheeks bedewed, [ing,
Are all in our behalf for mercy plead- And interceding.

6 O may thy church thro' thy atonement's powers,
Unto thy praise before thee bloom like flowers; [Saviour,
Yea, glorify thy name in us, dear Both now and ever.

715.* T. 83.

FLOCK of Christ, in fellowship
Offer fervent supplication,
Whether to rejoice or weep
We may now have most occasion:
When the lips no more can pray,
Sighs will find to him their way.

2 O may he so sensibly
Bless us with his grace and favour,
That we in humility
May rejoice in him, our Saviour;
May he in his mercy grant
All we weep for, all we want.

3 May his presence constantly
Yield us joy and consolation,
In the certain hope that he
Will regard our supplication,
Grant our prayers, and much more give
Than we're able to conceive.

4 This be our supreme delight,
To remain in closest union
With our Lord both day and night,
And enjoy his sweet communion;
This our heaven, while here we stay,
Him to love, serve, and obey.

716.* T. 79.

O THOU, who in the sanctuary
Dost minister, thy church supply
With incense for her prayer;
Grant to us all a cheerful heart;
A burning, steady light impart,
Defended from all noxious air.

2 Lord, give us an attentive ear,
Which may thy voice distinctly hear,
An eye to view thee still;
And priestly lips to tell thy praise,
And feet earth's rugged, craggy ways
To traverse without fearing ill.

3 Our hands for blessing hallow'd be,
Our bodies temples unto thee,
Our souls enjoy thy peace;
A breeze divine our spirits cheer,
Grant us thy still, small voice to hear,
Unknown, save to thy flock of grace.

717.* T. 79.

LORD, our High-priest & Saviour,
Pour fire and spirit's fervour
On all our priestly bands;
When we are interceding,
And for thy people pleading,
Give incense, and hold up our hands.

2 By thine illumination,
Thy church's situation
In the true light we trace;
We rise from prayer with blessing,
O'ercome what is distressing
Thro' thee, and run with joy our race.

718.* T. 114.

WHENEVER we in holy contemplation [O Lord,
Survey the kingdom of thy cross,
And call to mind the promis'd, full reward [pectation
For thy soul's travail; with glad ex-
The hope we cherish, that thy reign of peace
Shall soon o'erspread the earth with rich increase.

2 O Father of thy people, we implore thee, [ferings bless;
The church, the fruit of Jesus' suf-
Refresh thine heritage with showers of grace, [the glory:
The cause is thine, and thine alone
May Jesus thousands as a spoil obtain, [gain.
And his disciples constant victory

3 O Holy Spirit, Christ's blood-bought salvation
Set forth, and glorify his sacrifice;
May hosts of sinners, listening to thy voice, [tion,
Receive with joy the gospel invita-
And, by thee gather'd, see their names enroll'd
Among the sheep of Jesus' ransom'd fold.

719.* T. 583.

LORD Jesus, may thy blood-bought church increase [grace;
From day to day in knowledge & in
To all her choirs those special blessings grant, [sure want.
Which they in their degree and mea-

2 Thy servants and thy handmaids keep in faith, [death:
And ground them all on thy atoning
Let those who have the care of souls, by thee [prosperous be.
Be taught; thus will their labour

3 May all our pastors who instruct thy sheep, [keep;
Firm to the word of thy atonement
To act as in thy sight O give them grace, [thy praise.
In word & walk may they show forth

4 For all our meetings, for each conference, [tenance:
We crave the blessing of thy coun-
Keep in the bond of harmony & love
All elders, and their strength in weakness prove.

5 Remain our Lord, our Shepherd, Head, and King,
Each to the other in subjection bring:
Thy flocks preserve in peace and unity, [cency.
And walk among them with compla-

6 From grace to grace still farther lead us on, [begun;
And finish the good work thou hast
That we thy saving name may magnify, [thee joy.
And for thy bitter torments yield

7 Thy messengers, who winds and waves disdain, [to gain,
To teach the heathen and their souls
Bless thou, and touch their lips with hallow'd fire; [inspire.
To witness of thy death their tongues

8 On Israel's scatter'd tribes look down in grace, [race,
In mercy visit soon the old covenant
Their stubbornness subdue, remove the veil, [hail.
That they may thee as the Messiah

9 O Lord, we pray, our supplications hear, [ful tear;
Regard, for Israel's sake, each mourn-
Our longing expectation soon fulfil,
Thy kingdom come, and execute thy will.

10 May thy whole flock, by thee their Shepherd led, [tread;
Afford thee joy and in thy footsteps
Unto eternal life let us by faith
Feed on the merits of thy blood and death.

11 May all thy people far and near fulfil,
Supported by thy aid, thy holy will;
To thee, all praise, all honour doth pertain, [Amen.
Let all who love thy name reply,

720.* T. 583.

THOU hast thy church appointed, Lord, thro' grace, [place;
Thy glory to show forth in every
A church that in herself is void of good, [endu'd.
But yet by thee with power divine

2 Teach us to pray for all the ransom'd fold: [withhold;
Lord, from thy church no needful gift
As Head and Ruler in thy house remain, [train.
And be the Leader of thy witness-

3 Grant that we all may stedfastly adhere [made clear:
To those great truths, by thee to us
Altho' we have but little strength, may we,
Abiding in thy word, preserved be.

4 O let thy congregation feel thy peace, [crease;
And daily may her joy in thee in-
Preserve her graciously from every harm, [arm.
Protect her by thy strong & mighty

5 Grant her to thee an ever-free access, [ward press,
That cheerful to the mark she on-
And far and near, by thy good Spirit led, [pel spread.
Extend thy knowledge, and thy gos-

6 Thou know'st our wants, and comfort dost impart [heart:
To every needy, poor, and sin-sick
Yea, by thy body and thy precious blood [ening food.
Thou giv'st to us an ever-strength-

7 By thee as Shepherd of the flock we're led, [perfected:
Till we shall join the church now
Till then thy blessed aim with us fulfil, [will.
And teach us in all things to do thy

721. T. 185.

GRACIOUS Saviour, bless thy congregation,
Richly all her wants supply;
Be our only joy and consolation,
Till we quit mortality:
Of each weight may we be more divested, [ed,
Live beneath thy sceptre unmolest-
In thy matchless radiance shine,
Filled with thy love divine.

2 Cheer thy chosen witnesses,
O Jesus,
Who thy dying love proclaim;
That with joy they may to distant places
Bear thy great and glorious name:
By thy arm O may they be defended,
Till their pilgrimage on earth is ended,
And they are with thee at rest:
Lord, we pray, hear our request.

722.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, with thy presence bless,
By land and sea, thy witnesses:
In every danger them defend,
In every trial prove their friend.

2 O may thy word in Christendom
Be bless'd, and may thy kingdom come;
And may thy servants joyful bring
New spoils, each day, to thee, their King.

3 Preserve in constant love & peace,
And thro' thy blessing still increase
Thy little flocks, which far and near
In towns and villages appear.

4 Thy thoughts of peace o'er us fulfil,
Incline our hearts to do thy will:
Thy gospel make more fully known;
May all the world thy goodness own.

723.* T. 22.

ACCORDING to thy mercy, Lord,
True Christian faith to us afford,
That we thy kindness, love, & grace,
May prove throughout our future
race.

2 Thy gracious hand o'er us extend;
Protect and keep us to the end
From earthly noise and misery,
Retir'd and still to walk with thee.

3 O grant that we may thine remain
And deeper ground in thee obtain;
Yea, give us to our latest breath
To enjoy the merits of thy death.

724. T. 22.

ATTEND, O Saviour, to our prayer;
All things by thy appointment are:
We thee confess the sovereign Lord,
Thy name be everywhere ador'd.

2 Thou who on earth the sick didst
And to the poor thy love reveal, [heal,
O comfort, by a look from thee,
All who are now in misery.

3 Nearer and nearer draw us still;
Might all but know thy holy will:
Subdue all pride and stubbornness,
O Lord, by thy prevailing grace.

4 Preserve by thy almighty aid
Those who have thee their refuge
made; [blame,
Grant that, in all things free from
In meekness they may praise thy
name.

725. T. 205.

JESUS, hear our fervent prayer,
Own thy people, seal us thine;
Thee to obey from day to day
By thy Spirit us incline:
Us for ever bless and keep,
Mark us as thy chosen sheep;
From thy fulness to us grant
Every grace and gift we want.

726.* T. 166.

LORD Jesus, bless thy witnesses,
Spread over them thy arms of love;
Behold them in their destin'd race,
Where bold in faith's bright path
they move:
Support them under every load,
Console them when they weep
'fore thee,
And help them, for thy aid bestow'd,
To praise thy name continually.

727.* T. 159.

ABUNDANTLY our Saviour's hand
Bestoweth gifts and grace;
This we in many a distant land
With inward joy can trace:
When for his work engag'd in prayer,
We know he our requests will hear,
And confidently can believe,
A rich increase he'll give.

728. T. 185.

BLESS, O Lord, we pray, thy congregation,
Bless each choir and family;
Bless the youth, the rising generation,
Bless the children dear to thee;
Bless thy servants, grant them grace
and unction,
That they may with care discharge
their function:
Lord, on thee we humbly call,
Let thy blessing rest on all.

729.* T. 97.

OFT as the church the goodness
weighs,
Which Jesus unto her displays,
And ponders on his faithful care,
Which she each day doth richly
share, [inclin'd
By love constrain'd to pray she is
For the prosperity of all mankind.

2 For all put in authority
We supplicate most fervently;
The magistrates thou hast ordain'd
Support by thy almighty hand;
In guarding church and state give
them success: [and bless.
The land in which we live protect

3 Let war, and strife, and tumult
cease, [peace;
And bless the land, O Lord, with
May all men willingly obey
Rulers, ordain'd to bear the sway;
And, under their protection, grant
that we
May live in godliness and honesty.

730. T. 22.

O GOD of heaven and earth, arise,
And hear our loud, united cries;
See Britain bow before thy face,
Throughout her isles, and seek thy
grace.

2 Our trust is not in mortal hosts,
Nor in the fleets that guard our coasts:

Thine is the land, & thine the main,
And human force and skill are vain.

3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
On every shore, on every town;
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay thy lifted thunder by.

4 Forgive the follies of our times,
And purge our land from all its crimes:
Reform'd & deck'd with grace divine,
Let princes, priests, and people shine.

731. T. 79.

UPON our Queen's anointed head,
O Lord, thy choicest blessings shed,
Defend her graciously;
Preserve her in thy fear and love,
Give her true wisdom from above,
To govern so as pleaseth thee.

2 Be thou her great reward & shield,
To her thy promis'd succour yield;
Support her by thy grace:
The branches of her family,
O Lord, crown with prosperity;
And we will give thee all the praise.

3 Our Sovereign with thy favour bless;
Stablish the throne in righteousness;
Let wisdom hold the helm;
The counsels of our senate guide;
Let justice in our courts preside:
Rule thou, O Lord, and guard the realm.

732.* T. 151.

AMEN, this the conclusion
Of our petitions be;
Lord, by thy blood's effusion,
Let us belong to thee:
Thus we await, possessing
True bliss while we are here,
The time, when joys unceasing
We once with thee shall share.

XXXI. PUBLIC WORSHIP AND THE LORD'S DAY.

733.* T. 22.

LORD Christ, reveal thy holy face,
And send the Spirit of thy grace,
To fill our hearts with fervent zeal,
To learn thy truth, and do thy will.

2 Lord, lead us in thy holy ways,
And teach our lips to tell thy praise:
Revive our hope, our faith increase,
To taste the sweetness of thy grace:

3 Till we with angels join to sing
Eternal praise to thee, our King;
Till we behold thy face most bright,
In joy and everlasting light.

4 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n
By all on earth and all in heaven.

734. T. 22.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring thy cross before our eyes.

5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord:
O rend the heavens and come down,
And make each rebel heart thine own.

735. T. 14.

ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
Upon our hearts to shine.

2 Light in thy light O may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Reviv'd, & cheer'd, & blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

736. T. 22.

WITH joy we hasten to the place,
Where we our Saviour oft have met;
And while we feast upon his grace,
Our burdens and our griefs forget.

2 Tho' pinch'd with poverty at home,
Or with affliction daily fed,
It makes amends, if we can come
To God's own house for heavenly bread.

3 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord: [seek;
Here we thy promis'd presence
Open thine hand, with blessings stor'd,
And grant us manna for the week.

737. T. 11.

JESUS is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

2 Praise ye then his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame;
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

3 Raise again the joyful sound;
Let the nations spread it round:
Zion, sing, thy Monarch see;
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

738. T. 14.

ZION, where God records his name,
In our esteem is dear;
Tasting his goodness, we exclaim,
"'Tis good to sojourn here."

2 We see his beauty, and admire
The glories of his house;
Into his will we here inquire,
And here we pay our vows.

3 Dear Saviour, bless us from on [high,
Infuse thy love and fear;
And let our lives exemplify
The precious truths we hear.

4 And as successively we quit
This mortal, dying frame,
May others here before thee meet
To bless thy holy name.

739. T. 11.

SHEPHERD of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves, and look on thee.

2 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth;
While the gospel-call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

3 Show them what their ways have been,
Show them the desert of sin;
Then thy dying love reveal:
This shall melt a heart of steel.

4 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

5 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let the whole assembly prove
Thy rich grace and dying love.

740. T. 22.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord:
Blest Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousand, now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face;
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

741. T. 582.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

742. T. 14.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice;
To him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.

2 This is the temple of the Lord;
How dreadful is this place:
With meekness let us hear his word,
With reverence seek his face.

3 This is the homage he requires,—
The voice of praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.

4 While rich & poor for mercy call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.

5 Well pleas'd through Jesus Christ the Son,
From sin he grants release;
According to their faith 'tis done,
He bids them go in peace.

743. T. 14.

BLEST is the work, O God & King,
To praise thy glorious name:
By day thy wondrous grace we sing,
By night thy truth proclaim.

2 We hail thy day of rest, O Lord,
And seek thy house of prayer,
To meet thy saints, to hear thy word,
And all thy works declare.

3 Though sensual hearts, unchang'd by grace,
Such heavenly joys despise,
Teach us to love thy dwelling-place,
Thy day of rest to prize:—

4 Till, fix'd within thy courts above,
Far nobler songs we raise,
Where every heart is fill'd with love,
And every mouth with praise.

744. T. 22.

O LORD, this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
Gladly may we to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours.

2 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, & warm the heart,
Then shall the day indeed be thine.

745. T. 22.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks
To show thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works & bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep thy counsels, how divine.

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes & ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, & hear, & know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

746. T. 90.

NOT to the mount that burn'd with fire,
To darkness, tempest, & the sound
Of trumpet waxing higher & higher,
Nor voice of words that rent the ground,
When Israel heard, with trembling awe,
Jehovah thunder forth his law:—

2 But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God,
Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod,
Where meet in everlasting love,
The Church of the first-born above:—

3 To God, the judge of quick & dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,
Jesus, our great new-covenant Head,
The blood of sprinkling,—from the dust,
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

4 O hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild;
To-day are life and death our choice;
To-day, through mercy reconcil'd,
Our all to God we yet may give:
Now—let us hear his voice and live.

747. T. 22.

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here:
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we thy true disciples be,
Speak to each heart the mighty word:
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill the place
With wounding & with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confess'd,
Whom thou hast join'd, may none divide,
Nor dare to curse whom thou [hast bless'd.

5 With thee & these for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, & reign in light.

748. T. 22.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple [rise.

2 Now met to pray, & bless thy name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never [cease,
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
O that we might that rest attain,
From sin, from sorrow, & from pain.

4 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

5 O long-expected day begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

749. T. 22.

THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above:
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To each thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know, and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

750. T. 14.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell,
That we reject thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

751. T. 342.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

752. T. 595.

ONCE more, before we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Praise and adore the same.

2 Let us upon his word
Still live, and feed, and grow;
Let us go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

753. T. 22.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word:
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Sprinkle our works with Jesus' blood:
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

754. T. 342.

TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours: [ceive,
Our praises, Lord, and prayers re-
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 O grant that each of us,
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear,
And follow thee to heaven, our home:
Ev'n so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come.

755. T. 585.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us, :‖:
Travelling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
King of glory, :‖:
Sway thy sceptre all around.

756. T. 14.

THOUSANDS, O Lord of hosts, to-day
Within thy temple meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

2 The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?

3 Behold thy prisoner, loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will;
If not, contented in thy hands,
Behold thy prisoner still.

4 I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
O give me here a house of prayer,
Here Sabbath-joys impart.

5 To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys untold;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

757. T. 581.

SAFELY through another week
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord, our praise demand,
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Nourish'd by thy bounteous hand:
Now from worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear;
And may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above.

758. T. 22.

THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house & sanctuary.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear, thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that [song;
Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

759. T. 14.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display:
As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enfore'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

760. T. 22.

O THOU, who didst the temple fill
With thy resplendent, awful train,
The glory of thine Israel still,
Appear in those bright robes again.

2 In us, and round about us shine,
Here cause us to behold thy face;
O make this tabernacle thine,
O sanctify this holy place.

3 Now send the promis'd unction down,
And all our waiting hearts inspire;
Lord Jesus, make thy goings known,
Thy ministers a flame of fire.

4 Work with them, and confirm thy word
To all who worship in this place;
O pour upon us, holy Lord,
Unceasing showers of saving grace.

5 So shall thy servants' hopes be crown'd,
And glory to thy name be giv'n;
While this Bethesda shall be found
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

XXXII. THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

761.* T. 520.

PRAISE God for ever:
Boundless is his favour
To his church and chosen flock,
Founded on Christ the rock,
His almighty Son,
On fair mount Zion,
By his Spirit, grace, and word:
Bless'd city of the Lord,
Thou in spite of every powerful foe
Shalt unshaken stand, and prospering grow,
'Midst disgrace—to God's praise,
Both in love and unity:
Praise God eternally.

2 It plain appeareth,
As God's word declareth,
That the Lord his flock defends,
Thro' mercy which ne'er ends;
As he was of old
With his chosen fold,
Thus his power and faithfulness
We in the church may trace:
For our God his people still protects,
And 'mongst them his righteous throne erects:
Praises be—given to thee,
Mighty God, Immanuel,
That thou with us wilt dwell.

3 God, our Salvation,
Feeds his congregation
With his word and sacrament;
All evil doth prevent,
That the weak and poor
Here may dwell secure:
Order is herein maintain'd
By discipline unstain'd,
And God's servants watch with faithful care
O'er his flock, and offer fervent prayer:
God our Lord—will afford
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Until the end of days.

762. T. 167.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood;
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
In his courts to reign as kings,
And as priests his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I thro' grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joy and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

763.* T. 69.

HOW amiable
Thy habitations are,
Wherein assemble
Thy Christian people dear,
O Lord,—thy praises to record.

2 My heart with fervour
And inward longing pants,
Thy grace and favour
To tell there with thy saints,
Boldly—the truth to testify.

3 For there thou choosest
To dwell, my living Tower;
Sweet rest diffusest
From that place evermore,
Which thou—ordained hast thereto.

4 There is asserted
The new birth spiritual;
Souls are converted
By thy pure gospel's call,
And there—in Christ's church grafted are.

5 For this I'm longing,
To be throughout my days
Thereto belonging,
Thy holy name to praise,
And thee—to serve incessantly.

6 All those are blessed
That come into thine house,
With awe expressed,
Which deep conviction shows,
And pray—and to thee homage pay.

7 Thou dost deliver
Thy church in all distress:
Thou art our Saviour;
Whate'er may us oppress,
Thro' thee—we gain the victory.

8 One day is better
Spent in the Christian church,
Thy praise to utter,
Than thousands spent in search
Of joy—in the broad worldly way.

9 This territory
The Lord as sun doth light,
Gives grace and glory,
And sanctified delight
To all—who on his mercy call.

10 Yea, his condition
How splendid 'tis, O Lord,
Whom thou admission
Dost to thy church afford,
And so—to heaven's kingdom too.

11 Thro' grace afford us,
Dear Lord, church-liberty,
To each good purpose;
That we our days employ
With care—thy holy word to hear.

764. T. 343.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
The earthly temples are:
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God. :‖:

2 The sparrow, for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints. :‖:

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear:
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there:
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill. :‖:

4 They go from strength to strength
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length—
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet. :‖:

5 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts. :‖:

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace,
And glory too. :‖:

7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee. :‖:

765.* T. 166.

UNFATHOM'D wisdom of our King;
In stillness he collects his flock,
Leads on, doth to perfection bring,
And grounds it on himself, the rock:
With little hurry, noise, or show,
He safely guideth every soul;
No more the blinded world can do,
Than scorn and ridicule the whole.

2 Thy church, great Saviour, bought with blood,
Despis'd of men, but dear to thee,
Esteems thy cross a pleasant load,
An easy yoke; thrice happy she:
When bearing thy reproach below,
She still partakes of thy free grace,
The grace thou richly dost bestow,
And which affliction's load outweighs.

3 Thou hast with Shepherd's faithfulness [fold,
Brought many souls to thy blest
Made them partakers of thy grace,
Amongst thy followers them enroll'd;
They yield thee pleasure and delight,
When they thy voice hear and obey,
And while they in thy love unite,
Thou guid'st them through life's narrow way.

4 We humbly pray, support the weak,
Support thy children by thy grace;
Thou know'st for thee athirst we seek,
Kind Master of thy chosen race:
We know thy faithfulness and love,
Thy mercy all our wants supplies;
May spirit, soul, and body prove
To thee a pleasing sacrifice.

5 Within the circle of thy arms
O may we ever live secure;
'Tis by thy oath that thou art ours,
Bond ever sacred, ever sure:
Thy work with mighty arm support,
Satan shall ne'er prevail o'er thee:
Let thy true followers, though oppress'd,
Beneath oppression conquerors be.

766.* T. 22.

AS long as Jesus Lord remains,
Each day new rising glory gains;
It was, it is, and will be so
With his church militant below.

2 Our only stay is Jesus' grace,
In every time and every place; [ness
And Jesus' blood-bought righteous-
Remains his church's glorious dress.

3 All self-dependence is but vain,
Christ doth our corner-stone remain,
Our rock which will unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled
away.

4 The Spirit which anointed Christ,
By which the apostles were baptiz'd,
Proceeding from the church's Head
Is given to us and makes us glad.

5 That cause shall never suffer harm
Which rests on Jesus' mighty arm;
What man can do we need not eare,
No foe shall even touch a hair:—

6 For these our God hath number'd
all,
Without his leave not one can fall;
If in the least he be so true,
What will he not in greater do?

7 He is and shall remain our Lord,
Our confidence is in his word;
And, while our Jesus reigns above,
His church will more than con-
queror prove.

767. T. 22.

AS birds their infant brood protect,
And spread their wings to shelter
them;
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
So will I guard Jerusalem.

2 And what, then, is Jerusalem,
The darling object of his care?
What is its worth in God's esteem?
Who built it? who inhabits there?

3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son:
There dwell the saints, once foes to
God, [own.
The sinners whom he calls his

4 Tho' foes on every side assail,
This city hath a sure defence;
Against her they shall ne'er prevail,
While guarded by Omnipotence.

768.* T. 126

THO' man, by sin deceived,
God's image forfeited,
Yet Christ this loss retrieved,
By dying in his stead: [once slain,
Thou Bridegroom of the church,
What anguish did it cost thee,
Thy faithless bride to gain.

2 O days of solid blessing,
When Christ, the sun of grace,
All other light surpassing,
His healing beams displays:
Then walking on the narrow way,
Our path we can discover,
Till dawn of endless day.

3 When we shall see our Jesus,
In majesty most bright,
What transport then will seize us,
When in his kingdom's light
And heavenly glory we shall share:
Lord Jesus, for thy coming
Thy church on earth prepare.

4 We shall possess for ever
Those joys divine in heaven,
Of which to the believer
A foretaste here is giv'n;
And our redemption by his blood
Shall be our song eternal,
Before the throne of God.

769. T. 97.

HOW sweet thy dwellings, Lord,
how fair; [there:
What peace, what bliss inhabit
With ardent hope, with strong
desire,
My heart, my flesh to thee aspire;
How oft I long thy heavenly courts
and thee,
My Lord & God, the living God, to see.

2 One wish, with holy transport
warm, [doth form;
My heart hath form'd and still
One gift I ask, that to my end
Thine hallow'd house I may at-
tend:
There may I joyful find a safe
abode, [God.
There may I view the beauty of my

770. T. 96.

THE consecrated house we love,
Where God vouchsafes to place
his name; [move,
Nor will we, Lord, from thence re-
But jointly there thy praise pro-
claim,

And daily to thy courts repair,
To seek thee in the house of prayer.

2 But oh, the house of living stones
We never can neglect nor leave;
That temple which the world disowns, [cleave,
To that in life and death we
Thro' faith to every member join'd,
The church diffus'd thro' all mankind.

771.* T. 234.

WE worship thee with filial fear,
As part of thy bless'd congregation,
With all who with us grounded are
On apostolic truth's foundation,
Where Jesus is the corner-stone,
And give thee praise for our elec-
In thee we put our trust alone, [tion;
Thou, Lord, wilt lead us to perfection:
O grant us to make known
Thy truth, and freely own,
That faith from works can't be dis-
That piety on grace [joined;
Must rest, and faithfulness
With faith must ever be combined.

772.* T. 221.

THOU Monarch of all, thou Lord
God of creation, [bless'd,
How wonderful, and yet how
Appears in the church thy wise administration, [fess'd:
Of which thou art the Head con-
'Tis here for the needy all help
abounds; [wounds,
To keep the eye steady, fix'd on thy
The sum is and substance, with poor
contrite sinners,
Of all the wise maxims whereby
they are winners.

2 What is it that makes us stand
fast in one spirit,
Lord Jesus, author of our faith?
What is it cements us?—'Tis only
thy merit, [death:
Thy wounds and all-atoning
Ye heralds of mercy, with courage
good, [blood:
Redemption proclaim now in Jesus'
No heart e'er was broken by Sinai's
thunder, [cleave asunder.
But rocks at the message of peace

3 Art thou not refresh'd with divine
consolation, [flock,
Thou ransom'd, highly favour'd
When drinking with joy of the wells
of salvation,
Which freely flow from Christ the
rock?
Who now would be fearful? for us
he bled;
Who would not be cheerful? "'tis
finished!"
This doctrine we'll hold and declare
without ceasing:
His cross brings us peace, 'tis the
source of all blessing.

773.* T. 26.

CHRIST is the Church's Lord and
Head; [dence,
This makes us hope with confi-
That he will be our sure defence,
Our help in every time of need.

2 O may our fellowship abide
An honour to his blessed name;
May he in us fulfil his aim,
That we throughout be sanctified.

774.* T. 14.

THE great salvation of the Lord
Abides his church's joy,
To honour him with sweet accord,
Our chief, our blest employ.

2 Into the bosom of our Friend
Both joy and grief we pour,
Until our griefs shall have an end,
And sorrows be no more.

3 What comfort, what supreme de-
Do we enjoy, what bliss, [light,
When the Lamb slain appears in
sight:
Might the whole world know this.

775.* T. 14.

HAPPY, O Lord, are they who wait
Thy pleasure to fulfil,
Upon thy statutes meditate,
And learn to do thy will.

2 How blessed is thy family;
Thy kind support they prove:
All may be done by faith in thee;
From strength to strength they
move.

776. T. 168.

O HOW blessed is the station
Of all those who love the Lord,
Who partake of his salvation,
Trusting in his sacred word:
Bless'd who, in love's bond united,
To his altars are invited;
In his courts on earth they dwell,
There his matchless praise to tell.

777. T. 14.

OH, happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell:
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and power,
He stands engag'd to hear.

3 He help'd his saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in his name;
And we can witness, to his praise,
His love is still the same.

4 Wandering in sin, our souls he found,
And bade us seek his face;
Gave us to hear the gospel-sound,
And taste the gospel-grace.

5 Oft in his house his glory shines
Before our wondering eyes:
We wish not then for golden mines,
Or aught beneath the skies.

6 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

7 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

778. T. 14.

HAIL, church of Christ, bought with his blood,
The world I freely leave;
Ye children of the living God,
Me in your tents receive.

2 Bride of the Lamb, I 'm one in heart
With thee, thro' boundless grace,
And I will never from thee part;
This bond shall never cease.

3 Closely I 'll follow Christ with thee,
I 'll go thy safest road;
Thy people shall my people be,
And thine shall be my God.

4 And am I, Jesus, one of those
Who in thy fold have place?
Who, gather'd round the erected cross,
Enjoy redeeming grace?—

5 O yes, nor would I change my lot
For an archangel's throne;
By grace I 'll keep the place I 've got,
To thee I 'll live alone.

779.* T. 205.

RISE, exalt our Head and King;
Praise the Lord who ever lives;
Glad we are his praise to sing,
He his people's praise receives:
On his powerful day they rise,
Offering free-will sacrifice;
His victorious triumph this,
Since hell's host defeated is.

2 Ye who Jesus' death proclaim,
Service yield to him with joy;
Praise with every breath his name,
Grace to extol be your employ:
Grace supports us every day,
Leads us in the narrow way;
'Tis thro' grace alone that we
Can obtain the victory.

3 Gracious Lord, may we believe,
Venture all on thy free grace;
Boldly things not seen achieve,
Trusting in thy promises:
Faith thy people's stronghold is;
Their employment daily this,
To proceed on paths unknown,
Leaning on thy arm alone.

4 Christ, thy all-atoning death
Is our life while here below;
Strengthen thou our feeble faith,
Constantly thy aid bestow:
In thy mercy we confide,
Safely to the end us guide:
Zion, if thy Head depart,
Void of life and strength thou art.

5 Lord, thy body ne'er forsake,
Ne'er thy congregation leave;
We to thee our refuge take,
Of thy fulness we receive;
Every other help be gone,
Thou art our support alone;
For on thy supreme commands
All the universe depends.

780.* T. 26.

WHO can the love of Christ express
To those who, by his blood redeemed,
Are as the heirs of life esteemed:
Betroth'd to him in righteousness.

2 With thanks before his throne appear,
And praise his name, dear congregation,
For every proof and demonstration,
That you his favour'd people are.

3 We know his boundless love and grace,
Enjoy his goodness, care, & favour;
He keeps his covenant for ever,
Nought can exceed his faithfulness.

4 O may this church of Christ always,
Be to the world a bright example,
How by the Holy Ghost a temple
Can be constructed to his praise.

781. T. 155.

JESUS, Prince of life, once slain,
Thy remembrance ever raises
Thanks and praises;
And thy love, when shed abroad,
Lamb of God, [thee,
Prompts us, gather'd here before
With abasement to adore thee
For thy sufferings, wounds, and blood.

2 To redeem us from the fall,
Thou hast death for us endured,
And procured
For all those who trust in thee
Mercy free;
Now thy ransom'd congregation
Has thee for her sole foundation,
Here and in eternity.

3 Since thou hast deliver'd us
From the yoke of every stranger,
And all danger,
In thee, Saviour of the lost,
Is our boast:
From thy all-sufficient merit
We eternal life inherit,
For thy blood hath paid the cost.

4 May thy ransom'd people, Lord,
To thy inmost courts admitted,
For priests fitted,
Offering prayer and praise to thee
Willingly,
Prize their glorious destination,
Yield to thee their ministration,
And thy faithful followers be.

5 Sanctify us for thyself,
From each thing by thy soul hated
Separated:
Freed from this world's sinful ways,
Grant us grace,
In our walk and whole demeanour,
As new creatures, thee to honour,
And thy holy name to praise.

6 Deep engrave it in our hearts,
How by thee we are esteemed,
Why redeemed;
Ev'n to practise in these days
Heaven's ways;
'Midst all poverty and weakness,
To grow up into thy likeness,
And at judgment be thy praise.

7 O lift up thy countenance
On thy church; in love remember
Every member:
May none who would not be thine
Enter in;
But may all, in thee believing,
Grace for grace from thee receiving,
Needful strength and succour win.

782.* T. 166.

THY church, O Lamb of God, appears [shame;
Before thee, fill'd with humble
Our eyes o'erflow with grateful tears,
With melted hearts we praise thy name,
For the discoveries of thy grace,
And proofs of all thy faithful care,
Experience'd in so various ways,
Of which each soul can witness bear.

2 With thanks we call to mind the day,
On which the virtue of thy blood
We felt, when chain'd by sin we lay,
As sinners dead and void of good:
The willing slaves of sin and death
We were, and enemies to thee;
But granting us a living faith,
Thou from the curse didst set us free.

3 Is there a thing that warms the heart,
That stirs up gratitude and love?
It is the grace thou dost impart,
Thy blood, the power of which we prove:
We sink astonish'd at thy feet,
Thy mercy 's an unfathom'd sea;
How can we find expressions meet,
Who but so lately loved thee?

4 The word of Jesus' bloody sweat,
Of his dire passion, wounds, and death, [trate,
With power our souls doth pene-
And quicken with life-giving breath:
The powers of hell this vanquishes,
Supports the church in every need;
Tho' Satan to the threshold press,
Christ's blood his entrance doth forbid.

5 Who in the Spirit's light can trace
The church of God, he must declare
It is alone through Jesus' grace
That she abiding fruit can bear:
To him all honour doth pertain,
Who by his blood made her his own;
Her choirs repeat in cheerful strain,
"The Lord for us great things hath done."

6 The church of Christ who views aright,
He sees a glorious master-piece,
And must with wonder and delight
Adore him who the author is:
Her beauty plainly doth appear
To those who have discerning eyes;
Her songs delight the ravish'd ear
Of all who know celestial joys.

7 She Christ, her faithful Shepherd, knows,
Attends to his instructive voice;
Amidst adversity she grows,
In her election doth rejoice;
Is by the Holy Spirit led,
The blood of covenant maintains
Her union with the Lord, her Head,
In whom she constant victory gains.

783. T. 164.

O THOU, who out of sin's dark night
Hast us, thy children, called,
And hast thy glorious gospel-light
Unto our hearts revealed;
Abas'd with shame we all
Before thee humbly fall,
And render for electing grace
To thee, Lord Jesus, thanks & praise.

2 The patience, love, unwearied care,
Abundant grace and blessing,
Thou dost bestow from year to year,
Are truly past expressing;
Great mercy thou hast shown
To us, we freely own, [Friend,
Yet hath thy aim, most faithful
With us not fully been obtain'd.

3 What rich returns of thankfulness
From us might be expected,
Who, that we might show forth thy praise,
Have been through grace elected:
But here we blush for shame,
Unworthy of the name
We bear, while of our heavenly call
As yet so very short we fall.

4 May we show forth continually,
In our whole conversation,
What we to others testify
Of thee and thy salvation:
May all men in us see
Our words and works agree;
Then shall we of redeeming love
To others a sweet savour prove.

5 But are there such among us still
Whose hearts thy love ne'er warmed, [feel,
Who, tho' their wretched state they
Are not thereby alarmed?
O rouse them from death's sleep,
That they may pray and weep,
And flee as sinners to thy wounds,
Where for the vilest grace abounds.

784. T. 79.

THRICE happy congregation,
For thy predestination
Adore the suffering Lamb,
Who, mov'd by love unbounded,
To purchase thee was wounded.
The cross endur'd, despis'd the shame.

2 It ne'er can be expressed
In words, how thou art blessed;
Thy happy lot hold fast:
Thy ransom, so expensive,
Is surely more extensive,
Than barely to be sav'd at last.

3 O yes, our free election,
By our kind Lord's direction,

Is of a nobler kind;
John's portion to inherit,
To be with Christ one spirit,
Rightly acquainted with his mind:—

4 To this world crucified,
For his use sanctified,
In body and in soul,
Till we to his full stature
Are grown, & of his nature [whole:—
Partakers are, throughout the

5 A bow of grace, appearing
To the world, witness bearing
That God is well inclin'd;
A light, whose radiation,
From Christ's illumination
Deriv'd, may shine to all mankind.

6 In each state and condition,
Teach us, Lord, with precision
To execute thy will;
Be our heart's inclination
Thy every intimation
To understand, and to fulfil:—

7 The Father's kind inspection,
His blessing and protection,
Be daily our support;
The Holy Spirit's leading,
And Jesus' powerful pleading,
Convey us through this world unhurt.

785.* T. 155.

CHURCH of Christ, sing & rejoice,
Bring the Lord, thro' all thy classes,
Thanks and praises,
Glory, honour, might, and power,
Evermore;
Since he is our Head and Saviour,
And his mercy, grace, and favour
Richly doth on us bestow.

2 When we on his faithfulness,
Love, and mercy duly ponder,
Lost in wonder,
We desire his name to praise;
For his grace,
Love, and goodness never ceaseth;
He the number still increaseth
Of the church in which he rules.

3 Highly favour'd church, thou art
Still beyond all contradiction,
'Midst affliction,
By the Lord who thee redeem'd,
Much esteem'd;
Therefore may thy whole behaviour
Be an honour to thy Saviour,
Whose great mercy never ends.

4 Tho' thou hast but little strength,
Let thy faith be manifested
And attested
By unfeigned love to him;
Serve his name
With true zeal in every station,
As his feeble congregation,
Which relies on his support.

786. T. 161.

HIGHLY favour'd congregation,
Founded firm on Christ the rock,
Own with thanks and adoration,
He's the Shepherd, we his flock;
He's our Saviour,—whose great favour
We've 'midst many trials proved;
We're unworthy, yet beloved.

2 Church of Christ, within thy borders
Truth prevail and love unfeign'd;
Be thy government and orders
With due faithfulness maintain'd:
Lord most holy,—may we truly
Prize our great predestination
In thy chosen congregation.

3 Think, my soul, how great the favour
In Jehovah's courts to dwell;
Here poor sinners meet their Saviour,
Here the sin-sick soul grows well:
Was not Jesus—always gracious,
When we, conscious how we failed,
To his loving heart appealed?

4 Here by faith we're humbly eying
Our Redeemer on the cross;
We behold him bleeding, dying,
To gain endless bliss for us:
Here is ready—for the needy
Meat and drink at Jesus' table,
Which to explain we are not able.

5 In thy family, O Jesus,
Love should more & more abound;
This thy word and Spirit teach us,
As its mark to all around:
May we learning—and discerning
Both thy doctrine and example,
Be in truth thy holy temple.

6 Grant that with thy chosen people
Each may serve thee evermore,
Following thee as thy disciple,
And in spirit thee adore: [vour,
Gracious Saviour,—with heart's fer-
May we walk as thine anointed,
In the path thou hast appointed,

787.* T. 26.

REDEEMED souls, adore & praise
Our merciful and gracious God,
For all the love he hath bestow'd,
For all the wonders of his grace.

2 The Lord for us great things has done,
Our warmest thanks to him are due;
We trace his goodness when we view
His church, where he erects his throne.

3 We humbly take what he 'll bestow,
Who would refuse his boundless grace?
O may his church in every place
His blessed views more fully know.

4 We all in spirit are agreed
To follow Jesus as his flock,
To build on him, our only rock,
And on the path of life proceed.

5 And tho' a rugged path it be,
On which we oft with trials meet,
And many dangers us beset,
It leads to true felicity.

6 The Father's garden here below
With patience must be watch'd indeed;
For as in nature 'tis, the seed
Must die before the plant can grow.

7 Here is our hand; us, Lord, assist
To serve thee 'midst reproach and shame,
And thy atonement to proclaim,
Until we in thy presence rest.

8 In mutual love and harmony,
Our solemn covenant we renew;
Say thou in grace, Amen, thereto:
We give our hearts & hands to thee.

788.* T. 16.

CHURCH of Christ, thy destination
Is to joy in him by faith;
He hath purchas'd thy salvation,
He hath ransom'd thee from death.

2 Sin-sick souls, repair for healing
To his stripes & bleeding wounds;
Then retain a grateful feeling
Of the grace which there abounds.

3 In all wants, in all distresses,
Thence deriving sure relief;
Looking daily unto Jesus,
Who to gladness turns your grief;

4 Join his church in this confession:
"I am sinful, weak, and poor,
But my Saviour's birth and passion
Prove to me the richest store:—

5 "Nought but Jesus' grace, his merit,
And his blood-bought righteousness
Is the cause why I inherit
Life, and peace, and holiness."

6 Jesus' death thy strength abideth,
Church of Philadelphia;
He who in aught else confideth
Goes Laodicea's way.

789.* T. 126.

THOU ransom'd church of Jesus,
The Saviour's happy bride,
Arise, show forth his praises
Who for thee bled and died;
Ye, tho' a people poor and mean,
Of God are highly honour'd,
Because the Lamb was slain.

2 In our degree and measure
His love we will proclaim;
In lowliness with pleasure
Yield service to his name;
The church with tender care he 'll guide,
And will in every trial
Our sure support abide.

790.* T. 68.

CHURCH of Christ, be glad,
Praise thy Lord and Head;
Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,
That thou 'rt filled with his Spirit
Is perceiv'd, and this
Proves that thou art his:—

2 For the Lamb of God
Fixeth his abode
In his ransom'd congregation;
And true joy and consolation,
Grace and truth abound
Where the Lord is found.

3 Strength to grow and thrive
From Christ's death derive,
And proclaim his bitter passion
As the cause of man's salvation;
Showing forth his praise
Till the end of days.

791.* T. 114.

BRIDE of the Lamb, thou favour'd congregation,
Thou fruit of Jesus' cross, dear covenant-flock, [rock,
Securely built on him, the eternal
Rejoice in him, the God of thy salvation, [for thee,
Reap all the blessings he design'd
Grow in his grace and knowledge constantly.

2 Thy glory be to all the world displayed, [proclaim;
To all mankind his dying love
Awake, put on thy strength, Jerusalem, [arrayed;
And in thy beauteous garments be
Break forth, extend thy borders everywhere, [may share.
That thousands still thy happiness

792. T. 16.

HIGHLY favour'd congregation,
Lov'd by Jesus and esteem'd,
Ne'er forget thy destination,
Why from this vain world redeem'd.

2 Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,
Bless'd in his communion sweet,
Destin'd heaven to inherit,
And the church above to meet:—

3 Witness here to all around thee
Of thy Saviour's dying love;
Testify, "He sought and found me,
Else I still should restless rove."

4 Evidence by word and action,
That thy faith is not in vain,
That thy highest satisfaction
Centres in the Lamb once slain.

5 By love's closest bonds united,
As the Lord's own family,
Be to serve his name excited,
Be to him a fruitful tree.

6 Grant, Lord, to thy congregation,
What adorns her in thy sight;
Let her walls be call'd Salvation,
Be her glory, shield, and light.

793. T. 119.

PRAISE the Lord; :||:
Bounteously he deals with thee,
Highly favour'd church of Jesus:
Thee, he chose thro' mercy free,
To show forth his matchless praises,
And rich fruit, meet for the Master's use,
To produce. :||:

2 Gracious Lord, :||:
Blessed is our lot indeed,
In thy ransom'd congregation:
Here we on thy merits feed,
And the well-springs of salvation,
All the needy to revive and cheer,
Stream forth here. :||:

3 As thy sheep :||:
May we all thy voice obey,
And not listen to a stranger;
Keep us, lest we go astray,
Shelter us from every danger:
Nowhere else can we secured be,
But in thee. :||:

4 Might we all, :||:
Young and old, be witnesses
Of the power of thy salvation,
And extol redeeming grace
'Midst a crooked generation;
Thus will many souls around us be
Gain'd for thee. :||:

5 We entreat, :||:
Lord, lift up thy countenance
On thy ransom'd congregation;
Grace to every choir dispense;
May we all, each in his station,
Daily in thy great salvation share:
Hear our prayer. :||:

794. T. 16.

YE, who freely offer praises,
Glorify your Saviour's name:
Do not his unbounded mercies
Justly your thanksgivings claim?

2 Yes, with grateful hearts' sensation
We his love and goodness trace,
That on earth a congregation
He has form'd to show his praise.

3 O how kindly has he led us,
O'er us watch'd with faithful care,
On the richest pastures fed us,
Sav'd from danger, freed from fear.

4 Yet, while we with joy adore him,
We indeed have cause to mourn,
To confess our faults before him,
And to him as sinners turn.

5 O forgive each deviation;
Lord, while we for mercy sue,
Let us joy in thy salvation;
As of old our days renew.

795. T. 16.

ON thy ransom'd congregation,
Lord, lift up thy countenance;
Be our help, joy, and salvation;
Life and health to us dispense.

2 In each heart O fix thy dwelling,
There erect a monument
Of thy love, all love excelling,
There fulfil thy bless'd intent.

3 Take us under thy protection,
Grant us to obey thy voice,
Simply follow thy direction,
To thy will resign our choice.

4 Of each weight still more divested,
Freed from every earthly view,
Be our purpose, unmolested
Our high calling to pursue.

5 Thus may we, as thine anointed,
Walk 'fore thee in truth and grace;
In the path thou hast appointed,
Till we reach thy dwelling-place.

796.* T. 58.

O THOU, whose goodness words can ne'er express,
Daily lift up thy friendly, loving face [classes;
On the congregation, her choirs and
Let us perceive in all our streets and places
Thy peace divine.

2 In labour or at rest, O Lord, bedew
With thy most precious blood whatever we do; [us ever,
Let thy gracious presence surround
As tho' our longing eyes enjoy'd the favour
Thee to behold.

3 With fervour all thy people's hearts inspire,
And to enjoy thy grace be our desire;
May thy love, dear Saviour, to love constrain us,
And closely in the bond of peace maintain us,
As one 'fore thee.

4 We surely are a work of thy own hand, [blood to spend,
Sinners on whom thou'st deign'd thy
By the Holy Spirit to thee directed,
A covenant-people, by free grace elected
To serve thy name.

5 Grant that we all, both young and old, may prove
True witnesses of thy redeeming love; [adore thee,
Showing forth thy praises, may we
And humbly walk in grace and truth before thee,
Till we go hence.

6 May'st thou with us thy gracious aim obtain; [victory gain:
Grant that thy church may constant
May we, truly conscious that we are needy,
To look to thee in faith be always ready,
And trust thy power.

7 Might every one who knows us, clearly trace [grace;
In all thy people unction, truth, and
That whoe'er approaches thy congregation, [persuasion,
May feel, and own it from a clear
"The Lord is here."

797.* T. 26.

O LORD, lift up thy countenance
Upon thy church, & own us thine;
Impart to each thy peace divine,
And blessings unto all dispense.

2 'Tis our desire to follow thee,
And from experience to proclaim
Salvation in thy blessed name:
O bless thy servants' ministry.

3 Thy mercy is our only stay,
Direct us by thy holy Word,
Thy Spirit's light to us afford,
Preserve us, lest we go astray.

4 O Well of life, we pant for thee;
In copious streams thy thirsting flock
Desires to drink of thee, the Rock,
And thirst no more eternally.

5 Thy grace thou freely dost bestow,
This is our only plea and claim:
We blush 'fore thee with conscious shame,
Our many faults and wants we know.

6 To thee, O Lord our righteousness, [clean
Who by thy blood hast wash'd us
From every spot and stain of sin,
We give unfeigned thanks & praise.

798.* T. 244.

LORD, may the congregation,
Establish'd on thy death,
Enjoy thy great salvation
And daily live by faith;
Believing in thy blood,
That all-atoning flood,
Grant we may cleave for ever
To thee, our highest good.

2 Unfold thy grace's treasure,
And all our hearts prepare,
That we may in full measure
In thy salvation share:
O may thy looks of grace
Ensure our happiness;
Uphold us, and for ever
Set us before thy face.

3 Let us, 'fore thee abased,
Be daily more and more
To taste thy friendship raised;
Prepare, we thee implore,
Amidst thy chosen race
Still many witnesses,
Who can from heart's experience
Proclaim redeeming grace.

4 We will of Jesus' passion
And meritorious death
Ne'er cease to make confession,
Till we give up our breath;
Till we in heavenly light
Shall see his face most bright,
And with the saints in glory
In songs of praise unite.

799.* T. 30.

LIFT up thy pierced hands, most gracious Saviour,
O'er thy church, and pour out all that favour,
Which in thy loving
And kind heart for us is ever moving.

2 To thy care ourselves we now surrender, [der,
Of our lives to thee we make a tenProtect and lead us, [us.
As our faithful Shepherd daily feed

800.* T. 58.

HOLD o'er thy church, Lord, thy protecting hand, [stand;
And in thy truth O may she ever
May thy ransom'd people show forth thy praises, [Jesus,
And be devoted to thy name, Lord
Until thou com'st.

2 Preserve thy church, Lord Jesus, everywhere,
And grant that she rich fruit for thee may bear;
Build her outward structure, fill her with glory, [adore thee,
And let each member praise thee and
And serve thy name.

801.* T. 582.

THE happy church of Christ
Stands to this very day;
Those who are chosen daily find
To her an open way.

2 Lord Jesus, when we trace
Thy gracious call and aim
With us thy flock, we render praise
Unto thy holy name.

3 Thou open'st us a door,
Our little strength thou know'st;
Assist us, Lord, we thee implore,
To call to thee the lost.

802.* T. 583.

HOW bold and vain the attempt to overthrow [below;
The blessed church of Jesus Christ
For Salem's bulwarks, holy walls, and towers [powers.
Shall stand in spite of all opposing

803.* T. 56.

THOU, whose name is :‖: inexpressible, [able,
And whose counsels:‖: are unsearch-
Thou, who from eternity
Didst the time and place decree,
Where securely :‖: thy dear flock should dwell;—

2 Spread thy blessing :‖: here and everywhere, [and prayer:
Far surpassing :‖: all our thought
When we have performed all,
And fulfill'd thy gracious call,
After labour :‖: we sweet rest shall share.

804.* T. 590.

O THOU, whose mercies far exceed
All we can think or say,
As in thy people thou indeed
Dost daily more display;
Let for our happiness, O God,
On us while here below,
By virtue of thy death and blood,
Still thousand blessings flow.

2 Lord Jesus, let us be thine own,
And ever thine remain,
We now ourselves to thee commend
With thy whole chosen train;
Till thou shalt fully have obtain'd
With us thy thoughts of peace,
When we, in joys which never end,
Shall see thee face to face.

3 Shelter our souls most graciously
Within thy open'd side,
Move them from every harm away,
And in thy safeguard hide:
O let our names in life's blest rolls
Inscrib'd be ever found,
And in life's bundle may our souls
Be fast and firmly bound.

4 Now may the very God of peace
Us wholly sanctify,
And grant us such a rich increase
Of unction from on high,
That spirit, soul, and body may,
Preserved free from stain,
Be blameless until thy great day,
Lord Jesus Christ: Amen.

805.* T. 79.

THOU know'st, the congregation
Hath thee for her foundation,
Whate'er the world may say:
Grant us to cleave for ever
To thee, our faithful Saviour;
May love among us bear the sway.

806.* T. 106.

LORD, may not one among us be
Who trifles with his call of grace,
None who believes not heartily
In thee, the Lord our righteousness;
But grant that, prompted by thy love,
We all to thee may faithful prove.

807.* T. 151.

O JESUS Christ, most holy,
Head of the church, thy bride,
Each day in us more fully
Thy name be magnified:
O may in each believer
Thy love its power display,
And none among us ever
From thee, our Shepherd, stray.

808.* T. 208.

LORD, thy body's Saviour,
Shepherd and Preserver,
If times numberless
We, thy congregation,
Paid our adoration
For electing grace,
Yet should we—great debtors be:
Take us all as an oblation
For thy bitter passion.

809. T. 586.

HIGH-PRIEST of thy church dispensation,
Lift up, we pray, thy pierced hand,
And bless thy ransom'd congregation,
In every place by sea or land;
Before thy Father's throne remember
By name each individual member;
Thy face upon us shine,
Grant us thy peace divine,
For we are thine.

810.* T. 121.

IN Jesus' love and peace,
On earth's extended face,
Dwell our congregations;
Both here, and o'er the seas,
We raise our supplications,
That the God of grace
All of us may bless
Till the end of days.

811.* T. 161.

JESUS, hear our supplication,
'Tis thy pleasure
Those to bless who to thee cleave;
Grant us stronger demonstration
Of thy favour,
Than our weak minds can conceive;
Help the feeble,—us enable,
In thy bless'd path of salvation,
Bold and joyful
To go thro' faith's each gradation.

812.* T. 221.

O LORD, let thy countenance friendly and gracious
Shine clearly on thy chosen race;
To thee we commend ourselves jointly, to bless us;
Let every member feel thy peace:

Thy servants protect, O most gracious Lord,
And always direct by thy holy Word;
Yea, grant them with boldness thy death to proclaim,
And life and remission of sins thro' thy name.

813.* T. 121.

LORD Jesus, by thy death,
Whereon we trust by faith,
Thy wounds, thy pierced side,
Thy agonizing pain,
Preserve the church, thy bride,
Till thou com'st again,
Prince of life once slain. :||:

XXXIII. FOR FESTAL OCCASIONS.

814.* T. 141.

OWN thy congregation,
O thou slaughter'd Lamb;
We are here assembled
In thy holy name;
Look upon thy people,
Whom thou by thy blood
Hast in love redeemed,
And brought nigh to God.

2 Thou hast kindly led us
For these many years;
Ah, accept our praises
And our grateful tears:
Grant us all the favour
To obey thy voice;
Yea, what thou directest,
Be our only choice.

3 Church, who art arrayed
In the glorious dress
Of thy Lord and Saviour's
Spotless righteousness,
Be both now and ever
By his blood kept clean,
And in all thy members
Be his likeness seen.

815.* T. 155.

LAMB of God, Immanuel,
Who hast gained our salvation
By thy passion,
Ah, we give thee thanks and praise
For thy grace;
Grant that we may all inherit
The anointing of thy Spirit,
Which instructs us what to do.

2 Let thy Spirit, which is truth,
Raise our grovelling thoughts to heaven,
Us enliven;
Thus adorn'd and beautified
As thy bride,
May our walk and conversation
Be a striking demonstration
That thou dwell'st & walk'st in us.

3 Lord, for grace we thee entreat,
Grace, the anchor firm and stable
Of the feeble;
Grace, whereon we must depend
To the end:
Grace, the sinner's consolation,
Sure support in each temptation,
Confidence in life and death.

4 God with us, we vow to thee
Due allegiance now and ever;
Faithful Saviour,
We to serve thee ready stand;
Take the hand,
As a pledge and declaration
Of the grateful heart's sensation,
Which thy dying love excites.

816.* T. 341.

LORD, in thy name we meet
Before thy mercy-seat;
Sacred may each moment be,
Spent in solemn worship here:
May our incense rise to thee,
Songs of praise, the voice of prayer.

2 Here are we richly fed,
Refresh'd and comforted;
Nourish'd with celestial food,
Bless'd with streams from thee the Rock;
We with humble gratitude
Praise thee, Shepherd of thy flock.

3 O grant us new displays
Of glory and of grace:
Touch our lips with hallow'd flame,
While, to sinners far and near,
Of salvation in thy name
Joyfully we witness bear.

4 O give us that good part,
A pure and holy heart;
Every needful gift bestow,
Faith, and hope, and charity;
That while dwelling here below,
We may pleasure yield to thee.

5 Thou Lamb of God once slain,
Thy people's strength remain;
O preserve us in thy love,
Us in thy pavilion hide;
Ne'er thy hand from us remove,
Be in life and death our Guide.

817. T. 583.

LORD Jesus, in thy presence we
are blest, [come guest;
And tho' unseen, thou art our wel-
Without thee all our meetings would
be cold, [and old.
And soon become a custom dead

2 Thou canst alone to us true life
impart, [each needy heart:
Canst comfort, bless, and cheer
We are assembled here before thy
face [grace.
To take out of thy fulness grace for

3 Lord Jesus, be for evermore
ador'd, [and Lord;
We thee confess our Master, Head,
Thy faithfulness and truth we daily
prove, [by love.
Grant us to live for thee, constrain'd

818.* T. 161.

CHOSEN souls, who now assemble
Under Christ's protecting care;
Tho' you 're weak, your foes must
tremble,
If by him you guarded are:
Of his goodness—bear ye witness;
Know ye not your high vocation,
As the Lord's own congregation?

2 To his name give thanks and
praises,
Him with deepest awe adore;
May his people in all places
Join to extol him evermore:
Christ our Saviour—be for ever
Of your building the foundation,
And the God of your salvation.

3 Herrnhut,† the Most High's own
structure,
Built upon the grace of God,
May thy walls be without fracture;
Sprinkled be thy gates with blood:
God's election—and protection
Founded & maintain our union; [on.
Christ's the ground of our communi-

4 May this place exist no longer
Than, Lord Jesus, thine own hand,
Uncontroll'd, rules in its border;
And be love our sacred band:
May we by thee—be found worthy
As a good salt to be used,
That some fruit may be produced.

5 Bless our cov'nanting together;
Make us like a burning torch,
Kindled by our heavenly Father,
In these last days of the church:
To thee joined—and resigned,
May by each of us be further'd,
What thy holy will hath order'd.

6 Now, dear Brethren, know ye
Jesus?
Happy who him truly knows:
He 's the Head, and we are mem-
bers,
From him every blessing flows:
Who believeth,—to Christ cleaveth,
Can rejoice in every station,
'Midst reproach and tribulation.

819.* T. 114.

THOU Source of love, we pray,
impart thy favour
Each day unto thy house and fa-
mily, [thee;
Who as one man united are in
O grant that every one thy grace
may savour, [rejoice
And that thy church for ever may
In thee, and praise thy name with
heart and voice.

2 O thou whose love extends be-
yond all measure, [cry;
Thou hearest us already, ere we
No soul that calls on thee thou
passest by, [pleasure:
But to relieve thy children is thy
Thou art our light, our strength,
our shield, and rock,
Our faithful Shepherd, and we are
thy flock.

820. T. 341.

OUR souls with inmost shame
Address thy holy name:
Jesus, in our midst appear
Present to each waiting soul,
Every contrite sinner cheer,
Breathe thy Spirit through the
whole.

† *The first congregation of the renewed Church of the United Brethren.*

2 We sinners humbly crave
Thy presence here to have,
In this place to find thee true
To thy promises of grace,
Still to own the gather'd few,
Giving them thy life and peace.

3 From thy majestic throne
In mercy, Lord, look down;
View the souls athirst for thee,
Turn to them thy cheering face;
Each adores with bended knee
Thee, O Jesus, for thy grace.

821.* T. 155.

MY soul waiteth on the Lord,
And shall never be ashamed;
He is named
God our sun, our shield, and rock,
By his flock;
Unto us his name is precious,
And his goodness doth refresh us,
When we long and pant for him.

2 His enlivening countenance
To lift up on all the needy
He is ready,
And enricheth evermore
All the poor;
In our peaceful habitations,
O how many demonstrations
Of his favour do we prove.

3 We reply Amen thereto,
For his bounty never ceases,
Yea, increases;
We are fill'd with deep amaze
At his grace;
Each himself unworthy deemeth
Of his love; his goodness claimeth
Our unfeigned gratitude.

822.* T. 9.

M. CHRIST our Saviour look on thee,
Ransom'd congregation:
C. We belong to him, for he
Purchas'd our salvation.

M. 2 In electing grace rejoice,
Prize his love and favour;
Then his calling, gifts, & choice
He 'll maintain for ever.

C. 3 Yea, his sympathizing heart
Yields us consolation;
May we ne'er from Christ depart
Till our consummation.

M. 4 To his voice attentive be,
Thankfully adore him,
And with heart's fidelity
Humbly walk before him.

C. 5 Thus in number and in grace
We shall be increasing,
And to him in every place
Prove ourselves well-pleasing.

823. T. 185.

GRACIOUS Lord, our Shepherd and salvation,
In thy presence we appear;
Own us as thy flock and congregation,
Let us feel that thou art near:
May we all enjoy thy love and favour,
And obey thee as our Head and Saviour,
Who, by thy most precious blood,
Mad'st us, sinners, heirs of God.

2 Lord, receive the thanks and adoration,
Which to thee we humbly pay,
For our calling and predestination,
Blessed Saviour, on this day:
Give us grace to walk as thine anointed,
In the path thou hast for us appointed;
We devote most heartily
Soul and body unto thee.

3 Chosen flock, thy faithful Shepherd follow,
Who laid down his life for thee;
All thy days unto his service hallow,
Each his true disciple be:
Evermore rejoice to do his pleasure,
Be the fulness of his grace thy treasure;
Should success thy labour crown,
Give the praise to him alone.

824.* T. 166.

O THOU, the church's Lord and Head,
Thou faithful Shepherd of thy flock;
The pilgrim's guide, support, and aid,
Our only Refuge, Shield, & Rock,
Worthless we are, yet we are thine,
The chosen people of thy hand;
As monuments of grace divine,
To our astonishment we stand.

2 As part of thy church militant,
An emblem of the church above,
To thy dear Father us present,
Thou in the bosom of his love;
That us as children he may own,
Since we 're thy dearly earn'd reward.
And send his Holy Spirit down,
To train us all for thee, our Lord.

3 We cast ourselves into thy arms,
While we with inward rapture glow; [warms,
The flame, which thy pure bosom
Thy never-failing love, we know;
Thou, who for us once tastedst death,
And wast restor'd to life again,
Thy quickening Spirit on us breathe,
Come, heavenly Vine, each branch sustain.

4 We wish, (and what we wish is gain'd,
Since we thy chosen followers are,
And have thy power divine obtain'd)
To thee well-pleasing fruit to bear:
Thy servants we will be thro' grace,
Thy handmaids who look up to thee;
Set us, O Lord, unto thy praise,
Grant we may serve thee faithfully.

825. T. 151.

HEAD of thy congregation,
Kind Shepherd, gracious Lord,
Look on us with compassion,
Met here with one accord;
Accept our thanks and praises
For all thy love and care,
Which we in various cases
Repeatedly did share.

2 Our lips would gladly mention
Thy patience, love, and grace,
Our hearts with due attention
The loving-kindness trace,
Which under thy protection
'Midst trials we have prov'd;
Thy fatherly correction
Shows us that we 're belov'd.

826.* T. 101.

BOW down, ye followers of the Lamb, [tion;
These are your hours of consola-
With awe adore his saving name:
His cross and wounds are of salvation
The lasting source for sinners who believe;
Come then, and grace for grace freely from him receive.

2 His mercy claims our highest praise,
'Tis by his grace we were elected;
Freed from the world's deceitful ways,
And to his flock on earth collected;
His faithful heart we know, and search it still;
May thousands more believe, and do his holy will.

3 Ourselves, dear Lord, we now to thee
Resign anew with soul and body;
As thy redeemed property
Accept of us, tho' poor and needy;
Out of the mouths of sucklings perfect praise,
And magnify in us thy name and saving grace.

4 O let thy love our hearts constrain,
That, in one covenant united,
The bond of peace we may maintain,
And be to mutual love incited;
To God and to the Lamb be glory giv'n
By sinners here below, and by the saints in heaven.

827.* T. 9.

JESUS Christ, who bled and died
For mankind's salvation,
Shows his wounds and pierced side
To his congregation.

2 While he does himself reveal,
Oh, what consolation
In his presence do we feel;
'Tis beyond expression.

3 Teach us, Lord, to follow thee
With entire devotion;
As thy willing subjects we
Wait thy Spirit's motion.

4 Jesus, all-creating Word,
King of every nation,
But especially the Lord
Of thy congregation,—

5 To thy name be evermore
Praise and glory given;
Thee we worship and adore,
Lord of earth and heaven.

828.* T. 10.

WHEN we rejoice, that Jesus
From year to year doth bless us,
And that his grace and favour
Towards us never waver:—

2 Or he that consolation
Grants to his congregation,
That we shall rest for ever
With him, our gracious Saviour:—

3 Then we forget distresses,
And what would else oppress us;
Are we with Christ connected,
We need not be dejected.

829.* T. 166.

HEAD of thy church, behold us here,
Direct and rule us by thy grace;
Hear thou each humble sinner's prayer,
Confirming thus thy promises:
O help us that we may fulfil
What in thy name we take in hand,
Concordant with thy holy will,
And may it to thy glory tend.

2 One suit in mercy to us grant:
Let us from all divested be
Which furthers not our covenant,
Or is displeasing unto thee;
All that whence hurt to souls accrues,
Whate'er thy doctrine doth disgrace,
Or counteracts thy blessed views,
Root out and utterly erase.

830.* T. 15.

LORD, when before the Father's face
Thou, in thy ministration,
Presentest the redeemed race,
Gather'd from every nation;—

2 In love remember this thy flock
Bought by thy bitter passion:
To thee, who art the church's Rock,
We pay our adoration.

3 We here unite in prayer to thee,
And praise thee, Lord Jehovah;
We join to sighs for mercy free
A joyful Hallelujah.

831.* T. 97.

JESUS, O may we thee obey,
Who art the life, the truth, the way;
Since for our sins thou didst atone,
With right thou claim'st us as thine own:
Thou wast obedient unto death, that we
Might not be lost, but live eternally.

2 O let each member of thy fold
Be in the book of life enroll'd;
The Holy Ghost to us impart
To bear the sway in every heart:
Us with thy gracious presence daily bless,
And evermore vouchsafe to us thy grace.

832. T. 167.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance,
Smile upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Every plant look'd fresh & green,
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;
Happy seasons we have seen:
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare;
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

833. T. 22.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 "There," saith the Saviour, "I will be
Amidst this little company;
To them I will unveil my face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

834.* T. 185.

GRACE and peace from God our blessed Saviour
Be with all who love his name:
Church of Christ, his service deem a favour,
Joyfully his death proclaim:
Be prepar'd for rest or for employment,
From activity derive enjoyment;
Serve with zeal and faithfulness,
Fill'd with love his name confess.

2 Gracious Father, bless this congregation
As the purchase of thy Son;
For his sake behold us with compassion,
And us all thy children own;
Jesus, grant to us thy peace and favour;
Holy Ghost, abide with us for ever,
And to us Christ's love explain:
Hear us, Lord our God: Amen.

835. T. 26.

OUR lot of grace how truly blest,
Since we are called to assemble,
And daily worship in thy temple,
Where thou dost cause thy Name to rest.

2 To thee, our Shepherd ever kind,
We now ourselves anew surrender;
O plead our cause, in love remember
Thy people, closely to thee join'd.

836. T. 136.

GOOD Shepherd, hear:
Thou, who thine Israel leadest,
And with thy word and sacrament us feedest;
Who hast us bought,
That thou might'st purify
Unto thyself a people who might praise thee,
And, both in word and deed, before the world confess thee;
To us thy ransom'd flock appear:
Good Shepherd, hear.

2 Turn us to thee;
Thus from the world estranged,
Transform'd in mind, into thine image changed,
We thee shall praise:
Lord, as of old renew [salvation
Our days, restore the joy of thy
To us: forsake us not, but with divine compassion
Bear with, & tend us constantly:
Turn us to thee.

837.* T. 22.

LORD, with thy glorious presence bless,
Fill, and adorn this hallow'd place,
Wherein is preach'd thy holy Word,
And sacramental grace conferr'd;

2 That this redeemed, happy flock
Be firmly built on thee, the Rock,
And of those blessings be possess'd,
Which on the Spirit's union rest.

3 With power from on high endue
Thy flock, O Lord, this day anew,
That many souls with us may feel
Thy pardoning grace, the Spirit's seal:—

4 That thousands by our ministry
May to the truth converted be,
And we may see them flock with us
Unto the standard of thy cross.

5 As long as we on earth remain,
We will confess the Lamb once slain,
Until we for his victory
Adore him in eternity.

838. T. 101.

BEFORE thy throne we now appear,
Head of thy ransom'd congregation;
Unto our songs of praise give ear,
And listen to our supplication:
Hear from the heavens, thy lofty dwelling-place,
And when thou hear'st, forgive thy people's trespasses.

2 In heaven and earth who is like thee?
Thou keepest covenant for ever,
Maintain'st thy cause most gloriously, [favour:
And to thy servants showest
In us, O Lord, thy word be verified,
That thou the church's Head and Shepherd wilt abide.

3 Thine eyes be open on this house,
This temple unto thee devoted;
O consecrate it for thy use,
Thy glory be by us promoted:

And since thou chosest us, and didst ordain
That we should fruit produce, O may our fruit remain.

4 Now to the Lamb upon the throne,
Who by his precious blood hath bought us,
That he might claim us as his own,
And to his fold in mercy brought us,
All praise and honour evermore pertain:
Let all who love his name, reply thereto, Amen.

839. T. 167.

PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to every soul therein:
Peace which flows from Christ's salvation,
Peace, the seal of cancell'd sin;
Peace that speaks its heavenly Giver,
Peace, to earthly minds unknown;
Peace divine that lasts for ever,
Here erect its glorious throne.

840. T. 582.

LET not your heart be faint,
MY PEACE I GIVE TO YOU:
Such peace, as reason never plann'd,
As worldlings never knew.

2 'Tis not the stilly calm,
That bodes a tempest nigh,
Or lures the heedless mariner
Where rocks and quicksands lie.

3 It is not nature's sleep,
The stupor of the soul,
That knows not God, nor owns his hand,
Tho' wide his thunders roll.

4 'Tis not the sleep of death,
Low in the darksome grave,
Where the worm spreads its couch and feeds,
No hand put forth to save.

5 It speaks a ransom'd world,
A Father reconcil'd,
A sinner to a saint transform'd,
A rebel to a child.

6 It tells of joys to come,
It soothes the troubled breast,
It shines, a star amid the storm,
The harbinger of rest.

7 Then, murmur not, nor mourn,
My people faint and few,
Tho' earth to its foundation shake,
MY PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU.

841. T. 230.

FROM thy holy habitation,
O God of grace and consolation,
Behold us, met before thy throne;
Saviour, to believers precious,
With sanctified delights refresh us,
And us, as thine, in mercy own:
We humbly cry to thee,
Send now prosperity;
Let thy beauty
On us appear,—establish here
Our work, the work of praise and prayer.

842. T. 71.

'FORE thee, Lord, we appear,
Thou listen'st to our prayer,
Wait'st to be gracious,
Thy goodness to display
Unto thy church this day,
To own and bless us.

2 Thy pierced hands, for us
Once nailed to the cross,
Give benediction;
Thy blood from sin us cleanse,
And pardoning grace dispense,
Without restriction.

843.* T. 69.

THIS habitation
And all who dwell therein,
Fill with salvation;
O may in each be seen
True grace,—and Christian holiness.

844.* T. 37.

O CHURCH, thy strength abide
Joy in thy Saviour;
Thy Friend himself draws near,
Come, taste his favour:
Await, devout and still,
The grace he giveth;
With all who seek his face,
His peace he leaveth.

845.* T. 185.

JOY divine and heavenly peace with unction,
Church of Christ, thy portion be:
Holy Ghost, preserve the deep compunction
Flowing from Christ's agony:

Father, bless and keep without cessation [gation:
Thy Son's dearly purchas'd congre-
Lamb of God, thy peace divine
Seal our covenant, we are thine.

846. T. 159.

THIS day is holy to the Lord,
This day the Lord hath made;
We will rejoice with one accord,
And in his name be glad:
Come, let us worship and bow down,
With thanks appear before his throne:
He to our songs of praise & prayer
Will lend a gracious ear.

2 We now return, each to his tent,
Joyful and glad of heart,
And from our solemn covenant
Thro' grace will ne'er depart:
Once more we pledge both heart and hand,
As in God's presence here we stand,
To live to him, and him alone,
Till we surround his throne.

847.* T. 166.

LORD Jesus, for our call of grace,
To praise thy name in fellowship
We humbly meet before thy face,
And in thy presence love-feast keep:
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,
Thy Spirit's unction now impart;
Grant we may all, O Lamb of God,
In thee be truly one in heart.

848. T. 14.

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim-flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek,
That from thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart:
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Then sup with us in love divine:
Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

849.* T. 159.

THE Sabbath is for man, that he
Therein may find repose,
And that the soul refresh'd may be
By Christ, the church's spouse:
Now doth his ransom'd, happy bride,
Fruit of his anguish when he died,
Enjoy a true sabbatic rest,
In his communion blest.

850. T. 205.

GRACIOUS Lord—with one accord,
We're assembled in thy name;
Deign to hear—our fervent prayer,
Mercy is our only claim,
While with tears and blushing face
We our sins to thee confess,
And our hearts with thanks o'erflow
For the grace thou dost bestow.

851. T. 590.

JESUS, knit all our souls to thee,
Unite us all in one,
And in our meetings everywhere
Be thou our aim alone:
Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts,
Without a rival reign;
Till we with angels join above
To praise the Lamb once slain.

852.* T. 79.

O KING of peace, our Sovereign,
Thou shalt alone us govern;
Come, form us soon to be
To others an example.
The Holy Spirit's temple,
The Father's pleasure constantly.

2 O thou our first-born Brother,
Thou Master at the rudder
Who guid'st thy church, to thee
We hearts and hands deliver,
And promise thee for ever,
That we thy faithful souls will be.

853.* T. 185.

WE who here together are assembled,
Joining hearts and hands in one,
Bind ourselves with love that 's undissembled,
Christ to love and serve alone:
O may our imperfect songs and praises [Jesus:
Be well-pleasing unto thee, Lord
Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
Amen, Amen, be it so.

854.* T. 166.

WELCOME among thy flock of grace
With joyful acclamation,
Thou, whom our Shepherd we confess:
Come, feed thy congregation:
We own the doctrine of thy cross
To be our sole foundation;
Accept from every one of us
The deepest adoration.

2 Lord Jesus, to our hearts reveal
Thy grace and love unceasing;
Thy hand, once pierced with the nail,
Bestow on us a blessing,
That hand which to thy family,
With tender love's affection,
Ere thou ascendedst up on high,
Imparted benediction.

3 Unseen thou art, yet we by sight
Should scarce be more assured;
As yet thy glorious, heavenly light
Can't be by man endured:
The time will come, when these our eyes
Shall see thy face for ever;
Faith here the want of sight sup- [plies
In every true believer.

4 Ye who from Jesus Christ have stray'd,
And his communion slighted,
To him return, be not afraid,
You're graciously invited;
Come all, whatever be your case,
Come without hesitation,
He'll now impart to you, thro' grace,
Peace, pardon, and salvation.

5 O thou, who always dost abide
Thy body's Head and Saviour,
Who art the pilgrim's constant guide,
Direct thy servants ever:
O may they an example be
Unto thy congregation,
And in thy temple faithfully
Perform their ministration.

6 Thy statutes to thy church declare,
Thy truth be our confession;
Take of each member special care,
Bless pilgrims in their station:
In danger constantly defend
And aid thy chosen people;
Of all contention make an end;
Support the weak and feeble.

7 O thou, the church's Head and Lord,
Who as a shepherd leadest
Thy flock, and richly with thy word
And sacrament us feedest:
What shall we say? lost in amaze
Our hearts bow down before thee;
For none sufficiently can praise,
Love, honour, or adore thee.

8 Our heavenly Father, hear our prayer:
By virtue of Christ's suffering,
In whom we all accepted are,
Receive us as thine offering:
To us the counsels of thy love,
Its depths, its heights unravel:
And may we all through mercy prove
The fruit of thy Son's travail.

9 O Spirit in the Godhead's throne,
Accept our adoration;
Thou ever didst attend the Son,
And aid his ministration;
Thou teachest us the way to bliss:
Keep under thy protection
That church of which He ruler is;
We'll follow thy direction.

855. T. 159.

ALL hail, our church's Elder dear,
Jesus, her glorious Head,
To thy disciples now appear,
As risen from the dead:
Let our rejoicing souls in thee
The tokens of thy passion see,
And hear thy gentle voice anew
Say, "Peace be unto you."

2 Remembering what our fathers told
Thou didst in their young day,
This solemn jubilee we hold,
That we, as then did they,

Ourselves in covenant may bind,
With soul and strength, with heart and mind, [sea,
Through life, in death, on land, o'er
Meekly to follow thee.

3 Revive thy work amidst the years;
Our brethren still employ,
On heathen soils to sow in tears,
With hope, to reap in joy;
Though wide the fields, the labourers few,
If thou our failing faith renew,
The weakest of thy servants, we
Can all things do through thee.

856.* T. 230.

JESUS, God of our salvation,
Behold, thy church with supplication
Humbly appears before thy face;
By thy powerful love constrained,
Since from thy death we life obtained, [praise:
We give thee glory, thanks, and
O listen to our prayer,
To meet thee us prepare
With due reverence; [feel,
No tongue can tell—what joy we
When thou, Lord, dost thyself reveal.

2 Thee to approach with awe we venture,
Entreating thee our gates to enter;
Our souls and bodies are thine own:
Speak to every church division,
We'll hear thy voice with deep impression,
For we are bound to thee alone:
To thee in each concern
We'll always humbly turn;
Want we insight
Let us by thee—instructed be,
Then in thy light the light we see.

3 Be especially entreated
To own thy servants, who are seated
Before thy face, tho' poor they are;
And in all their conferences
Grant them thy Spirit's influences,
Be present with them everywhere:
This we implore of thee,
O let us constantly
Do thy pleasure;
All our distress,—O Lord, redress,
For without thee there's no success.

4 Ruler of the congregations,
Which thou hast gather'd from all nations, [lead;
We thee implore thy church to
Shepherd, who so kindly guidest
Thy flock, and over it presidest,
Thy sheep for ever tend and feed:
What glory and what grace
Will still in future days
Be unfolded, [his word,
When our good Lord,—who keeps
To the stray'd sheep will help afford.

5 In the dust we sink before thee,
And for thy boundless love adore thee; [own:
Thee, Lord, our All in all we
We, thy people, make confession,
Thy love is great, beyond expression,
Tho' to the world it be unknown;
Yes, 'tis no fancied fire,
We have what we desire
In us glowing;
That hidden flame—is still the same,
And speaks the source from whence it came.

6 Thus our bliss will last for ever;
While we enjoy thy love and favour,
And safe beneath thy shadow rest,
We with joyful acclamation
Adore thee as thy congregation,
Thou art our Head and Lord confess'd:
To thee, Ancient of Days,
Be honour, power, and praise
Now and ever:
Lord, grant that we—eternally
May put our trust alone in thee.

857. T. 341.

TO Christ we homage pay,
We covenant this day
Him to serve with all our strength,
Him to love with all our heart,
Him to follow, till at length
We obtain in heaven our part.

858.* T. 79.

INCLINE thine ear in favour
To us, most gracious Saviour,
Accept our promises:
Thy death, thy wounds, and passion
Abide our hearts' confession,
Till we shall see thee face to face.

859.* T. 185.

HEAD and Ruler of thy congregation,
Which thou lov'st unspeakably,
And to whom thou oft a deep sensation
Giv'st of thy complacency;
O regard our hearts within us glowing, [o'erflowing,
And the contrite tears our eyes
While we blush with humble shame,
And adore thy holy name.

2 Jesus, great High-priest of our profession,
We in confidence draw near;
Condescend in mercy the confession
Of our grateful hearts to hear:
Thee we gladly own in every nation
Head and Master of thy congregation,
Conscious that in every place
Thou dispensest life and grace.

3 Thy blest people, trusting in thy merit,
On the earth's extended face,
From each other far, but one in spirit,
Sound with one accord thy praise:
May we never cease to make confession, [salvation;
That thy death's the cause of our
We to thee, our Head and King,
Joyful Hallelujahs sing.

860. T. 97.

THOU, who so graciously didst lead
Israel of old, from bondage freed,
And by thine own almighty hand
Didst guide them to the promis'd land, [day,
A cloud thy brightness veiling in the
By night thy pillar'd fire did mark their way;—

2 That mighty power thou then didst show,
Attends us still, where'er we go,
And we, tho' undeserving, share
Thy tender love, thy watchful care,
While we thy leadings faithfully pursue,
And keep the cloud and pillar still in view.

3 May we to thee, our Shepherd, cleave,
Thy Holy Spirit never grieve,
And love each other heartily;
Thereby the scorning world will see [God,
That we are children of the living
A chosen people, bought with Jesus' blood.

861.* T. 146.

O MAKER of my soul,
My every hair's Creator,
Who turn'st my tears to joy,
And heal'st my sin-sick nature;
Chief Shepherd of thy flock,
Thy servants' only guide;
The church's Lord and Head
Thou ever dost abide.

862. T. 230.

O THOU God of our salvation,
Behold thy blood-bought congregation,
Assembled here before thy face;
Pondering on thy gracious dealing,
We would express our grateful feeling,
And joyful Hallelujahs raise:
But when we in thy light
Discern, how we requite
Thee, O Jesus,
We blush for shame,
Ours is the blame,
But praise is due unto thy name.

2 Deeply conscious of transgression,
To thee we turn, hear our confession,
Assure us of thy pardoning love:
O root out whate'er impedeth
Thy Spirit's work or discord breed- [remove:
eth,
Each stumbling-block from us
Those who have gone astray
Cause to return, we pray,
Faithful Shepherd:
With thee our Guide,
May we abide:
Preserve us, lest we turn aside.

863. T. 68.

LORD, thy church's Rock,
Who dost rule thy flock,
Elder of this congregation,
We with humble adoration
Thee, and thee alone,
Our chief Shepherd own.

864.* T. 166.

WHEN our great Sovereign from on high,
Our Lord and Saviour, was aware
That he his chosen family, [care,
O'er whom he watch'd with tender
Would be constrained soon to leave;
He, fill'd with love and grief intense,
To them his farewell blessing gave,
Before his sufferings did commence.

2 Feeling beforehand all the weight
Of those dire scenes of pain and woe,
Which he well knew did him await,
His love towards his own to show,
He water in a bason pour'd,
And wash'd his dear disciples' feet;
Their souls already by his word,
Save one, were cleansed every whit.

3 Lord Jesus Christ, we pray be near,
Forgive us all our trespasses;
With joy divine our spirits cheer,
Impart to us thy pardoning grace:
As our High-priest lift up thy hand,
That hand which once the nail pierc'd thro';
Thy mercy unto us extend,
Rich blessings upon all bestow.

4 Inspire our hearts with mutual love,
O may we truly humble be,
Thy faithful servants ever prove,
Who yield in all things joy to thee,
And in obedience to thy word
Would gladly wash each others' feet,
Thy blest example, gracious Lord,
To follow, finding always meet.

5 Sure as thou art the church's Head,
Sure as we dust and ashes are,
We are from condemnation freed
By faith in thee our Passover:
And while thy church on earth remains
To the blind world a spectacle,
Thy Holy Spirit in her reigns,
And thou dost in thy temple dwell.

865. T. 22.

THE peace of God, surpassing thought, [down;
From heaven into our hearts come
That peace on earth which Jesus brought, [crown:—
When, for the cross, he left his

2 That peace with God, which Jesus made,
Our Daysman and our Surety he,
Whose outstretch'd hands on both were laid,
The sinner and the Deity:—

3 That peace be ours; so shall we prove, [crease,
As faith, and hope, and love in-
That Christ's disciples live and move
In the pure element of peace.

4 Assembling here, an humble band,
Our covenantal pledge to take,
We pass the cup from hand to hand,
From heart to heart, for his dear sake.

5 Jesus, thyself to us draw nigh,
And speak thy salutation-word:
Say, "Peace be with you," while we cry,
Like those of old, "It is the Lord!"

866.* T. 22.

(RECEPTION LITURGY. A.)

Choir. IN the name of Jesus Christ our Lord,
The church's Head, by us ador'd,
The Brethren's congregation now
Into her fold receiveth you;—

2 With us in Jesus to be one,
To follow him, and him alone,
To enjoy his faithful shepherd-care,
And his reproach and joy to share.

3 O may our Lord, the God of grace,
Who gives you in his fold a place,
Own you his blood-bought property,
And lead and bless you constantly.

4 *Cong.* With heart and hand you now we own; [known.
The Lord, to whom your heart is
Cause your whole walk 'mongst us to be
His joy and your felicity.

5 The God of peace you sanctify,
With us to yield him praise and joy;
That spirit, soul, and body may
Be blameless till his perfect day.

867.* T. 22.

(RECEPTION LITURGY. B.)

Choir. THIS flock of Christ receiveth thee;
While, conscious of her poverty,
Before her Saviour she appears
With fervent sighs and contrite tears.

2 Yet doth her inmost soul rejoice,
Because she hears the Shepherd's voice,
And by her gracious Lord and Head
Is gently govern'd, train'd, and led.

3 *Min.* To thee the hand we freely give.
Into our covenant thee receive,
And one with us, now gladly own,
In Christ, who is our Head alone.

4 *Cong.* Enjoy, then, with the church, Christ's spouse,
The privileges of his house:
And in our joy, and grief, and care,
With us take thy allotted share.

5 As his redeem'd from this world's thrall,
Let us make sure our blessed call:
That, when the Bridegroom comes, we may
Be found wise virgins in that day.

XXXIV. THE SERVANTS OF CHRIST.

868.* T. 166.

HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys.
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on his peculiar race:
He rests well pleas'd their toil to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move,
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labour of his love.

2 His eye the world at once looks [thro',
A vast uncultivated field;
Mountains and vales in ghastly show
A barren, uncouth prospect yield:
Clear'd of the thorns by civil care,
A few less hideous wastes are seen;
Yet still they all continue bare,
And not one spot of earth is green.

3 See, where the servants of their [God,
A busy multitude, appear;
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
His husbandry they toil to clear:
The love of Christ their hearts constrains, [hands;
And strengthens their unwearied
They spend their blood, and sweat, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

4 Alarm'd at their successful toil,
Satan and his wild spirits rage;
They labour to tear up, and spoil,
And blast the rising heritage:
In every wilderness they sow [mind;
The seed of death,—the carnal
They would not let one virtue grow,
Nor leave one seed of good behind.

5 Yet still the servants of their Lord
Look up, and calmly persevere;
Supported by their Master's word,
The adverse power they scorn to fear;
Gladly their happy work pursue;
The labour of their hands is seen,
Their hands the face of earth renew,
Some spots at least are lively green.

6 To dig the ground they thus bestow
Their lives; from every soften'd clod
They gather out the stones, and sow
The immortal seed,—the Word of God:
They water it with tears & prayers,
Then long for the returning word:
Happy, if all their pains and cares
Can bring forth fruit to please their Lord.

7 Jesus their work delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promis'd blessing down:
The sap of life, the Spirit's powers,
He rains incessant from above,
He all his gracious fulness showers,
To perfect their great work of love.

8 He prospers all his servants' toils;
But of peculiar grace he chose
A flock, on whom his kindest smiles
And choicest blessings he bestows;
Devoted to their common Lord,—
True followers of the bleeding Lamb;
By God belov'd, by men abhorr'd,
Distinguish'd by the hidden name.

9 Here many faithful souls are found
With power of heavenly love endow'd,
Full of the light of life, and crown'd
As kings and priests, to serve their God: [shine,
With burning zeal for Christ they
Their body, soul, and spirit give,
Their wealth and life for Christ resign,
For Christ they gladly die or live.

10 What can we offer thee, O Lord,
For all the wonders of thy grace;
Fain would we thy great name record,
And worthily set forth thy praise:
Dear object of our faith and love,
To whom our more than all we owe,
Open the fountain from above,
And let it on our spirits flow.

11 So shall our lives thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free,
Till all mankind shall know thy name,
Shall all stretch out their hands to thee:
Open a door, which earth and hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain;
Grant that thy word may richly dwell
Among us, and our fruit remain.

12 O multiply thy sowers' seed,
And fruit we every hour shall bear; [spread,
Throughout the world thy Gospel
Thy everlasting grace declare:
We all, in perfect love renew'd,
Shall know the greatness of thy power,
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

869.* T. 90.

PRAISE be to God the Holy Ghost,
Who Jesus in the heart displays,
That he the numerous faithful host
Of bless'd departed witnesses,
Who now in heaven are perfected,
To Christ by his instruction led.

2 Christ crucified we own as God,
Tho' we were scorn'd by all mankind,
He is our motto most avow'd; [kind,
To such in spirit we are join'd,
And them as brethren gladly own,
Who by this Shibboleth are known.

3 He who was scorn'd upon the tree,
He whom his nation still disown,
Who marks with glorious infamy
All who are as his followers known;
He is the church's Lord and Head,
By whom we graciously are led.

4 We stand unto this very hour
In one firm bond of peace & love;
We are at enmity no more,
But reconcil'd to God above;
As children we by him are own'd,
Since Christ for all our sins aton'd.

5 All ye who gospel-preachers are,
Adhere to Jesus crucified,
And watch with unremitting care,
That you in your first love abide;
Whoe'er forsakes it can't but feel
A want of apostolic zeal.

6 Heralds of grace would ye commence,
Of grace first self-experienc'd be;
And by the gospel you dispense,
Yourselves be reconcil'd and free;
When pardon, peace, & life you find,
Then publish it to all mankind.

7 We join the ransom'd church of God, [kled train,
His blood-bought, blood-besprin-
To publish the good news abroad,
That only thro' the Lamb once slain
The world may gain a full release
From all their sins, & endless grace.

8 Christ's ransom'd people rest enjoy,
Upon his arm they lean in peace;
To follow him is their employ,
In this most blessed time of grace:
They preach their Saviour crucified,
Determin'd nought to know beside.

9 In life they witness this with power, [heart;
That strikes and fastens in the
And when, arrived at life's last hour,
They from this world in peace depart,
Their dying looks, serene and fair,
Bear witness that they Christians are.

870.* T. 582.

A MESSENGER of peace
No higher pleasure knows,
Than to direct the human race
To flee to Jesus' cross;

He points to Jesus' wounds
And precious cleansing blood;
The source whence life to us re-
The fountain of all good. [dounds,

2 Servant of God, be fill'd
With Jesus' love alone,
Upon a sure foundation build,
On Christ the corner stone:
By faith in him abide,
Rejoicing with his saints;
To him with confidence, when tried,
Make known all thy complaints.

3 A cheerful life enjoy,
A life of faith in God,
An interest, nothing can destroy,
In Christ's atoning blood;
Then, tho' the heathen rage,
And devils envious roar,
The Saviour's grace in every age
Extol for evermore.

871. T. 90.

THE doctrine of our dying Lord,
The faith he on Mount Calvary seal'd,
We sign, asserting every word
Which in his gospel is reveal'd,
As truth divine; and curs'd are they
Who add thereto or take away.

2 We steadfastly this truth maintain,
That none is righteous, no, not one;
That in the Lamb, for sinners slain,
We're justified by faith alone;
And all who in his name believe,
Christ, and his righteousness, receive.

3 Our works and merits we disclaim,
Opposing all self-righteousness,
Ev'n our best actions we condemn
As ineffectual, and confess
Whoe'er thereon doth place his trust,
And not on Jesus, will be lost.

4 Christ is our Master, Lord & God,
The fulness of the Three in One;
His life, death, righteousness, and blood,
Our faith's foundation are alone,
His Godhead and his death shall be
Our theme to all eternity.

5 On him we'll venture all we have,
Our lives, our all to him we owe;
None else is able us to save,
Nought but the Saviour will we know; [hand,
This we subscribe with heart and
Resolv'd thro' grace thereby to stand.

6 This now, with heaven's resplendent host,
We echo thro' the church of God;
Among the heathen make our boast
Of Jesus' saving death and blood:
We loud like many waters join
In showing forth his love divine.

872. T. 22.

POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, thine assembled servants bless;
Graces & gifts to each supply, [ness.
And clothe us with thy righteous-

2 Within thy temple where we stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom, & zeal, & faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above:—
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:—

4 To watch & pray, & never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finish'd here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be thine.

873. T. 595.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch: 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found:
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand, [head
And raise that favour'd servant's
Amidst the angelic band.

874. T. 14.

O, HOW should those be clean, who bear
The vessels of the Lord: [prayer,
How should those give themselves to
Who minister his Word.

2 Cleanse me, O Lord,—my head, my feet,
And a pure heart induce,
That I may be a vessel meet
For thy most holy use.

3 O may the beamings of thy grace,
Reflected on my mien,
When call'd a sinful world to face,
Show where my soul has been.

4 Then shall I not be greatly mov'd
By envy or applause,
Content to be by thee approv'd,
And glorying in thy cause.

875.* T. 22.

SHALL I, thro' fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's fire in me restrain?
Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most High?

2 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng, [tongue;
Soften thy truth, and smooth my
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endur'd, my God, by thee?

3 No, fearless I'll in deed and word
Witness of thee, my gracious Lord:
My life and blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent.

4 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
I no reproach nor sufferings dread;
Is Christ with me, I'm not afraid.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power; [roar,
Then, let winds blow, or thunders
I need not fear by sea or land,
For thou, my God, wilt by me stand.

876.* T. 166.

WE often in our course thro' time
Have rugged roads to travel;
Faith's fortitude must sometimes
And paths uneven level: [climb,
But Jesus, our kind Comforter,
Who is at all times present,
Revives the weary traveller
Again by ways more pleasant.

2 O thou, the sole defence and aid
Of all the faint and feeble,
Thou strong support in time of need,
And Saviour of thy people;
Uphold us, Lord, most powerfully
With thy divine assistance,
And grant us constant victory
When meeting with resistance.

3 Body and soul we offer thee,
For thy blest service ready;
We promise thee fidelity
And loyalty most steady:
Thou surely wilt thy cause maintain,
Nor leave thy work unfinish'd;
Thy servants many conquests gain,
Tho' in appearance vanquish'd.

877. T. 56.

YE who called :‖: to Christ's service are, [prayer;
Join together :‖: both in work and
Venture all on him, our Lord,
Who assures us in his word,
We are always :‖: objects of his care.

2 Showers of blessing :‖: from the Lord proceed, [need;
Strength supplying :‖: in the time of
For no servant of our King
Ever lacked anything:
He will never :‖: break the bruised reed.

3 Lord, have mercy :‖: on each land and place, [word of grace;
Where thy servants :‖: preach the
Life and power on them bestow,
Them with needful strength endow,
That with boldness :‖: they may thee confess.

4 May we faithful :‖: in our service be,
Truly careful :‖: in our ministry;
Keep us to thy church fast bound,
In the faith preserve us sound,
Often weeping :‖: grateful tears 'fore thee.

878.* T. 14.

LORD Jesus, who hast called us
To magnify thy name,
And preach the doctrine of thy cross
Amidst reproach and shame;—

2 We thee entreat with one accord,
Thy ministers prepare, [word,
To lead thy flock, and preach thy
With meekness, zeal, and care.

3 Nought can we do without thy aid,
But by thy power we know
Strong out of weakness we are made,
And conquer where we go.

879.* T. 583.

SINNERS' Redeemer, gracious
Lamb of God, [thy blood,
We thy poor children, purchas'd by
With gratitude acknowledge, that
we share [ing care.
Thy boundless favour and protect-

2 From day to day may we with
rapture feel [seal,
Thy life, thy unction, & thy Spirit's
The powerful drawings of thy love
and grace, [faithfulness.
And zeal to serve thy cause with

3 With each of us fulfil thy gracious
aim,
That we, thy servants, may exalt
thy name;
And, strong in faith, may joyfully
declare [where.
The greatness of thy ransom every-

4 We own our insufficiency, to bear
The weighty charge committed to
our care; [cause defend,
To thee, who dost thy people's
We the concerns of thy whole church
commend.

880. T. 166.

O GLORIOUS Master of thy house,
Thou know'st the thoughts of
every breast;
To thee each servant gladly goes,
Like Noah's dove for peace and
rest:
Indeed the waters overflow
The guilty world, and us with-
stand;
Few will our mind and purpose
know, [mand.
Few comprehend thy bless'd com-

2 But we can hope thy word and
grace
Will soften many a heart of stone:
What means can win the human
race? [have won:
The same which our poor hearts
Tho' carnal reason stands to faith
Oppos'd, the wounded conscience
flies
To the bless'd doctrine of thy death
And all-atoning sacrifice.

3 Thy powerful presence, Lord, dis-
play,
Or else in vain the sun we see;
Thou art our life, our truth, our
way,
We have no comfort but in thee:
Vouchsafe to us thy unction, Lord;
Where'er obedient to thy call
We go, thy help to us afford,
And ever be our All in all.

881.* T. 58.

REDEEMER of mankind, God of
all grace,
Pour fire and spirit on thy wit-
nesses,
Preaching thy salvation, by love
constrained: [yet be gained
Thus thousands more for thee shall
By thy bless'd word.

2 O may thy ransom'd people every-
where, [ness bear,
Of this great truth at all times wit-
That whoe'er believeth in Christ's
redemption [exemption
May find free grace, and a complete
From serving sin.

3 Our elders and all other servants
bless, [success;
To all their undertakings give
Gracious Lord, afford them thy
Spirit's unction, [function,
That they may faithfully fulfil the
To which they're call'd.

4 Grant none amongst us may inac-
tive be,
Enable us to serve thee faithfully;
Render thou successful each step
and action [direction,
Which we perform, Lord, under thy
And in thy name.

5 Let more unto thy church col-
lected be [thee,
In every quarter, to yield joy to
Here, and o'er the ocean, in all her
stations; [nations
And, O impart to the most savage
Thy saving grace.

882. T. 22.

BE present with thy servants, Lord,
We look to thee with one accord;
Refresh and strengthen us anew,
And bless what in thy name we do.

2 O teach us all thy perfect will
To understand and to fulfil;
When human insight fails give light;
This will direct our steps aright.

3 The Lord's joy be our strength and stay,
In our employ from day to day;
Our thoughts and our activity
Thro' Jesus' merits hallow'd be.

883.* T. 146.

LORD, grant thy servants grace,
The needful gifts and unction,
That with due faithfulness [tion;
They may discharge their func-
That all things as they ought
May punctually be done;
And with success, when wrought,
Their work vouchsafe to crown.

2 We pray thee, bless them all,
And prosper their endeavour,
In their important call
To serve thee, gracious Saviour:
Thou listen'st to our prayers,
And surely wilt uphold
The faithful ministers
Of thy redeemed fold.

884.* T. 26.

MOST faithful Lord, thyself reveal;
My eyes with contrite tears o'erflow,
My heart with gratitude doth glow,
But language tells not what I feel.

2 Give me what thy own mind decrees, [sess,
And what thy children must pos-
If they shall serve thee with success,
A neck which with thy yoke agrees.

3 Give me a lowly, faithful mind,
With patience & undauntedness;
If thou my weak endeavours bless,
Action and rest may be combin'd.

4 Give me an inly cheerful heart,
Besprinkled with thy blood, made clean:
O may it in my works be seen,
That thou its sole possessor art.

5 Grant me to know thy blessed ways;
With all both joy & grief to share;
And lips thy mercy to declare
To those who mourning seek thy face.

885.* T. 185.

SINCE our Saviour call'd us to in-
Everlasting happiness, [herit
And without the unction of his Spirit
Toward the mark we cannot press;
Grant us therefore, Holy Ghost, the favour, [viour,
Both in doctrine and in our beha-
By thee to be taught and led,
Till in Christ we're perfected.

2 Faithful Lord, my only joy and pleasure
Shall remain, while here I stay,
Thee, my matchless Friend and highest Treasure,
To adore, serve, and obey: [ble,
Tho' I in myself am weak and fee-
Yet I trust thy grace will me enable,
By obedience to thy will,
All thy purpose to fulfil.

886.* T. 228.

BODY and soul 's at thy command,
And we with gladness ready stand
To serve thy name, Lord Jesus:
Since thy bless'd Spirit did explain
Unto our hearts, why thou wast slain, [us:
Nought else on earth can please
O no,—although
We are feeble—and unstable,
Thou 'rt our treasure,
And to serve thee is our pleasure.

2 Unto ourselves no praise is due;
And should we even something do,
That in thy sight were pleasing,
To thee we render all the praise;
Thou giv'st thereto enabling grace,
And grantest us thy blessing:
Unless—thy grace
Sway our nature,—every creature,
Is unwilling
Aught that's good to be fulfilling.

887.* T. 166.

TAKE me into thy hands anew,
Out of which none is plucked,
By which thy children are brought through,
And servants are conducted:

Lord Jesus, lead and bless thou me
In every future station,
That I may serve thee faithfully
Until my consummation.

2 With mouth and hand I give to
Myself as thy own booty; [thee
To increase each talent thou gav'st
Shall be my pleasant duty: [me
O let my soul ne'er moved me
From thee, my faithful Saviour;
Both late and early show to me
Thy mercy and thy favour.

888. T. 39.

LORD, grant us, tho' deeply abased
with shame,
With true Christian courage to act
in thy name;
In thy blessed work may we always
abound, [be crown'd.
And let with success all our labour

2 Give grace, that as brethren we
join hands in love,
Engaging to thee ever faithful to
prove,
Where'er to thy service appointed
we stand,
To sow or to reap, at thy call and
command.

889.* T. 4.

O JESUS, my Lord,
For ever ador'd,
My portion, my all, [fall.
At thy holy feet with abasement I

2 As sure as I prove
Thy mercy and love
To me, thy poor child,
And am through thy sufferings to
God reconcil'd,—

3 So sure may I be
Devoted to thee,
And cheerfully stand,
Prepar'd to comply with thy every
command.

4 Keep me thro' thy power
So minded each hour,
That I nought beside
May know but thee only, and thee
crucified.

5 For ever be blest,
Thou source of true rest;
Thanks be to thy hand,
Which leads me, and safely will
lead o the end.

6 Now am I, tho' dust,
Thy property just,
With thee one in heart;
May nought from thy love me, poor
sinner, e'er part.

7 Soul, spirit, and mind
To thee be resign'd,
Thy throne there erect,
Till thou thy whole purpose in me
canst effect.

8 Whatever I do
With thy blood bedew;
May every thought be
Intent on enjoying communion with
thee.

9 Make me thine abode,
A temple of God,
A vessel of grace,
Prepar'd for thy service, and form'd
to thy praise.

10 The covenant is made
With thee as my head:
Lord, grant my request,
To love thee and serve thee, till with
thee I rest.

890.* T. 97.

ATTEND, Lord Jesus, to my
prayer,
And for thy service me prepare;
Thou know'st the frailty of my
heart,
Thy unction unto me impart;
For vain were all my zeal and faith-
fulness, [grace.
Unless supported by thy aiding

2 May I in thy communion blest
Enjoy an undisturbed rest:
Make soul and body thine abode,
A temple of the living God:
Thus, Lord, for thy appearing may
I wait, [translate.
When thou to perfect bliss shalt me

891.* T. 14.

O GRANT thy servant, thro' thy
An understanding heart, [grace,
Thy dealings with thy church to
And counsel to impart. [trace,

2 With heavenly wisdom me endow,
Thy peace O may I feel;
Presence of mind on me bestow,
To execute thy will.

3 Thus, strengthen'd in the inner
Supported by thy aid, [man,
I shall thy gracious aim obtain,
And in thy path proceed.

892.* T. 9.

SHEPHERD, help thy chosen few,
Thee in truth to follow;
With thy blood, whate'er we do,
Be thou pleas'd to hallow.

2 Show us daily more and more
Of thy church's beauty:
Give the impulse and the power
For each sacred duty.

3 Thus shall we with willing feet
On thy service venture;
Thy hard labour makes all sweet,
When on toil we enter.

893.* T. 22.

IN mercy, Lord, this grace bestow,
That in thy service we may do,
With gladness and a willing mind,
Whatever is for us assign'd.

2 Grant we, impelled by thy love,
In smallest things may faithful prove;
Till we depart, we wish to be
Devoted wholly unto thee.

894.* T. 155.

FIT us for thy service, Lord,
Each one in thy congregation,
In his station;
Set us in the appointed place
To thy praise:
Make us in thy service stable,
Willing, lively, faithful, able,
Till in thee we end our race.

895.* T. 166.

O MAY the witness-spirit rest,
Lord, on thy congregation,
May godly zeal inspire each breast
To publish thy salvation:
We gladly promise faithfulness
To do what we are able;
Sufficient is for us thy grace,
Which doth support the feeble.

896.* T. 79.

WITH gladness we will follow thee;
We vow allegiance, bend the knee
To thee, our Lord and Head:
We'll venture freely every thing,
At thy command, O Christ, our King,
By thee alone we will be led.

897. T. 590.

O GLORIOUS Master of thy house,
Thy chosen flock's defence,
Upon thee stay'd, my mind is kept
At ease, tho' in suspense:
Most graciously I'm onward led
Beneath thy tender care;
Thy arm prepares my way, thine eye
Looks out before me far.

898.* T. 146.

O BLESS the ministry
To which I am appointed;
'Midst weakness may I be
With power divine anointed:
A lowly mind bestow,
Obedient, sway'd by grace;
Give me thy will to know,
Then will my works thee praise.

899.* T. 97.

THOU Master of thy family,
In humble faith we look to thee;
Dispose our hearts, thy blessed
With resignation to fulfil: [will
Call forth thy servants, grant them
needful grace,
And say to each, "I leave with thee
my peace."

900.* T. 232.

JESUS, who died upon the cross,
And shed his precious blood for us,
(To God a pure oblation,)
Is the bless'd object of our faith;
We show the virtue of his death,
Of him we make confession:
O may his love our hearts inspire,
And touch our lips with hallow'd
Led by his Spirit all our days, [fire:
May we set forth his matchless
praise;
Thus will the Lord
His due reward
Well-pleas'd regard,
Receiving honour thro' our word.

901.* T. 205.

LET thy presence go with me,
Saviour, else I dare not move;
With thy aid and led by thee
I will go, constrain'd by love;
Serve thy cause with all my might,
Deeming every burden light;
And, if favour'd with success,
To thee render all the praise.

902.* T. 14.

THE day will come, when Jesus Christ,
The righteous Judge declar'd,
Will be his servants' crown of joy,
Their endless, great reward.

2 Meanwhile they tread the narrow path,
From worldly fetters freed;
Obedient to their Lord, in hope
They sow the gospel-seed.

XXXV. THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

903.* T. 22.

ALL is the Lord's; the spacious earth
Sets his creative wisdom forth;
What man of all the human race
Is not an object of his grace?

2 Gladly our life and blood we spend,
To serve the Lord, our heavenly [Friend;
Ourselves to him an offering give,
Who tasted death that we might live.

3 What true disciple e'er would choose
At home to follow selfish views,
If, tho' with hardship and with pain,
One soul for Jesus he might gain?

4 God sends you forth,—his will be done,
Your destin'd race with patience [run;
To all mankind his word declare,
Christ's ransom publish everywhere.

5 But lay your own foundation sure,
Be clean in heart, in spirit poor,
Devoted wholly to the Lord;
Then will he needful strength afford.

6 Fall down in faith beneath his cross,
Cry, God be merciful to us;
Lord, let us hear thy cheering voice,
And ever in thy name rejoice.

904.* T. 590.

IS this indeed our happy lot,
To exalt thee, slaughter'd Lamb?
Who art thou? who can tell aright
Thy great and glorious name?
And who are we, that we should take
This mighty task in hand?
We, helpless sinners, poor and vile;
Sure we must blushing stand.

2 Yet we are thine, most gracious King;
To thee our hearts are bound:
Our knowledge yet extends not far,
O grant us deeper ground,
That each beholder may in us
Thy image clearly trace.
And in our words and walk discern
That we are led by grace.

3 Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
Thy blessing on us pour;
Lift up thy gracious countenance
Upon us evermore:
O may we fully know thy mind,
Thy saving word proclaim,
That many heathen-tribes may find
Salvation in thy name.

4 In these our days exalt thy grace,
Thy precious gospel spread;
That for the travail of thy soul
Thou mayst behold thy seed:
O may thy knowledge fill the earth;
Increase the number still
Of those who in thy word believe,
And do thy holy will.

5 Thanks, Jesus, for thy sacred blood,
That precious healing stream;
All without this is cold and dead,
However good it seem:
That virtue is of no avail,
Which takes not hence its rise;
Thy blood were else of no effect,
That blood of so great price.

6 Lord, by thy Spirit us prepare
To follow thy command,
To execute thy utmost aim,
And in thy presence stand.
As servants willing to be us'd,
Who in thy work delight,
And offer freely praise and prayer,
As incense, day and night.

7 Hereto we cheerful say, Amen;
We have this truth avow'd,
That we in spirit, body, soul,
Are bound to serve our God,
Who touch'd, & drew, & woo'd our hearts,
And conquer'd us by love;
To him we have engag'd ourselves:
O may we faithful prove.

905.* T. 166.

O LORD, we highly magnify
And bless thy saving Jesus' name:
The love that prompted thee to die
We will to all mankind proclaim:
Thou bidst the sparks of grace arise,
Which kindle many a lifeless heart;
Thou hear'st the needy sinner's cries
And pardon freely dost impart.

2 If we are to thy cause but true,
Upright, obedient to thy will,
Enabling grace thou wilt bestow,
Thy thoughts of peace towards us fulfil:
From man, and from ourselves we cease,
And rest on thy almighty arm;
Keep thou our souls in constant peace,
And shelter us from every harm.

906.* T. 22.

IN our short warfare here below
May our experience daily show,
That in our weakness, thro' thy aid,
Thy strength divine is perfected.

2 Without thy blessing how could we
Be servants pleasing unto thee?
But we can by experience sing,
Thy word hath power, & fruit doth bring.

3 Ah, could we preach in every place,
Our Saviour's boundless love and grace,
That thousands who are yet enslav'd,
Might in these gospel-times be sav'd.

4 There 's but a small beginning made,
The earth is still o'ercast with shade:
Break forth, thou Sun of righteousness,
With healing beams the nations bless.

5 Whene'er we to mankind proclaim
Thy dying love and precious name,
Support thy servants' weakness, Lord,
By thy blest Spirit, grace, and word.

6 Lord of the harvest, labourers send,
Who willing are their lives to spend,
In scorching heat and chilling cold,
To bring the heathen to thy fold.

7 When all our labour here is o'er,
And when our light shall burn no more,
When our endeavours have an end,
Then let our souls to thee ascend.

907.* T. 114.

THOU Saviour of the world, great Mediator,
O mayst thou for the travail of thy soul
Behold thy seed extend from pole to pole:
Thy boundless mercy show to every creature;
With old and young thy gracious aim obtain;
Thy prayers and tears can never plead in vain.

2 Thy glorious gospel spread thro' every nation;
Give us an open door, thy saving name
In the most distant regions to proclaim,
With power, and with the Spirit's demonstration;
And grant us joyfully in every land
To see thy pleasure prosper in our hand.

908. T. 74.

THINK on our brethren, Lord,
Who preach the gospel-word,
In spirit free and bold,
In hunger, heat, and cold:
Thou art their strength and shield,
Help them to win the field.

2 Give us an open door,
And spirit, grace, and power,
To tell what thou hast done
For mankind to atone:
That thus in every place
We may declare thy grace.

3 O Lord, before us go;
To every sinner show
What need he hath of thee,
And then most powerfully
Convince each human heart,
That thou the Saviour art.

4 O let thy strength and might
Subdue the enemy's spite:
Our weakness well thou know'st;
Of nothing we can boast
But that we trust thy word,
And know thou art our Lord.

5 Our weak endeavours bless,
And crown them with success:
Thou Workman great and wise,
Who shall thy work despise?
A tool employ'd by thee
Can wonders do, we see.

909.* T. 97.

THE Lord himself gave forth the word; [Lord:
We preach most gladly Christ the
May thousands, Lord, thy voice obey,
And turn to thee without delay;
To those who hear us grant an open ear, [thou appear.
And when we point thee out, do

2 'Tis the desire of all our hearts,
That in the earth's remotest parts
The love of God to all mankind
Be preach'd to heathen base and blind;
For Jesus saves from sin all who believe, [receive.
And pardon offer'd thro' his blood

3 Thanks, adoration, glory, praise,
To Christ we render for his grace:
With every breath may we proclaim
His goodness and extol his name:
O Lord, thy knowledge spread both far and near, [share.
May all in thy redemption have a

910. T. 97.

AS 'twas of old, we now may trace, [grace,
In these most blessed times of
How the reviving gospel-sound
Of blood-bought grace is spreading round:
We see with joy the work of God increase, [release.
And thousands who thro' Jesus find

2 We see in hearts as cold as ice
The Sun of righteousness arise,
And that his all-enlivening rays
Of Satan's slaves make sons of grace, [more,
Who are increasing daily more and
And who the slaughter'd Lamb with us adore.

3 Great is the harvest, truly great;
The Gentiles for thy advent wait;
Saviour, thy word of promise keep,
And send thy servants forth to reap; [pare,
Yea, hosts of faithful witnesses pre-
Who from experience may thy truth declare.

911. T. 22.

LORD, at thy feet amaz'd we sink,
When on thy wondrous grace we think,
Which now so strikingly appears,
The glory of this vale of tears.

2 The gospel in these blessed days,
Throughout the earth its beams displays;
Nations that never heard of thee,
Thy great salvation shout to see.

3 That mystery, from ages seal'd,
God by his Spirit hath reveal'd,
That heavenly thrones and powers might know
God's wisdom by the church below.

4 Tho' hated, tho' despis'd, & mean,
Yet while we on thy mercy lean,
Let nations rage, let devils roar,
We will confess thee evermore.

912. T. 221.

THE springs of salvation from Christ, the rock, bursting,
And flowing through the wilderness, [thirsting;
Refresh and enliven his heritage
Abundant are the showers of grace:
As rain, overstreaming the parched ground, [verdure round,
With plenty now teeming, spreads
The promised blessing its influence diffuses, [ful, produces.
And fruit, to the husbandman grate-

2 "I'll bless thee and thou shalt be set for a blessing,"
Thus saith the Lord, "to all around:" [increasing,
O may we in grace and in number
In faith, which works by love, abound: [ably,
Upon thy grace founded immov-
And rooted and grounded in love to thee:
Thus shall we in doctrine, in word, and behaviour, [vour.
To others of life unto life prove a sa-

913.* T. 583.

THE earth 's the Lord's; to cultivate the land [stand;
And sow the gospel-seed we ready
In hope, that for his travail Christ may see [ly.
A rich reward, and reap abundant-

2 O Lord, make clear what thou wouldst have us do,
The path thou shalt point out, we will pursue;
And since thy each command implies success, [boldly press.
Thro' rough and untried roads we

3 May many wild, uncultivated parts, [then's hearts,
Where Satan bears the sway in hea-
Bear fruit abundantly to thee, O Lord, [word.
And thousands be converted by thy

914.* T. 205.

WOULD the world our passport see,
By which we free entrance gain,
Or ask our authority,
We reply, "The Lamb was slain:"
This is everywhere our boast;
He that higher soars is lost:
For that powerful word we raise,
Christ, to thee eternal praise.

2 Everywhere with shoutings loud,
Shouts that shake the gates of hell,
Thy anointed witness-cloud
Of thy great redemption tell:
Are our door-posts, Lamb of God,
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
By its virtue we shall be
From the dread destroyer free.

915.* T. 136.

GOD'S boundless grace
Preserves each faithful servant:
All share his aid; in cold and heat most fervent,
'Midst ice and rocks,
Or on the stormy seas, [tion;
Body and soul are under his direc-
The shadow of his wings affords complete protection:
The Lord will be about our ways,
O boundless grace.

2 Our life, our death,
Be to thy joy and honour,
Who art of life and each good gift
We say, Amen; [the donor:
Thou Author of our faith,
Thy name be glorified in our behaviour:
Whether our pilgrimage be rough or smooth, dear Saviour,
Be thou our strength while we have
Our life in death. [breath,

916.* T. 221.

WITH fire and with spirit endow'd every moment,
Ye ministers of Christ confess'd,
Go forth and proclaim ye the word of atonement, [press'd
Both far and near; and when op-
By hardships and trials, be bold in God, [and blood:
And gladly for him spend your life
'Midst tempests & billows, and thro' deserts go, [then to sow.
The seed of the gospel 'mongst hea-

917.* T. 205.

GROUNDED on the eternal Rock,
Jesus Christ, his church's stay,
Strong and firm 'midst every shock,
Humble, but without dismay;
Such the pilgrim who in faith
Safely walks the narrow path:
He proceeds from grace to grace,
Till with joy he ends his race.

2 More and more our joys increase,
As we humbly travel on;
Jesus gives abundant grace,
While we lean on him alone:
Thro' the virtue of his blood,
Source of peace and every good,
We preserve a cheerful mind,
His blest will to do inclin'd.

3 Then we suit ourselves to those
Who with us yoke-fellows are,
Glad to soften all their woes,
Glad their every joy to share:
If to Christ, the Vine, we cleave,
Daily strength from him receive,
Thro' his power we shall produce
Goodly fruit, matur'd for use.

918.* T. 582.

AMBASSADORS of Christ,
Know ye the way you go?
It is a path not strew'd with flowers,
But yielding thorns and woe:
All who Christ crucified
Their only Saviour own,
Meet often with such treatment base,
As to their Lord was shown.

2 Only against offence
With circumspection guard;
By craft or force in every place
The foe is striving hard
God's work to overthrow,
That in the trying hour
The servants of the Lord may fall,
Bereft of faith and power.

3 But see, the fields are white;
Go therefore, labourers, go,
The Lord leads on to victory,
His power and grace you know:
Christ, who was crucified,
Of all is sovereign Lord,
He is the captain of the host.
We conquer through his word.

919. T. 11.

BRETHREN, what do you desire?
After what do you aspire?
Whither do your labours tend?—
To preach Christ the sinners' friend.

2 Seems this subject ever new?
Can you give it praises due?
Ne'er be weary to proclaim
Jesus' lovely, saving name.

3 Never, never will we cease
To proclaim the news of peace,
Never, till our latest breath;
Fervent, faithful unto death.

920.* T. 79.

GO, witness of the suffering
Of Christ, who as our offering
Our guilt and curse did bear;
Proclain his great salvation
To many a heathen nation,
And spread his gospel everywhere.

921.* T. 205.

WARRIOR, on thy station stand,
Faithful to thy Saviour's call,
With the shield of faith in hand,
Fearless, let what may befall:
Nothing fill thee with dismay,
Hunger, toil, or length of way:
In the strength of Jesus boast;
Never, never quit thy post.

922.* T. 185.

WHAT affords the Christian warrior vigour, [sands,
Who climbs rocks or sinks in
Braving now of northern storms the rigour,
Fainting then in southern lands?
Here no care avails, no circumspection, [tion,
But depending on his Lord's protec-
In his heavenly armour clad,
He moves on serene and glad.

923. T. 14.

HOW are thy servants blest,
O Lord,
How sure is their defence:
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their shield Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms & lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please,
Where on the mountains they proclaim
Thy reign, O Prince of peace.

4 The love of Christ constraining them,
They plant sweet Sharon's rose
Successfully on icy plains,
And in eternal snows.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, & deaths
Thy goodness they adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

924.* T. 161.

URG'D by love, on every station,
To the fallen human race
We will publish Christ's salvation,
And declare his blood-bought grace;
To display him—and portray him
In his suffering form and beauty,
Be our aim and pleasing duty.

925. T. 582.

FATHER of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfill'd
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate seal'd:
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.

2 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord;
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word:
Thy promise deeper lies,
In inexhausted grace;
And new-discover'd worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

3 Belov'd for Jesus' sake,
By him redeem'd of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold:
While gather'd in by thee,
And perfected in one,
They all, at once, thy glory see,
In thine eternal Son.

926.* T. 155.

O WHAT praise in highest strain,
By the ransom'd host in heaven
Will be given
To him who brought us to God
By his blood,
When of every tongue and nation
There will be with exultation
But one flock & Shepherd known.

2 Amen, Jesus' words are true,
Surely he his gracious promise
Will accomplish;
Ye his servants, ready stand
In each land,
Yea, in the most distant places,
Till he comes, to sound his praises,
And make known his saving name.

927. T. 22.

OH, why should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground?

2 O God of Israel, view their race;
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring:
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace;
To hail in Christ their promis'd King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light:
The sever'd olive-branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.

4 While Judah views his birthright gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour he denied—to own,
The Lord he crucified—to love.

5 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.

928. T. 151.

OH that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come;
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home:
How long, the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart:
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fetter'd heart:
Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

929.* T. 22.

WHEN shall thine hour, dear Jesus, come,
That Israel's sons shall be brought home;
When shall they in thy name confide,
Whom once their fathers crucified?

2 When shall that hour of grace appear,
That rends their veil as Christ draws near;
When shall they feel what Thomas felt,
When 'fore his wounded side he knelt?

3 Then, Father, all thy family
Shall in thy house assembled be,
And bless the Lamb who once was slain;
Come soon, Lord Jesus, come: Amen.

930. T. 590.

LORD, to thy people aid dispense,
Their shield and portion be.
And let their lives the world convince
That they belong to thee:
To bear thy truth to distant parts,
Thy chosen servants call;
Reveal thy grace to heathen hearts,
Thy grace extend to all.

931. T. 199.

SEND out thy light & truth, O God,
With sound of trumpet from above;
Break not the nations with thy rod,
But draw them as with cords of love:

Justice and mercy meet,
The work is well begun;
Through every clime, their feet,
Who bring salvation, run;
In earth as heaven, thy will be
done.

2 Before thee every idol fall,
Rend the false Prophet's veil of
lies;
The fulness of the Gentiles call;
Be Israel sav'd, let Jacob rise;
Thy kingdom come indeed,
Thy church with union bless,
All Scripture be her creed,
And every tongue confess
One Lord,—the Lord our righteous-
ness.

3 Now, for the travail of his soul,
Messiah's peaceful reign advance;
From sun to sun, from pole to pole,
He claims his pledg'd inheritance:
O thou Most Mighty, gird
Thy sword upon thy thigh,
That two-edg'd sword, thy Word,
By which thy foes shall die,—
Then spring, new-born, beneath
thine eye.

4 So perish all thine enemies!
Their enmity alone be slain;
Them, in the arms of mercy seize,
Breathe, and their souls shall come
again:
So may thy friends at length,
Oft smitten, oft laid low,
Forth, like the sun in strength,
Conquering, to conquer go,—
Till to thy throne all nations flow.

932. T. 22.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to
shore, [more.
Till moons shall wax and wane no

2 For him shall endless prayer be
made, [head;
And praises throng to crown his
His name like sweet perfume shall
With every morning sacrifice. [rise

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he
reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

933. T. 151.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son,
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun:
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go:
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing:
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A Kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread & flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is—Love.

934. T. 151.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O, salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

935. T. 22.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid, [men;
Made us of clay, and form'd us
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 Enter his gates with thankful songs,
And in his courts your voices raise:
Let earth, with her ten thousand tongues, [praise.
Sound forth, almighty Lord, thy

4 Wide as the world is thy com-
Vast as eternity thy love, [mand,
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

936. T. 195.

LORD God, our salvation,
Let thy grace and favour
Rest upon thy church for ever:
Jesus, thee to follow
Be our blessed function;
Grant us all thy Spirit's unction,
To declare—everywhere
The complete salvation,
Purchas'd by thy passion.

937.* T. 90.

CHRIST JESUS is that precious grain, [died;
Which fell into the ground and
Now since he for our sins was slain,
He doth no more alone abide,
But for the travail of his soul
His seed appears from pole to pole.

938. T. 22.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

XXXVI. HOLY BAPTISM.

939. T. 58.

WHEN we baptize a sinner in Christ's death, [bath:
Then is the blood and water his true
Not with water only came the Lord Jesus; [to bless us:
He came with water and with blood
Praise be to God.

2 Seen is the water by our mortal eyes;
On Jesus' blood not seen our faith relies:
We are well persuaded this fountain cleanses
Polluted sinners, and true grace dispenses
To live to him.

3 This precious blood is full of energy, [ually;
It washes clean and cures effect-
And the Holy Spirit, unto us tender'd, [render'd
Bears witness powerfully that we are Children of God.

4 O come then, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, [boast;
While we of Jesus' bitter passion
While on him relying, we are baptizing [be rising
This sinner in Christ's death, that *he* With Jesus too.

5 Besprinkle *him*, O Jesus, Son of God, [blood;
Now with thy precious, all-atoning
Cleanse both soul and body from all pollution, [lution,
And grant to *him* the seal of absolution divine.

940. T. 590.

HEAVEN'S kingdom none shall enter in
But as a little child;
Therefore the children are by Christ
Heirs of his kingdom styl'd:
Is heaven theirs, none shall forbid
A child to come to him:
Who shall forbid the water-flood
A babe to overstream?

2 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be present with us here;
We trust in Jesus' saving name,
To us his words are dear:
We now baptize a little child
Into the Saviour's death;
'Tis his command, and we perform
This solemn act in faith.

941. T. 590.

LORD Jesus, from thy pierced side
Both blood and water stream'd,
A cleansing laver to provide
For man, from sin redeem'd:
Thou saidst, "Preach pardon to the lost,
Baptize them in the name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;"
We now will do the same.

2 Be present with us, Lord our God;
Tho' water fails from sin
To cleanse, yet thy atoning blood
Can wash this infant clean:
Accept this child we now baptize
And here present to thee;
His soul be precious in thine eyes,
Now and eternally.

942. T. 22.

BURIED in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him, to life restor'd;
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.

2 Christ by his blood aton'd for sin;
This precious blood can wash us clean,
And he arrays us in the dress
Of his unspotted righteousness.

943. T. 582.

OUR baptism first declares
That we must cleansed be,
Then shows that Christ to all God's heirs
Dispenses purity.

2 Water the body laves;
And, if 'tis done by faith,
The blood of Jesus surely saves
The sinful soul from death.

3 Baptiz'd into his death,
We rise to life divine;
The Holy Spirit works the faith,
And water is the sign.

944. T. 14.

FATHER of Jesus Christ our Lord,
(In him our Father too,)
O bless, we pray with one accord,
The work we have to do.

2 Jesus, as water well applied
Will make the body clean;
So in the fountain of thy side
Wash thou this soul from sin.

3 O Holy Ghost, with power apply
The Saviour's cleansing blood;
Own thou this babe, and testify,
This is a child of God.

945. T. 14.

JESUS, we lift our souls to thee,
Thy powerful Spirit breathe;
And let this little infant be
Baptiz'd into thy death.

2 O let thine unction on *him* rest;
Thy grace *his* soul renew;
And write within *his* tender breast,
Thy name and nature too.

3 If thou shouldst quickly end *his* days,
His place with thee prepare:
Or, if thou lengthen out *his* race,
Continue still thy care.

4 Thy faithful servant may *he* prove,
Girded with truth divine;
A sharer in thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

5 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove;
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

946. T. 39.

THOU who in the days of thy flesh
didst receive [ing didst give,
The children, and to them thy bless-
Most gracious Redeemer, thy favour
bestow, [bless *him* now.
On *him* we present thee; we pray,

2 Receive *him*, O Christ, as a lamb
thou hadst lost,
And think what a price *his* redemp-
tion hath cost;
Thy name on *his* forehead, thy seal
on *his* breast, [impress'd.
Be by thee, our Shepherd & Bishop,

3 Vouchsafe to be present, thou
Father ador'd, [ciful Lord;
And thou our Redeemer and mer-
O Holy Ghost, come with thy unc-
tion and fire, [inspire.
And all with thy love and salvation

947.* T. 201.

THE eye sees water, nothing more,
As it is poured out by men;
But faith alone conceives the power
Of Jesus' blood to make us clean:
Faith sees it as a cleansing flood,
Which overstreams the soul with
grace, [good,
Heals every wound and makes all
That Adam brought on us, his
race,
And all that we ourselves have done.

948. T. 22.

O BLEST Redeemer, in thy side
Upon the cross was made a wound,
The fount, in which we're purified,
Wherein our sin and guilt are
drown'd.

2 Water and blood in streams ran
thence,
And on the earth were freely spilt;
Water, to sanctify and cleanse;
Blood, to atone for heinous guilt.

3 This wondrous grace to place in
view,
Baptismal waters were design'd,
In which thou, Lord, wast buried
too,
To thy great Father's will resign'd.

4 Thus penitents who die to sin,
With thee are buried in thy grave;
Thus quicken'd to a life divine,
Their souls a resurrection have.

5 And tho' their bodies turn to dust,
This holy symbol doth assure,
The resurrection of the just
Shall render them all bright and
pure.

949. T. 582.

COME, lowly souls, that mourn,
Depress'd with grief and shame,
Wash in your Saviour's cleansing
And call upon his name. [blood,

2 Rejoice, ye contrite hearts;
The blood which Jesus spilt,
While we with water you baptize,
Will wash away your guilt.

3 While with repenting tears
Your sins you now deplore,
Christ with his blood will blot them
out,
Remember them no more.

4 Ye who in Christ believe,
And to his sceptre bow,
Sing your Redeemer's love, and tell
What he hath done for you.

5 Unspotted robes you wear,
Your sighs to songs are turn'd;
Garments of praise adorn you now,
Who late in ashes mourn'd.

6 Ye with your Lord are ris'n;
Aspire to things above:
Mansions for you he now prepares,
In realms of light and love.

950.* T. 599.

LORD Jesus, who before thy passion,
Distress'd and sorrowful to death,
To us the fruits of thy oblation
In thy last supper didst bequeath;
Accept our praise, thou bounteous Giver
Of life to every true believer.

2 As oft as we enjoy this blessing,
Each sacred token doth declare
Thy dying love, all thoughts surpassing:
And while we thee in memory [bear,
At each returning celebration,
We show thy death for our salvation.

3 Assurance of our pardon sealed
Is in this sacrament renew'd;
The soul with peace and joy is filled,
With thy atoning blood bedew'd:
That stream from all defilement cleanses,
And life abundantly dispenses.

4 That bond of love, that mystic union,
By which to thee, our Head, [we're join'd,
Is closer drawn at each communion;
By love inspir'd, we know thy mind,
And, feeding on thy death and [merit,
Are render'd one with thee in spirit.

5 Lord, by thy flesh the soul is nourish'd,
When faint, thy blood doth us [revive;
And while our faith thereby is cherish'd,
To serve thee and thy house we [strive:
We, by this food invigorated,
Are to good works anew created.

6 While thus thou feed'st the poor and needy,
Life from thy death pervades the whole;
And the true members of thy body,
In thee, their Head, one heart and soul,
For whom one bread and cup sufficed,
Into one spirit are baptized.

7 Thy flesh to us a pledge is given,
That ev'n our flesh, corrupt and vile,
Shall from the dust be rais'd to heaven,
And with unfading glories smile,
And soul and body be for ever
At home with thee, our Lord and Saviour.

8 O what a striking exhibition
Of love divine; what heavenly food:
Our hungry souls in this fruition
Find here on earth their highest good:
It proves, amidst all tribulation,
Of heavenly bliss the anticipation.

951.* T. 69.

WITH deep devotion
We in Christ's sufferings trace
The unfathom'd ocean
Of his abounding grace:
He gave—himself, our souls to save.

2 His body broken
Upon the shameful cross,
As he hath spoken,
Was giv'n to death for us;
We feed—on everlasting bread.

3 That precious fountain
Of blood, which from him flow'd
On Calvary's mountain,
Is now on us bestow'd:
Here we—life's well-spring open see.

4 O Well-spring flowing
Unto eternal life,
Our souls bedewing,
By thee alone we thrive,
And are—enabled fruit to bear.

5 The Lord draws near us,
Let us to meet him haste;
He comes to cheer us,
His flesh is our repast,
His blood—our drink, and highest [good.

6 In sweet communion
With Christ our paschal Lamb,
And holy union
With all who love his name,
May we—abide continually.

952. T. 160.

SEE Jesus seated 'midst his own,
With pensive mind oppressed,
Foreboding pangs and griefs unknown,
Amazed and distressed;
Strong fears beset—but stronger yet
Love's power his soul then moved,
And love the conqueror proved.

2 With great desire he long'd before
His final, bitter suffering,
To eat the Passover once more,
Type of his body's offering;
And in a last—farewell repast
To give a sacred token
Of his love's bond unbroken.

3 In that most dark & doleful night
When Jesus was betrayed,
And, viewing hell's collected might,
As man, felt sore dismayed;
Yet see his face—with matchless grace
Shine on his flock with healing,
Pardon and peace revealing.

4 In bread & wine to them he gave
His sacred body broken,
His blood, shed guilty souls to save;
For thus the Lord hath spoken:
And we believe,—adore, receive,
Yea, feel the power mysterious
To heal, revive, and cheer us.

5 Lord, Christ, I thank thee for thy grace,
Since by thy invitation
I at thy table take my place,
And taste of thy oblation:
Now seal me thine,—and be thou mine;
That nought on earth me ever
From thy communion sever.

6 'Tis here my needy soul is fed,
But not with food terrestrial;
Thy body is my living bread,
Thy blood my drink celestial:
And at thy feet—my rest how sweet!
Here may I have my station,
A trophy of thy passion.

7 And when at last of heavenly bliss
And perfect love possessed,
I see my Saviour as he is,
The Lamb for ever blessed,
Still shall each breath—show forth his death;
My voice shall swell the chorus
To sing that song most glorious.

953. T. 166.

IN that most dark & doleful night,
In which our Saviour was betray'd,
Before his sufferings he took bread,
Blessed, and brake it, and then said,
"Take, eat; this is my body giv'n
For you, and offer'd on the tree;
Perform this ordinance as I do,
And doing it, remember ME."

2 Then after supper took the cup,
And having given thanks, he said,
"'Tis the New Testament in my blood,
The blood for you and many shed;
Take this, and drink ye all of it,
Your sin's remission here you see:
Oft as this ordinance ye perform,
It in remembrance do of ME."

3 Yes, Lord, we will remember thee,
We'll ne'er forget thy love divine;
Thy cross we'll ever bear in mind,
Which made thee ours, and made us thine:
We thus commemorate thy death,
Till thou shalt once again appear;
Meanwhile remember, gracious Lord,
Us thy unworthy followers here.

954.* T. 205.

HAPPY race—of witnesses,
Whom God's Spirit doth ordain
To make known—what God hath done;
Ye can only victory gain
By that sacred covenant-blood,
Which the fathers, bold in God,
Wrote in faith on every door,
That the slayer might pass o'er.

2 Israel's seed,—from slavery freed,
Eat with joy their Paschal lamb;
But the bride—of Christ, who died
Her from bondage to redeem,
Hath another passover:
There the shadow, substance here;
She enjoys the flesh and blood
Of the slaughter'd Lamb of God.

3 Here we now—most humbly bow,
Met in our Redeemer's name,
Who for us—died on the cross,
Bearing our reproach and shame:
'Fore the Father, 'fore the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
With the countless heavenly host,
And the assembly of the just.

4 Ere we taste—the rich repast,
Which he offers graciously,
On our food,—his flesh and blood,
Feasting in the sanctuary;
Ere the sacrament to enjoy
We with awe to him draw nigh,
We in love and fellowship
This communion-love-feast keep.

5 Eat and rest—at this great feast,
Then to serve him freely go,
As it is—for pilgrims fit,
As disciples ought to do:
We, when Jesus we shall see
Coming in his majesty,
Shall the marriage-supper share,
If we his true followers are.

6 Then will be—of ransom'd souls
An innumerable throng;
Lamb once slain—to thee pertain
Thanks and praise, will be their song:
Hallelujah will they cry,
Singing in sweet harmony,
'Midst all trials we o'ercame
Only by thy blood, O Lamb.

955.* T. 594.

JESUS, how great was thy desire
Once more to eat the Paschal lamb
With thy dear flock; O what love's fire [flame:
Did here thy sorrowing soul in-
Each precious word thy kindness showeth,
Thereby we are divinely blest;
The love that in thy bosom gloweth
Is herein render'd manifest.

2 Thy love is great, beyond all measure,
Thence we derive eternal good;
Thou grantest us, O what a treasure,
Thy holy body and thy blood:
Lord Jesus, was it not sufficient
That thou shouldst die for our offence,
But, out of love, thou every patient
Wouldst heal, and make thy residence.

3 O love divine, how strong, how ardent, [to gain,
More strong than death; our life
The Incarnate God, thro' love most fervent,
Was as a lamb for sinners slain:
Love urg'd the sovereign great Creator, [shake,
'Fore whom the universe doth
By whom all things subsist in nature, [make.
Once in the earth his grave to

956. T. 590.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did almost with his latest breath
This solemn feast ordain: [met,
To keep thy feast, Lord, are we
And to remember thee;
Help each poor sinner to repeat,
For me he died, for me.

2 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We feed upon thy love divine,
Forget all earthly things:
O tune our voices, and inflame
Our hearts with love to thee;
That each may gratefully proclaim,
The Saviour died for me.

957. T. 166.

JESUS, thy feast we celebrate,
Show forth thy death and praise thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb:
In memory of our dying Lord
The church on earth, till time shall
Meets at his table to record [end,
The love of her departed Friend.

958. T. 9.

SUFFERING Saviour, Lamb of God,
How hast thou been used; [God,
With God's sin-avenging rod
Soul and body bruised.

2 We, for whom thou once wast slain,
We, whose sins did pierce thee,
Now commemorate thy pain,
And implore thy mercy.

3 What can we poor sinners do,
When temptations seize us?
Nought have we to look unto,
But the blood of Jesus.

4 Pardon all our sins, O Lord;
All our weakness pity:
Guide us safely by thy word
To the heavenly city.

5 O sustain us on the road
Thro' this desert dreary;
Feed us with thy flesh and blood,
When we 're faint and weary.

6 Bid us call to mind thy cross,
Our hard hearts to soften;
Often, Saviour, feast us thus,
For we need it often.

959.* T. 581.

TO avert from men God's wrath
Jesus suffer'd in our stead;
By an ignominious death
He a full atonement made;
And by his most precious blood
Brought us, sinners, nigh to God.

2 That we never should forget
This great love on us bestow'd,
He gave us his flesh to eat,
And to drink his precious blood:
All who sick and needy are
May receive in him a share.

3 Hither each afflicted soul
May repair, tho' fill'd with grief;
To the sick, not to the whole,
The physician brings relief:
Fear not therefore, but draw nigh,
Christ will all your wants supply.

4 He who in self-righteousness
Fixes any hope or stay,
Has not on a wedding-dress,
And with shame is sent away;
To the hungry, weary heart,
He will food and rest impart.

5 But examine first your case,
Whether you be in the faith;
Do you mourn for pardoning grace?
Is your only hope his death?
Then, howe'er your soul's opprest,
Come, you are a worthy guest.

6 He who Jesus' mercy knows,
Is from wrath and envy freed;
Love unto our neighbour shows
That we are his flock indeed:
Thus we may in all our ways
Show forth our Redeemer's praise.

960.* T. 58.

CHRIST was revealed in the flesh for us,
To suffer death upon the shameful cross;
Now his body broken, to us is given
For our soul's food, till we sit down in heaven,
At the Lamb's feast.

2 With thirsty souls we drink the sacred blood,
Which flow'd from Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God,
To procure for sinners complete salvation,
When he became the full propitiation
For all our sins.

3 While we in humble faith are feasting thus,
We show forth our Redeemer's death for us,
And with deep abasement the congregation
Gives glory, honour, praise, and adoration,
Unto the Lamb.

961.* T. 126.

IS that my dearest Brother,
(Saith one of low degree,)
Who, tho' the Father's equal,
Became a man like me,
And on the ignominious tree
Aton'd for my transgressions?—
'Tis He most certainly.

2 Ye who believe in Jesus,
And on account of sin
Have mourn'd with contrite sorrow,
But now feel joy within,
What think ye, that to him on high,
'Fore whom e'en John did tremble,
Ye dare approach so nigh?

3 He showers his choicest blessings
This day on every heart,
And thus to soul and body
Salvation doth impart:
That blood which on the cross he shed
Our drink is, and his body
Is our true, heavenly bread.

4 He said, "My flesh is truly
Meat, and my blood is drink:"
So did, unto his glory,
The Lord's disciples think:
We with the heart believe it too,
And can with full assurance
Declare it to be true.

5 In spirit we behold him
As dying in our stead;
We may approach with boldness
To him in all our need:
The enjoyment of this heavenly feast
Makes us, his congregation,
In soul and body chaste.

6 Thou ransom'd church of Jesus,
Increase in love and faith,
United to thy Saviour;
Be faithful unto death,

And own him God for evermore,
Who took our human nature;
Him in the dust adore.

962. T. 232.

THE holy bread which now we break,
The cup of which we all partake,
Is the participation
Of Jesus' flesh and blood, for us
A ransom giv'n upon the cross,
To purchase our salvation:
He said, "My flesh is truly meat;
This is my body, take and eat:"
He also took the cup, and said,
"This is my blood, for you 'tis shed:"
Lord, we draw near
Thy table here—with child-like fear:
Dear Jesus, to our hearts appear.

2 Most holy Lord, thou know'st our wants,
And how each needy sinner pants
For thee, our gracious Saviour:
O may our hungry souls be fed
With thee, the true, life-giving bread,
And taste thy matchless favour:
O may thy blood, the stream of life,
Our thirst assuage, our souls revive:
Thou living Vine, each branch supply;
Our souls and bodies sanctify:
And grant that we
Abide in thee—continually;
And bear such fruit as pleaseth thee.

3 O Lord, who dost thyself impart
In mercy to each contrite heart,
Enjoying the communion:
Grant that we may be one in thee,
May love each other heartily,
And thus abide in union:
Let nothing 'mongst thy flock take place
Which tends thy doctrine to disgrace;
By faith and love, while here below,
O may we to thy honour show
In all our ways
The boundless grace—thy love displays,
Which in the sacrament we trace.

4 Now bless and praise the slaughter'd Lamb,
Extol the great Redeemer's name,
Thou favour'd congregation,
Which at the table of our Lord
Hast ate and drank with one accord;
Thou know'st thy destination
Is to abide in Christ by faith,
And to show forth our Saviour's death:
Walk then as children of the light;
Live to his praise by day and night:
O Lamb once slain,
We vow again—thine to remain:
Confirm our promises: Amen.

963.* T. 9.

TILL the hour shall come, with tears
By the church desired,
When our Lord again appears,
Now from sight retired:—

2 He hath with a pledge of grace
His dear flock supplied,
Whereby we his witness-race
Show forth that he died.

3 'Tis his body and his blood
Which the soul refreshes;
Church of Christ, this highest good
Claims thy thanks and praises.

4 By this sacrament we are
To our Lord united;
To due watchfulness and prayer,
And good works excited.

5 With deep reverence we draw
Falling down before thee;
While we this repast enjoy,
We with awe adore thee.

6 Us thy congregation own,
Let us taste thy favour,
And by faith recline like John
On thy breast, dear Saviour.

964.* T. 23.

SOUL, at this most awful season,
Soar above thy scanty reason;
To the light approach, where clearest;
Duly mind what dress thou wearest.

2 Jesus, Lord of the creation,
Gives thee now an invitation;
His unbounded love revealing,
He 'll take up in thee his dwelling.

3 Heavenly joy and holy trembling
I feel in me past dissembling;
Since, by sharing this communion,
I 'm with God in closest union.

4 Human reason is too shallow
In this mystery thee to follow,
How thou hast unto us given
Thy own flesh, the bread of heaven:

5 How the blood which from thee flowed,
Is in wine on us bestowed:
O the mystery, deep and blessed,
By God's Spirit here expressed.

6 Thy communion's celebration
Bows me down to deep prostration;
May I never, unprepared,
To my condem ation share it.

965.* T. 23.

COME, approach to Jesus' table,
Taste that food incomparable,
Which to us is freely given
As an antepast of heaven.

2 Jesus' bride, his congregation,
Calls to mind her Saviour's passion;
With his body she is nourish'd,
With his blood refresh'd and cherish'd.

3 This mysterious, heavenly blessing
Is all thought by far surpassing;
Deeply bow'd we now adore thee,
Soul and body sink before thee.

4 Now is come our time sabbatic;
Lord, we feel thy power emphatic:
Ah, draw near to us, dear Saviour,
Let us taste thy grace and favour.

966.* T. 71.

MY soul, prepare to meet
Thy Saviour; at his feet
Fall down adoring:
The Lord of earth and skies
A feast for thee supplies,
Past thy exploring.

2 How vast is here display'd,
In brightest form array'd,
His love's dimension:
O grace, beyond the ken
Of angels or of men,
Past comprehension.

3 How should I, slaughter'd
Who dust and ashes am, [Lamb,
A worm, and earthy,
To taste such boundless grace,
And have so high a place
Be counted worthy.

4 Ah, why am I so blest,
That such a heavenly guest
My house will enter?
Dare I, thou highest good,
To taste thy flesh and blood,
A sinner, venture?

5 Upon thy call I 'm here;
I venture to draw near,
For thou art gracious:
I on thy word rely,
Thou wilt my soul supply
With food delicious.

6 Grant me but this firm faith,
That with thee by thy death
I am united:
To cheer and make me whole,
Thou hast my sin-sick soul
Freely invited.

7 Thy body slain for me,
My food, my foretaste be
Of heaven's fruition;
And by its power may I,
While I the world deny,
Gain there admission.

8 Pervade, thou precious flood
Of Christ's all-healing blood,
My soul and senses:
And to my needy heart
Life, peace, and health impart;
Thus heaven commences.

9 Lord, of thy wondrous love
That brought thee from above
Thou gav'st this token:
O may it constantly
Unite my heart to thee
In bonds unbroken.

10 Didst thou thyself devise
To be my sacrifice,
My Lord, my Treasure?
Grant that continually
To live alone for thee
May be my pleasure.

11 Cause me, who now am thine,
As branch to thee the Vine
To cleave unceasing;
Receiving strength and juice,
That I may fruit produce
To thee well-pleasing.

12 Such grace on me is spent,
That none hath its extent
Aright explained:
Grant now that I may show
To fellow-sinners too
A love unfeigned.

13 May every drop of blood
In me, O Lord my God,
Be sanctified:
Oft as my heart doth beat,
May I his praise repeat
Who for me died.

967.* T. 242.

AS oft as we expect the favour,
That in the sacrament our Saviour
His flesh and blood to us will give
We weep for joy and grief:

For joy, that we're brought nigh to
By Jesus' blood; [God
For grief, that we so little honour
Afford to him in our demeanour;
Yea, ev'n oppose his gracious views
And purposes with us:
Ah, then in faith we sigh,
And to our Saviour cry:
Thy hand, for us once pierced thro',
Dispense a blessing now,
And give absolving grace:
Lord, leave with us thy peace.

968.* T. 211.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Hear thy people's fervent
prayer,
Us to meet thee now prepare:
We with awe appear before thee,
Longing to enjoy thy favour;
In this consecrated place
We approach the throne of grace:
Lord, Lord God,
Thee we own our only Saviour:
Blessed, truly blessed they,
Who to thee have found the way,
Who of thy body and thy blood
ev'n here partakers are,
And, in the supper of the Lamb,
in heavenly realms above
shall share.

969. T. 151.

DEAR Lord, this congregation
Is poor, despise her not;
She 's taken with thy passion,
As were she on the spot,
When, earning her election,
Thy heart-strings broke in death:
This stirs up her affection,
And gives her life and breath.

2 Shouldst thou desire her beauty,
For shame she hides her face;
And shouldst thou look for duty,
Her only plea is grace:
Tho' we are poor and needy,
Yet we 're thy property;
When we enjoy thy body
And blood, how blest are we.

970.* T. 15.

AH, come, thou most beloved guest,
My joy and delectation,
With whose indwelling I am blest,
Source of all consolation.

2 O keep thy banquet, Lord, with me,
A sinner poor and needy,
Since thou invit'st me graciously,
"Come, all things now are ready."

3 I open heart and soul to thee,
Lord Jesus, to receive thee;
For thee I long most ardently,
O may I never leave thee.

971.* T. 146.

WHERE my Redeemer's blood
And sweat the earth did cover,
May every sinful thought
Be now interr'd for ever:
Lord Jesus, grant my prayer,
That I may thine abide,
And by thy holy flesh
And blood be sanctified.

972.* T. 4.

O GLORIFIED Head,
Since mortals may tread
The hollest of all, [seat fall;
And deeply abas'd 'fore the mercy-

2 Admit us, we pray,
On this solemn day,
To thee to draw nigh, [joy:
And thy holy body and blood to en-

973. T. 14.

WHEN we before our Saviour's face
Appear with contrite hearts,
He soothes our griefs, & pardoning
grace
To every one imparts.

2 When we commemorate his love,
He saith, "For you I died:
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And view my wounded side:—

3 "These are the wounds I bore for
you,
The tokens of my pain,
By which I for your guilty soul
Eternal life to gain."

4 We on his sacred body feast,
As giv'n a sacrifice;
Thirsting we drink his sacred blood,
That precious ransom-price.

5 Ah, then we feel, that life divine
From Jesus' death redounds,
Eternal blessings from his cross,
And healing from his wounds.

974. T. 14.

LORD, how divine thy comforts are;
How heavenly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace.

2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And heavenly glories shine;
There Jesus saith, that I am his,
And my Beloved's mine.

3 "Here," (saith our kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side,)
"Behold the spring of all your joys,
That open'd when I died."

4 What shall we pay our heavenly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

975. T. 14.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be wash'd
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love
Prepare us for this feast;
O let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

976.* T. 141.

CHRIST, thy flock doth hunger
For thy flesh, our food,
Thirsts with ardent longing
For thy precious blood,
Which thou hast bequeathed,
As thy testament,
To thy congregation
In the sacrament.

2 Like the king of Salem,
Thou with wine and bread
Com'st to meet thy people,
Them to cheer and feed:
O preserve the enjoyment
Of thy blood and death
To thy congregation,
While we live by faith.

977. T. 56.

THEY who hunger :‖: after Christ, are fed,
All the thirsty :‖: to life's fountain [led;
He the needy doth supply
With good things abundantly;
From his fulness :‖: they are nourished.

2 Since he welcomes :‖: every soul distress'd,
And hath promis'd :‖: to the weary [rest,
At his call we now draw nigh;
He invites each graciously,
Come, poor sinner, :‖: come and share my feast.

978.* T. 151.

THOSE souls are truly blessed
Who to our Saviour cleave,
Of living faith possessed,
And in his name believe;
For what is still denied
To sight, while here below,
Is by our faith enjoyed,
And makes our hearts to glow.

2 Faith on Christ's declaration
With confidence relies;
He now his congregation
With heavenly food supplies;
Would we as branches flourish
In Jesus, the true Vine,
His blood our souls must nourish,
Else they would droop and pine.

3 Draw near to Jesus' table,
Ye contrite souls, draw near;
The hungry, sick, and feeble
Are made most welcome here:
Let Jesus' death engraven
Upon your hearts remain;
Thus here, and there in heaven,
Eternal life you gain.

979.* T. 22.

O CHURCH of Jesus, now draw near
With humble joy and filial fear;
According to his testament
Enjoy the holy sacrament.

2 Here all our wants are well supplied,
And we show forth that Jesus died:
May we abide in him by faith,
And cleave to him in life and death.

3 The enjoyment of the flesh and blood
Of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God,
Endows our souls with strength and grace,
To love and serve him all our days.

980.* T. 99.

ACT full of godlike majesty!
O Love's abyss, I'm lost in thee:
O mystery, all our thoughts surpassing!
Now all our wants are well supplied,
And we show forth that Jesus died,
As oft as we enjoy this blessing.

981. T. 185.

GREAT the feast, to which thou, Lord, hast bidden
Such a worthless guest as me;
'Tis an awful mystery, deep and hidden,
'Tis a heavenly legacy: [jected;
Contrite souls, howe'er by sin infected,
Are made welcome, not one is re-
Else this grace to sinful me
Never could extended be.

2 Thou thy table spreadest for the needy,
Who may feast and take their fill;
Thou to grant thy heavenly gifts art ready,
And thy goodness to reveal:
Soul and body in this rich fruition
Gain from thee, the Bread of life, nutrition;
And we, as thy flesh and bone,
Lord, with thee are render'd one.

982.* T. 119.

BREAD of life, :||:
Christ, by whom alone we live:
Bread, that came to us from heaven,
My poor soul can never thrive,
Unless thou appease its craving:
Lord, I hunger only after thee,
Feed thou me. :||:

983. T. 14.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

984.* T. 22.

O THAT in Jesus' church, his bride,
Sin might henceforth be mortified,
Since she with him is render'd one,
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone.

2 O may our souls and bodies be
Henceforth from sin's dominion free;
May we, long as on earth we live,
To him, the Vine, as branches cleave.

3 O were we freed from strange desire,
And from depraved nature's fire;
As dead to all corruption base,
As formerly to righteousness.

4 Lord, by the power of thy death
Renew in us a living faith;
Whate'er is carnal, quite erase,
And sanctify us by thy grace.

5 O church, rejoice, though tremblingly,
The Lord's death now pervadeth thee;
O may his sacred body cure,
And make our souls and bodies pure.

985. T. 26.

AH, who are we, thou God of love,
That we should hear, thro' grace abounding,
The solemn invitation sounding,
"Prepare for the Lamb's feast above."

2 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
We sinners lie with holy trembling,
The Elders' blissful choir resembling,
Who cast their crowns before thy feet.

3 Here more than Tabor's glories shine;
Heart-captivating meditation:
Ev'n here thou feed'st thy congregation
With heavenly manna, food divine.

4 Here it is good for us to be;
Our souls imbibe while here we tarry,
The breezes of the sanctuary,
The atmosphere of Calvary.

5 Rise & your pilgrim-path pursue,
Revived by this rich fruition;
Soon shall the beatific vision,
The Lamb in glory, meet your view.

986.* T. 97.

THE breath which can the dead bones raise,
And to Christ's members life conveys,
Pervadeth thee, thou church of God;
And Jesus sanctifying blood
Is now imparted to each thirsty soul:
It cheers the mourners, makes the wounded whole.

2 O church of God, lift up thy heart,
The Vine its power doth impart:
Take, drink the blood so freely spilt
For thine & every sinner's guilt;
Take, drink the blood, the blood so freely spilt
For mine, for thine, and every sinner's guilt.

987.* T. 152.

WHEN the Lord of glory died,
Not a bone was broken;
But a soldier pierc'd his side,
For a lasting token:
From thence stream'd a double flood,
Of a cleansing nature;
Both the water and the blood
Wash the guilty creature.

988. T. 582.

MY Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd forth a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by his blood:
Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his wounded heart.

989.* T. 166.

YE followers of the slaughter'd Lamb,
Draw near, & take the cup of God;
Approach unto the healing stream,
And drink of the atoning blood;
That blood for our redemption spilt,
Assuring us of purchas'd grace;
That blood which takes away all guilt,
And speaketh to the conscience peace.

990.* T. 146.

BY thy sweat mix'd with blood,
Which flowed in thy soul's anguish
From thee, O Lamb of God,
When thou for us didst languish
In sad Gethsemane,
And, with our sins oppress'd,
Didst weep, and groan, and pray,
That sinners might be bless'd;—

2 Yea, by thy blood once shed
For us when scourges wounded
Thy back, and when thy head
A thorny crown surrounded;
Oh, by that blood which flow'd
When nails thy body tore,
Bless us, O Lord our God,
Who humbly thee adore.

3 Lord Jesus, may the blood
Thou shed'st for our salvation,
Which is our highest good,
Refresh this congregation,
When in the sacrament
We drink of it in faith,
And by this testament
Show forth thy bitter death.

991.* T. 149.

O WHAT happiness divine,
What a lot most precious,
Confidently to recline
On the breast of Jesus,
Where who will—takes his fill,
And yet longs for ever
For more grace and favour.

2 Jesus cometh to fulfil
All thy heart desireth,
Doth himself to thee reveal,
Thee with love inspireth:
His blood spilt—all thy guilt
Will erase for ever,
And thy sins will cover.

992.* T. 184.

SEE from the rock the waters bursting, [mand,
In copious streams at God's com-
His people to refresh when thirsting, [land:
With drought parch'd in a barren
Thus plenteous flow'd on Calvary's mountain [wounds:
The blood from Jesus' healing
Here is for sin an open fountain,
Here everlasting life abounds.

993. T. 97.

JESUS, thou source of life, impart
Thy blood unto my thirsting heart;
Panting I seek that fountain-head,
Whence waters so divine proceed;
Still near this living stream may I abide, [fied.
By which my needy soul is satis-

994. T. 124.

MAY the stream from thee, the Rock,
Gracious Jesus,
Richly bless thy thirsting flock
And refresh us;
'Tis the source of power, of life,
And salvation,
To thy congregation.

995.* T. 79.

THY precious, all-atoning blood
Is to this hour, O Lamb of God,
An ocean of free grace:
All those who venture to draw nigh
To thee, can witness bear with joy,
They ne'er go empty from thy face.

996.* T. 23.

FLOCK of Christ, with exultation
View the well-spring of salvation:
Drink and live—with an emotion
Of unfeigned heart's devotion.

2 May to Jesus, while we 're living,
From our works redound thanksgiv-
And our lowly, meek behaviour [ing,
Clearly show we love our Saviour.

997. T. 581.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt & power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling,
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Vile, I to the fountain fly,—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

998.* T. 82.

JESUS makes my heart rejoice,
I 'm his sheep and know his voice;
He's a Shepherd kind and gracious,
And his pastures are delicious;
Constant love to me he shows,
Yea, my worthless name he knows.

2 Trusting his mild staff always,
I go in and out in peace;
He will feed me with the treasure
Of his grace in richest measure;
When athirst to him I cry,
Living water he 'll supply.

3 Should not I for gladness leap,
Led by Jesus as his sheep;
For when these blest days are over
To the arms of my dear Saviour
I shall be convey'd to rest:
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

999.* T. 83.

MORE than shepherd's faithfulness
To his flock our Saviour showeth:
From the treasures of his grace
He the choicest gifts bestoweth:
As his sheep by him we 're own'd,
Since his blood for us aton'd.

2 They who feel their want and need,
Thirsting for his great salvation,
On the richest pastures feed,
With true joy and delectation;
Till they shall when perfected,
With celestial joys be fed.

1000. T. 582.

MY Shepherd is the Lamb,
The living Lord, who died;
With all that 's truly good I am
Most plenteously supplied:
He richly feeds my soul
With manna from above,
And leads me where the rivers roll
Of everlasting love.

2 My table he doth spread
With choicest fare, and I
Behold the Lamb—the living bread,
And eat most joyfully:
He makes my cup run o'er,
Anointeth me with oil;
I shall enjoy for evermore
The merits of his toil.

3 When faith and hope shall cease,
And love prevail alone,
I then shall see him face to face,
And know as I am known:
Then I my Shepherd's care
Shall praise and him adore,
And in his Father's house shall share
True bliss for evermore.

1001.* T. 583.

HOW blest are we, when we enjoy thy love, [prove;
And in the sacrament thy bounty
When we with humble shame, O Lamb of God, [blood.
Feed on thy body and thy precious

2 Whenever to thy table we draw nigh,
We promise thee anew fidelity;
Power to perform thou hast for us obtain'd, [regain'd.
When by thy death life was for man

3 Make thou us monuments of grace to show [canst do;
What wonders thou on sinners vile
O may it in our daily walk be seen,
That we partakers of thy feast have been.

We humbly pray that with thy chosen train
From this repast we may new strength obtain; [withstand,
O deaden all that would thy grace
Or to its influence refuse to bend.

5 We have nought good in us to bring 'fore thee, [perty;
Yet thou art ours, and we 're thy pro-
Preserve to us this grace, we thee implore, [more.
To have our part in thee for ever-

1002.* T. 11.

COULD we sinners fully tell,
How our hearts with rapture swell,
Gladly then we would declare
Ev'n to angels what we share.

2 But since words the happiness
Which we feel, can ne'er express,
We adoring, 'fore him lie,
And what he bestows enjoy.

3 Angels sing before his throne,
While we at his feet sink down:
Gracious Jesus, Man and God,
What hast thou on us bestow'd.

1003.* T. 583.

SINCE Jesus died, my guilty soul to save, [ready have;
Heaven's foretaste I may here al-
O how unutterably bless'd am I,
Partaking of him sacramentally;—

2 When heavenly bread he gives my soul to eat,
That I may henceforth never him forget; [flock,
When I, a needy sheep of his blest
Drink of the stream that flows from Christ the rock.

3 I live now, and to God myself will give,
And yet not I, but Christ in me shall live: [taste
His mercy and his goodness I shall
Both here below, and when with him at rest.

1004.* T. 11.

JESUS, who to save hast power,
And who livest evermore
For thy flock to intercede,
Helping us in time of need;—

2 Thou, who a divine repast
For the poor prepared hast,
Giving thy own flesh and blood
As the needy sinner's food;—

3 Let thy power divine, we pray,
Be our strength and only stay,
Till we drop this mortal vest,
And the spirit goes to rest.

1005.* T. 22.

LORD, what amazing love & grace,
How doth it our poor souls abase,
To eat thy flesh and drink thy blood,
To feed on more than angels' food.

2 Thy sacred body thou didst give
For us, that we thereby might live;
No pledge of love could be so great:
Never may we thy love forget.

3 Thy precious blood, for sinners spilt,
Cleanses our hearts, removes our guilt;
The debt is paid which we incurr'd,
And we're to happiness restor'd.

4 Thy Holy Spirit with us leave,
So that we rightly may conceive,
What thou for all believers hast
Prepared in this bless'd repast.

1006.* T. 151.

LORD Christ, I give thee praises;
Thy hand ne'er intermits
To shower, as each day passes,
On me thy benefits:
Thy name, all names exceeding,
I 'll praise, for thou art good,
Art with thy flesh me feeding,
To drink giv'st me thy blood.

1007.* T. 185.

PRAISE be given to Christ, our soul's beloved,
By us sinners; what are we?
Feeble human creatures, far removed
From angelic purity:
Yet when he to his rich banquet bids us,
Where he with his sacred body feeds us,
And we drink his blood once shed,
We are richly comforted.

1008.* T. 590.

THOU, who art present with thy church,
According to thy word,
When to enjoy thy flesh and blood
We meet with one accord;
O grant us to show forth thy death
Until thou shalt appear;
And may it in our walk be seen,
That we thy followers are.

2 May we so captivated be
By thy redeeming love,
As to be wean'd from earthly things,
And fix our thoughts above;
May all that 's carnal be subdu'd
And mortified in us,
That we may glory in thy name,
And count all else but loss.

1009.* T. 96.

SINCE Jesus' body I have eat,
And drank the blood he shed for me,
O may I never him forget:
I know he will remember me;
And I shall, when this life is o'er,
Live in his presence evermore.

1010.* T. 83.

CHRIST, how are thy people bless'd
With thee as their Head united:
Tho' of thee by faith possess'd,
Still we, by thy love excited,
Tears of ardent longing shed,
Till our bliss is perfected.

1011. T. 582.

COME, O my soul, and sing,
How Jesus thee hath fed;
How Jesus gave himself to thee,
The true and living Bread.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour, matchless grace,
Of our incarnate God.

3 This holy bread and wine
Confirms us in the faith,
In love and union with our Lord,
And we show forth his death.

1012.* T. 14.

NO words can ever fully tell
What blessings Christ bestows
On us, when we on Calvary dwell,
And weep beneath his cross.

2 He who unto his flesh and blood
Can ne'er himself deny,
Saith unto us, "Take courage good,
Your brother, lo, am I."

3 His loving heart we open see,
Replete with tenderness;
He as his blood-bought property
Doth even us confess.

4 We are forgiv'n and reconcil'd,
Our happiness renew'd,
Our hearts with deep abasement fill'd
And with his blood bedew'd.

5 From all anxiety and dread,
Which else our souls oppress'd,
Thanks be to him, we now are freed,
For he hath giv'n us rest.

1013.* T. 26.

THOU Lamb once slain, thy flesh and blood,
Which thou didst sacrifice for us
Upon the altar of the cross,
Are to our souls celestial food.

2 This makes us all with one accord
To love each other fervently;
Yea, to be wholly one with thee,
And all that love thee, gracious Lord.

1014.* T. 22.

HAPPY, thrice happy hour of grace,
I've seen by faith my Saviour's face;
He did himself to me impart,
And made a covenant with my heart.

2 Ah, might in my behaviour shine
The power of Jesus' love divine,
His conflict and his victory,
His seeking and his finding me.

XXXVIII. HYMNS FOR DIFFERENT AGES AND STATIONS IN LIFE.

1015. T. 83.

EACH division of thy fold,
Freed from this world's vain tradition,
Male or female, young or old,
In thee hath true joy's fruition;
All in their allotted place
Should walk worthy of thy grace.

2 Grant us a contented mind,
That in his peculiar station
Each may be to thee resign'd,
Seeking only thy salvation:
By thy staff we're safely led,
Till in thee we're perfected.

A. FOR CHILDREN.

1016. T. 22.

THOUGH but a little child I am,
Yet I may praise the slaughter'd Lamb:
He loveth children tenderly,
He also loveth sinful me.

2 Yes, gracious Saviour, I believe
Thou wilt a little child receive;
For thou didst bless them formerly,
And say, "Let children come to me."

3 Lord Jesus, unto me impart
An humble, meek, and docile heart;
O cleanse me in thy precious blood,
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

4 Save me from liking what is ill,
Teach me to do thy holy will;
Each day prepare me thro' thy grace,
To meet thee, and behold thy face.

1017. T. 14.

THOUGH Christ was God and all things made,
Himself he humbled thus,
That he, a servant in our stead,
Might minister to us.

2 Our Saviour was a lovely child,
His parents' chief delight,
In his behaviour meek and mild,
And always acted right.

3 A blessed pattern Christ our Lord
Himself to children gave,
That they to him might joy afford,
And never misbehave.

4 A child true happiness may find,
And humbly ought to pray:
"Lord Jesus, make my heart inclin'd
To love and to obey.

5 "I'm often stubborn, vain, & wild,
Self-will'd, and hard in heart;
O Lord, to me, thy chaste, thy mild,
Thy holy mind impart."

1018. T. 14.

O WHAT a wretched heart have I,
How full of sin and shame,
How obstinate continually,
How day by day to blame.

2 Lord, look on me 'midst all my faults;
And when thou seest my guilt,
My wicked words & foolish thoughts,
Think why thy blood was spilt.

3 In that most precious river cleanse
And wash my sins away,
My selfishness and each offence
Which I have done to-day.

4 When thou, dear Jesus, wast a child,
Thou hadst no sin like me;
No wicked words thy lips defil'd,
No faults appear'd in thee.

5 Thou wast more spotless than a dove,
More harmless than a lamb,
Obedient, humble, full of love,
And never once to blame.

6 But I am proud, & headstrong too,
Oft sadly misbehave;
I am not meek like thee, and low;
Me, Lord, in mercy save.

7 O might I but resemble thee,
That every one might know
I love the Saviour, and will be
His follower here below.

8 Imprint thine image on my heart,
Bestow thy Holy Ghost,
And an obedient mind impart;
Then I shall not be lost.

1019. T. 14.

O LORD, forgive a sinful child,
Whose heart is all unclean;
How bad am I, and how defil'd,
How prone to every sin.

2 O change my vile and stubborn heart,
Like thee, O make me pure;
To me thy love divine impart,
Keep me from sin secure.

3 Self-will, that cruel enemy,
No more I would obey;
Thy Spirit shall my teacher be,
And guide me in thy way.

O may I never speak a word
But what I truly mean,
Nor lie to thee, most gracious Lord,
By whom each thought is seen.

I 'll make thy wondrous, dying love,
Dear Lord, my daily song;
And joys, like theirs who sing above,
Shall tune my infant tongue.

1020. T. 14.

NOW that my journey 's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I 'll stay, before I further run,
And give myself to God.

2 And, lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths astray,
I would begin at once to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

3 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretel;
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

4 And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

5 Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot;
And when I 'm feeble, old, & grey,
O Lord, forsake me not.

1021. T. 14.

YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat:
And I may humbly do the same
Before his mercy-seat.

2 For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
And so he says to me.

3 Though now he is not here below,
But on his heavenly hill,
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

4 Well-pleas'd those little ones to see
The dear Redeemer smil'd;
Oh, then, he will not frown on me,
A poor unworthy child.

5 If babes so many years ago
His tender pity drew,
He will not surely let me go
Without a blessing too.

6 Then, while his favour to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.

1022. T. 14.

THERE is a path which leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight thro' this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will get to heaven at last.

3 How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread:

4 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

5 But lest my feeble steps should
Or wander from the way, [slide,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

6 Then, I may go without alarm,
And trust his word of old;—
"The lambs he 'll gather with his
And lead them to the fold." [arm,

7 Thus I may safely venture thro',
Beneath my Shepherd's care:
And keep the gate of heaven in view
Till I shall enter there.

1023. T. 22.

LORD, I have pass'd another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care;
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

2 Thy favour gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply;
And safely now I rest my head, [eye.
Preserv'd and guarded by thine

3 Look down in pity, and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss;
And help me every day I live,
To serve thee better than on this.

4 Now while I speak, be pleas'd to take
A helpless child beneath thy care;
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

1024. T. 22.

JESUS, that condescending King,
Is pleas'd to hear when children sing;
And while our feeble voices rise,
Will not the humble prayer despise.

2 Then keep us, Lord, from every
Which we can see & feel within; [sin
And what we neither feel nor see
Forgive, for all is known to thee.

3 We own there 's nothing good in us,
To tempt thee to befriend us thus:
We cannot think a single thought,
Nor even thank thee, as we ought.

4 Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh,
Because thou camest down to die;
And this is all the plea we make,
"O save us for thy mercy's sake."

1025. T. 11.

LAMB of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
When thou wast a little child,
Thou wast gentle, meek, and mild.

2 Due obedience thou didst show;
O make me obedient too:
Thou wast merciful and kind;
Grant me, Lord, thy loving mind.

3 Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, holy Lamb,
In thy hands secure I am;
Fix thy temple in my heart,
Never from thy child depart.

5 Teach me to show forth thy praise,
Love and serve thee all my days;
O might all around me see
Christ, the holy child, in me.

1026.* T. 14.

I AM a little child, you see,
My strength is little too,
But yet I fain would saved be;
Lord, teach me what to do.

2 Thou, gracious Saviour, for my good
Wast pleas'd a child to be,
And thou didst shed thy precious
Upon the cross for me. [blood

3 Come then, and take this heart of mine,
Come take me as I am,
I know that I by right am thine,
Thou loving, gracious Lamb.

4 Low at thy feet O may I bow,
Be thine, my Saviour, still;
In nothing bad myself allow,
Nor ever show self-will.

5 Preserve my little heart secure
From every hurt and stain;
First make it, and then keep it pure,
And shut to all that's vain.

6 If early thou wilt take me hence,
O, that no harm will be; [mence,
Since endless bliss will then com-
When I shall live with thee.

7 If thou wilt have me longer stay,
In years and stature grow;
Help me to serve thee night and day,
While I am here below.

8 Then, after walking in thy ways,
And serving thee in love,
Receive me to thyself in peace,
To sing thy praise above.

1027. T. 11.

OUT of love and boundless grace,
Thou hast brought us to a place,
Jesus, where we oft may hear
Of the sufferings thou didst bear.

2 Be our Shepherd every day,
That we little lambs ne'er stray;
Whensoe'er we hear thy voice,
To obey may we rejoice.

3 Thanks to thee for all the care
That 's bestow'd upon us here;
May we evermore to thee
For thy goodness grateful be.

1028. T. 22.

THOU Guardian of thy lambs, behold
Us little ones of thy dear fold;
Take us into thy special care,
Secure our souls from every snare.

2 Let nothing in our minds have place,
But what is sanctified by grace;
Thy love sink deep into each heart,
And may nought else have any part.

3 Set on our breast thy Spirit's seal,
Within our hearts thyself reveal,
And our poor souls securely keep
Among thy flock, thy chosen sheep.

1029. T. 14.

LOVER of little children, thee,
O Jesus, we adore;
Our kind and loving Saviour be,
Both now and evermore.

2 O take us up into thy arms,
Then we are truly blest;
Thy new-born babes are safe from harms,
While leaning on thy breast.

3 Still as we grow in years, in grace
And wisdom let us grow;
That daily more we thee may praise,
More of thy mercy know.

4 Strong let us in thy grace abide,
But ignorant of ill;
In malice, subtlety, and pride,
We would be children still.

1030. T. 14.

JESUS the Lord our Shepherd is,
And did our souls redeem;
Our present and eternal bliss
Are both secur'd in him.

2 His mercy every sinner claims;
For all his flock he cares;
The sheep he gently leads, the lambs
He in his bosom bears.

3 If unto us our friends are good,
'Twas he their hearts inclin'd:
He bids our fathers give us food,
And makes our mothers kind.

4 Then let us thank him for his grace;
He will not disapprove
Our meanest sacrifice of praise
For his unbounded love.

5 When children honour Jesus thus,
And their thanksgivings raise,
Out of the mouths of babes like us,
His wisdom perfects praise.

6 To thee, almighty God, to thee
Ourselves we now resign:
'Twill please us to look back and see
We were in childhood thine.

7 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our infant breath;
Thus we're prepar'd for length of days,
Or fit for early death.

1031.* T. 22.

JESUS, the children's dearest friend,
Who dost to all our wants attend,
Thou wast a child, and knowest well
How we, thy helpless children, feel.

2 Grant unto us continually
The blessings of thy infancy;
Let us, thro' each succeeding year,
The merits of thy childhood share.

3 Thee, gracious Lord, we now im-
To manifest thyself still more, [plore
And thus to teach us by degrees
To live a life of happiness.

4 May we thy mind still better know,
Daily in grace and knowledge grow,
And learn all that whereby we may
Adorn thy doctrine every way.

5 O may we ever feel thee near,
And be employ'd in praise & prayer;
May we in thy bless'd fellowship
Wake, do our daily work, and sleep.

6 Thus will our infant tongues record
Thy birth & passion, gracious Lord,
That thou, who diedst in our stead,
Art God, by whom all things were made.

1032.* T. 22.

EMBRACE us in thy tender way,
Dear Lord, and bless us all, we pray,
As thou on earth didst formerly,
When children once were brought to thee.

2 We are baptiz'd into thy death,
And call'd to praise thee with each breath; [divine:
Thou bought'st us with thy blood
O take and keep us ever thine.

3 Thy youth unspotted, full of grace,
Teach us all virtue and all praise;
Thou art our pattern, grant that we
In all things may resemble thee.

4 From year to year, while we increase
In stature, may we grow in grace;
In learning and obedience too
May we thy blessed path pursue.

5 By day and night our steps direct,
And soul and body, Lord, protect
From everything that grieveth thee,
Or unto us might hurtful be.

6 Impart to us that needful good,
A heart besprinkled with thy blood,
Wholly devoted unto thee,
For thy soul's bitter agony.

7 That grace upon us all bestow,
Thee more & more by faith to know;
We then the glories of thy name
In grateful accents shall proclaim.

1033.* T. 22.

HERE are we children, poor and mean,
Corrupt throughout, defil'd by sin;
But by Christ's purifying blood
We're made acceptable to God.

2 May none of us, while we abide
On earth, be weaned from thy side;
But grant that we be found in thee,
And thou in us eternally.

1034. T. 22.

I LOVE the Lord who died for me,
I love his grace, divine and free;
I love the Scriptures, there I read,
Christ loved me, and for me bled.

2 I love his tears & sufferings great,
I love his precious bloody sweat,
I love his blood; were that not spilt,
I could not have been freed from guilt.

3 I love to hear that he was slain
I love his every grief and pain,
I love to meditate by faith
Upon his meritorious death.

4 I love mount Calvary, where his love
Stronger than death itself did prove
I love to walk his dolorous way,
I love the grave where Jesus lay.

5 I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he sent down.

6 I love to think the time will come,
When I shall be with him at home
And praise him in eternity:
Then shall my love completed be.

1035. T. 22.

I WILL a little pilgrim be,
Resolv'd alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to thy everlasting throne.

2 I will my heart to thee resign,
Thine only be, O be thou mine;
The world I leave and foolish play,
To happiness to find the way.

3 My lips shall be employ'd to bless
The Lord who is my righteousness;
My pleasure only to pursue
His steps, and his blest will to do.

4 So long I'll pray below to live,
Till I my pardon seal'd receive;
I then, when Jesus calls, shall die,
Or rather, live eternally.

1036. T. 14.

JESUS, to thee our souls we raise,
And for a blessing look;
May we, assisted by thy grace,
With pleasure learn our book.

2 Give us an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free;
Give us a cheerful heart, inclin'd
To useful industry.

3 A faithful memory bestow,
With solid learning's store;
And still, O Lord, as more we know,
Let us obey thee more.

4 Let us things excellent discern,
Hold fast what we approve;
But more than all delight to learn
The lessons of thy love.

1037. T. 14.

STILL may we keep the aim in mind,
For which we hither came,
In search of useful learning join'd,
As followers of the Lamb.

2 Daily to Jesus we 'll look up,
As soon as we awake,
And for his constant blessing hope
In all we undertake.

3 His meritorious industry,
His toil and labour great,
Shall our support and pattern be;
Him we will imitate.

4 If he his grace on us confer,
We then shall learn apace,
Live to his glory, and declare
Our heavenly Father's praise.

1038. T. 14.

O JESUS, Lord of heaven & earth,
How sweet thy mercies are;
How rich to those of lowly birth,
The children of thy care.

2 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious [God;
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

3 We praise thy name, that we were [brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are wisdom's lessons [taught,
The children of thy grace.

4 O may our friends, thy servants [here,
Meet all our souls above;
And they and we in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

1039. T. 159.

HOW heart-affecting Christ to see,
Some days before he bled,
Go to Jerusalem willingly
To suffer in our stead:
When he approach'd, the multitude
Their garments spread and branches strew'd,
Crying Hosanna to his praise,
With joy and thankfulness.

2 'Twas then the children join'd the rest,
And hail'd him with a song;
With one accord his name confess'd
Amidst the joyful throng:
With them may we unite our lays,
And, tho' in feeble accents, raise
Our Hallelujahs to the Lamb,
Who died us to redeem.

1040. T. 14.

WHEN Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
Their garments on the ground.

2 Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King:
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

3 For we have learn'd to love his name;
That name divinely sweet,
May every pulse through life proclaim,
And our last breath repeat.

1041. T. 243.

THE holy child Jesus,
Our God and our Saviour,
Who died to release us,
We 'll worship for ever, [name.
God's holy Lamb,—the Lord's his

2 In liveliest manner,
O let us before him
With joy sing Hosanna,
And praise and adore him;
Our child-like cries—he'll not despise.

3 Come then, let us follow
Our Master with praises;
His name let us hallow
Whose blood us releases:
O Christ, to thee—all glory be.

4 Hosanna, Hosanna,
Thou Son of king David:
Hosanna, Hosanna;
For thou hast us saved: [slain.
For ever reign,—thou Lamb once

1042. T. 11.

GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, & King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost:
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word, that "God is love."

1043. T. 39.

LORD Jesus, we bless thee that thou wast a child,
And hast us thereby unto God reconcil'd;
We thank thee for suffering and dying in pain, [again.
For thy being buried and rising

2 We thank thee, that thou wilt the children permit
To offer their praises and songs at thy feet;
That thou, Lord, dost deign their petitions to hear,
And always to help them and save them art near.

3 Thou wilt be our Saviour, Redeemer, and Friend,
Grant we may abide in thy love to the end:
O render us truly obedient to thee,
That we thy dear children for ever may be.

1044. T. 39.

WHEREIN is for children true bliss to be found?—
When by Jesus Christ as his sheep they are own'd;
In him they find pasture while here they remain, [obtain.
And joys everlasting in heaven

2 We sing and we hear, how our Maker came down
To earth, and for us left his heavenly throne,
Assuming our nature became a poor child, [concil'd.
And us by his sufferings to God re-

3 O mystery of godliness, wonder of grace! [and praise:
May we without ceasing adore him
May all of us know what a Saviour we have, [believe.
Yea, love him sincerely, and in him

4 We now with the angels unite to declare [did bear;
The praises of him who our sorrows
With hearts and with voices exalting the Lamb, [to redeem.
Who died on the cross our poor souls

1045. T. 39.

Min. DEAR children, assembled to hear of the Lord,
You're here to be taught by his Spirit and word;
O think w. at great favours on you are conferr'd.—

Ch. For this may his name by us all be rever'd.

2 The Father in heaven us as children will own,
And we are beloved by Jesus, his Son;
The Spirit of truth will instruct us to pray,
And he will direct us throughout our whole way.

Min. 3 Ah, should not the mercies which daily you prove,
Excite you our Saviour to praise and to love?—

Ch. Yes, we are desirous to walk in his ways,
To love and adore him, and live to his praise.

4 O merciful Saviour, so grant it to be,
Nor suffer us ever to wander from thee;
We're poor little children, preserve us, we pray,
And may we our love by obedience display.

1046. T. 590.

O THOU, before whose Father's face
The children's angels stand,
Grant me, a helpless child, the grace,
That thy angelic band
May watch my ways, and guard my [bed,
And minister to me,
Till I in death shall bow my head,
And go to live with thee.

1047. T. 14.

HAPPY the children who betimes
Have learn'd to know the Lord,
Who thro' his grace escape the [crimes
Forbidden in his word.

2 Who early, by a living faith,
Have deep foundation laid
In Jesus' meritorious death;
Such need not be afraid.

3 Should they be early hence removed,
He will their souls receive;
For they who Jesus here have lov'd
With him shall ever live.

1048. T. 14.

HAPPY the children who are gone
To Jesus Christ in peace,
Who stand around his glorious throne,
Clad in his righteousness.

2 The Saviour whom they lov'd when here,
Hath wip'd their tears away;
They never more can grieve, or fear,
Or sin, or go astray.

3 In ceaseless happiness they view
Our Saviour's smiling face;
That face once marr'd, in which be- [low
Men saw no comeliness.

4 Methinks I hear them joyful sing,
(Ten thousands do the same,)
"Salvation to the immortal King,
To God and to the Lamb."

5 O that I may so favour'd be,
With them above to join:
O that, like them, I Christ may see,
And he be ever mine.

6 Grant me but this, thou great High-priest;
And when I'm here no more,
Convey me home to endless rest,
Where thou art gone before.

1049. T. 587.

THE child sweetly rests,
Whom nothing molests,
Received in mercy among the Lamb's guests.

2 *He* ne'er shall weep more,
His sighing is o'er,
His travels and dangers; *he*'s now safe on shore.

3 *His* body is dead.
The grave is *his* bed.
But soon *he* shall wake, and with joy lift *his* head.

4 The spirit is flown
In peace to God's throne,
To praise God our Saviour, and know as *he*'s known.

5 *He* sings now above,
Made perfect in love,
And never, O never, *he* thence shall remove.

6 *He* rests now in peace,
Beholds the Lord's face,
Thrice happy, so early to finish *his* race.

7 For that blessed day
We earnestly pray;
Lord Jesus, come quickly, and make no delay.

1050. T. 586.

MOST holy Lord, mankind's Creator,
Who, to redeem us by thy death,
Assumedst feeble human nature,
We call on thee in humble faith:
O hear our fervent supplication,
Let all our children thy salvation,
Thy tender love and care.
In largest measure share;
For thine they are.

B. For Boys.

1051.* T. 164

BELOVED youths, if 'tis your aim
To be like Christ your Saviour,
And to extol his saving name
In word and in behaviour;
With an obedient mind
Be to his will resign'd,
He by his blood will wash you clean,
And free you from the power of sin.

2 O may it be our hearts' delight,
Amidst his flock with pleasure
To obey him, walk as in his sight,
And serve him in our measure:
For every thing that's good
And just, flows from his blood;
An humble, chaste, and holy heart,
He, and he only can impart.

3 The meek, obedient, simple mind,
Faithful in every station,
To wisdom's peaceful path inclin'd,
And cheerful resignation,
The blessed fruit will prove
Of that unfeigned love [faith
To Christ, which is produc'd by
In him and his atoning death.

1052.* T. 37.

WOULD our youth grow in grace,
Wisdom and favour,
As truly was the case
With Christ our Saviour;
Let them continually
View him in spirit:
To them he will apply
His precious merit.

2 He who without delay
To Jesus turneth,
With confidence doth pray,
And humbly mourneth,
Shall certainly receive,
(O boundless favour,)
Forgiveness of his sins
From Christ our Saviour.

3 If we with uprightness
'Fore him discover
Our wants, then our distress
Will soon be over:
He 'll cure most graciously
Our worst diseases,
And fill us constantly
With thanks and praises.

1053. T. 23.

JESUS hath procur'd salvation
For mankind in every station:
Every youth that loves our Saviour,
Imitates his chaste behaviour.

2 If we, when by guilt oppressed,
Look to Christ, our pattern blessed,
He will graciously direct us,
And from every sin protect us.

1054. T. 79.

MIGHT we unto our Saviour
Lift up our hearts with fervour,
Each day, and pray for grace
To obtain a true sensation
Of Jesus' great salvation,
And of our fall and sinfulness.

1055.* T. 166.

O MAY we all Christ's name con-
In our whole conversation, [fess
And each one, through our Saviour's
Be faithful in his station; [grace,
May in our very looks be seen
That we, through Jesus' merit,
Are humble, steady, chaste, and
And guided by his Spirit. [clean,

1056.* T. 58.

WHAT glorious pattern for the
heart and mind,
O Jesus, doth each true believer find
In thy words and actions, and whole
behaviour:
We pray thee, grant to all our youth
the favour To follow thee

C. For Unmarried Men.

1057. T. 590.

HOW shall a young man cleanse his
way?
By following close his word
Who once on earth a young man
Jesus, our God and Lord: [was,
His word is spirit and is power;
True life doth flow from him;
Our food his sacred flesh, our drink
His blood, that healing stream.

2 We now no longer need remain
Fast bound in chains of sin:
Whoe'er believes, is free indeed,
And by his word made clean:

Since Jesus on the accursed cross
The power of sin did quell,
When sin assails, to him we look,
And thus the foe repel.

3 Ye chosen people of the Lord,
In whom his power we trace,
If in obedience to his word
You're render'd clean through grace;
His dying love be yet impress'd
More clearly on each heart,
And whether you're at work or rest,
To love him be your part.

4 Ye purchas'd souls, Christ's happy flock,
Be to his will resign'd,
And gladly offer up to him
Your body, soul, and mind:
Oh, if the bleeding Lamb of God,
Who died us to redeem,
But call, who can his call withstand?
Who would not follow him?

1058.* T. 166.

DEAR brethren, let us take to heart
The teaching of the Spirit;
He'll every grace to us impart,
Which Jesus Christ did merit;
Who, by all that he did and said
In his humiliation,
Hath boundless blessings merited,
And sanctified our station.

1059. T. 45.

THEE, God's own Son,—with joy we own
To be our dearest Brother;
Heaven and earth do not afford
Like to thee another.

But oh, might we—such brethren be
Of whom thou'rt not ashamed;
Might, by all we do, thy grace
Loudly be proclaimed.

1060.* T. 166.

JESUS, we now devote to thee
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Since thou to us prosperity
Impartest thro' thy merit:
In thought and deed we wish to be
Like thee, that each who sees us
May in us some resemblance see
Of our great pattern, Jesus.

1061. T. 56.

BLESSED Saviour, :‖: with love's sacred fire, [inspire;
We entreat thee, :‖: all our souls
By thy death O set us free
From sin's cruel slavery: [desire.
Then to serve thee :‖: will be our

2 Chains of darkness, :‖: wherewith men are bound, [found;
Now are broken, :‖: and a help is
They who gladly would be free,
May by Christ deliver'd be;
This to sinners :‖: is a joyful sound.

3 Nought but blessings :‖: he for us intends,
And his mercy :‖: never, never ends;
Let us look unto the cross,
Where he died to ransom us,
On that offering :‖: faith alone depends.

4 As thy chosen :‖: blood-bought property,
We'll know nothing, :‖: slaughter'd Lamb, but thee:
Thou shalt be our Lord and God
Of redemption in thy blood
To all nations :‖: we will testify.

1062. T. 97.

YE brethren, sav'd by Jesus' blood,
Let us prepare to serve our God,
Remember our Redeemer's toil,
Supply our lamps of faith with oil;
To him devote ourselves each day anew [his due.
With soul and body, for they are

2 Then let us rise and serve the Lord, [word
Go, when he calls, proclaim the
Of his atonement far and near,
Count not our lives for him too dear, [slaves,
Declare to negroes, savages, and
That Jesus' blood the vilest sinners saves.

1063. T. 185.

TO thy brethren ever be propitious,
In our hearts thy love reveal:
Grant that we may follow thee, Lord Jesus,
Fill our souls with ardent zeal,

To proclaim to many a heathen nation
Thy atoning death for our salvation:
May we constantly increase
Both in number and in grace.

D. For Girls.

1064. T. 14.

OUR Lord and Saviour doth attend
In mercy to our prayer,
And will us graciously defend
From sin and every snare.

2 For all who wait upon the Lord,
And seek for peace and rest
In him, according to his word,
Shall be consol'd and blest.

3 The mighty from their seats the Lord
Puts down, the hungry fills,
And to the weak doth strength afford;
He quickens and he kills.

4 Thus Mary could with cheerful voice
To all around declare,
"In God my Saviour I rejoice;
For he hath heard my prayer."

5 We're poor and needy; ne'ertheless
His Spirit teacheth us
To look with all our sinfulness
In faith to Jesus' cross.

6 When simply we obey his voice,
And to our Lord appeal,
In God our Saviour we rejoice,
Since pardoning grace we feel.

7 Jesus, in thee may we abide,
Grant us thy heavenly peace;
Preserve us from self-will and pride,
The bane of happiness.

8 Meekness and true humility
Unto us all impart;
Yea, by thy merits sanctify
And render pure each heart.

1065. T. 16.

BLEST are they whose meditation
Is directed oft by faith
To their Saviour's incarnation,
Human life, and painful death.

2 Blest are they who, as poor sinners,
Life and grace from Jesus gain;
They, tho' young & weak beginners,
Victory through his blood obtain.

3 Blessed they who live to Jesus,
Who to him their hearts devote,
Wishing to show forth his praises;
Truly blessed is their lot.

1066.* T. 168.

UNTO thee, most faithful Saviour,
We ourselves anew commend;
O look down on us with favour,
To our prayers and wants attend;
Grant us all a tender feeling
Of thy love and gracious dealing,
That our hearts may truly be
Fill'd with fervent love to thee.

2 This alone can keep us steady
In the simple path of grace;
And when any thing seems ready.
To disturb our happiness,
Lord, in mercy us deliver;
Yea, protect and keep us ever
From the world and sin secure,
And in soul and body pure.

1067. T. 56.

O BE mindful :||: of us, gracious Lord,
'Midst our weakness :||: aid to us afford;
Human frailty well thou know'st:
We of nothing else can boast
But the blessings :||: which thy death procur'd.

2 Lord, assist us :||: in each trying hour,
In temptation :||: grant us help and power;
We in thee alone confide:
In this world be thou our guide,
Keep us humble, :||: and in spirit poor.

3 From each idol :||: O deliver us,
Make us willing :||: to take up our cross;
Our diseases kindly heal,
To our hearts thy love reveal;
All beside thee :||: may we count but loss.

1068. T. 168.

BLESSED are we, if believing
In the Lord our righteousness,
And in lowliness receiving
From his fulness grace for grace:
When we find in him salvation,
Happiness and consolation,
And obey the Shepherd's voice;
Then we truly can rejoice.

2 Tho' we feel that soul and body
Are corrupt and void of good,
Yet the Lord is ever ready
To apply his cleansing blood;
With our weaknesses he beareth,
And in all our sorrows shareth:
In his knowledge, love, and peace,
Day by day may we increase.

E. For Unmarried Women.

1069.* T. 185.

WOULD you know the happiness enjoyed
By a child of God thro' faith;
See a virgin who, alone employed
With her Saviour and his death,
Vanity and worldly ways despises,
While the converse with her Lord she prizes,
And can in this mortal state
Heavenly bliss anticipate.

2 This, then, be our object and endeavour,
With his friendship to be blest,
And in our eternal Bridegroom's favour,
Find a true sabbatic rest;
Be each former vanity rejected,
May our hearts be by his grace directed,
Nor have any other aim,
Than to love the slaughter'd Lamb.

3 Happy they who feel the healing power
Of Christ's blood in every case:
May we follow him, & seek each hour
To preserve ourselves thro' grace:
May the virtue of his incarnation
Sanctify our walk and conversation;
We to him ourselves commend,
May he keep us to the end.

1070.* T. 583.

THE virgins who enjoy our Saviour's grace,
Are happier far than language can express;
Jesus, the Bridegroom of our souls, supplies
Our wants, and soul and body sanctifies.

2 His love produces love; and, kindled thus,
Love fires our hearts, because he first lov'd us,
When that all-conquering love is shed abroad,
Our souls within us magnify the Lord.

3 Lord, may thy love with gratitude inspire
Our souls, and to thy name be desire:
We thee entreat to form us to thy praise,
And all that's carnal wholly to erase.

4 If we thy rich forgiveness daily prove,
This will unite us, Love: Lord, to thee in
O make us all devoted unto thee;
Let us thy chaste and faithful virgins be.

1071. T. 16.

HAPPY they who oft for Jesus
Weep, from need as well as love;
They experience him propitious,
And his favour richly prove.

2 Happy they who are excited
Him to follow everywhere,
And are with his ways delighted;
He to such is truly dear.

3 Happy is the virgin's station
Whom he kindly owns as his,
And who counts his great salvation
As her highest good and bliss.

4 Happy who thus find in Jesus
All their wishes satisfied:
Ah, to them how dear and precious
Is that Friend who for us died.

1072. T. 16.

BLEST are they who human nature
Feel as vile, corrupt, and base,
But that every fallen creature
May be heal'd by Jesus' grace.

2 Mourning souls are truly blessed,
They that seek will surely find;
Jesus comforts the distressed,
To the contrite he is kind.

3 Christ, the bread that came from heaven,
Doth the hungry soul revive;
Unto those who thirst is given
Water from the well of life.

4 Blest are they who thro' his favour
Here in heart are purified;
They shall there behold their Saviour,
Who by faith in him abide.

5 Blest are they who in his merits
Have a share, tho' here despis'd;
All is theirs; what flesh inherits
They renounce, he's only priz'd.

6 Blest are they who, following Jesus,
Virgins are in deed and truth;
They have cause to give him praises;
Both the aged and the youth.

1073. T. 79.

THE Bridegroom of our souls we praise,
To him our grateful songs we raise,
That, freed from this world's thrall,
His purpose is, that sanctified
Throughout, we may in him abide,
And yield with joy to him our all.

2 Would we for those things only care,
Which are the Lord's, O let us bear
In mind the promise giv'n:
"Blest are the pure in heart, for they
Shall live with me in endless day,
And shall behold my face in heaven."

3 The purity our God requires,
Prompts us to shun all vain desires,
And every subtle wile,
By which the world the soul ensnares,
Or which the tempter's art prepares,
The weak and careless to beguile.

4 May happy Mary's better part
Be the fix'd choice of every heart,
At Jesus' feet to dwell;
To ponder there upon his love,
And in that meditation prove
Joy, heavenly, great, unspeakable.

5 Let us stand ready, let each light,
Trimm'd carefully, burn clear and bright,
Each lamp be well supplied:
May we by faith so walk below,
That all the friends of Christ may know
We live to him who for us died.

1074. T. 159.

LIKE Mary at her Saviour's feet,
We hear his word with joy,
Nor would we change our humble seat
For Martha's hard employ;
Now too, like Mary, when she shed
The precious ointment on his head,
Sweet fall our tears from grateful eyes,
While prayers like incense rise.

2 Still may we hear that healing voice
Speak to our inmost heart;
The one thing needful be our choice,
Be ours that better part;
Then of our works of faith and love,
Be this memorial writ above,
While others boast their fancied good,
"She hath done what she could."

1075. T. 56.

WE, O Jesus, :||: claim thy special care,
Lord, preserve us :||: from each hurtful snare;
May our hearts and senses be
Fix'd, in true simplicity,
On the sufferings :||: thou for us dear.

2 Us deliver :||: from the world & sin,
Let thy Spirit :||: rule alone within;
Every vain desire control,
And in spirit, body, soul,
Sanctify us :||: by thy grace divine.

3 In temptation :||: may we firmly stand,
Ever watchful, :||: as thou dost command:
Without thee we nought can do;
Strengthen and support us too
In all trials :||: by thy mighty hand.

4 Fix thy temple, :||: Saviour, in each breast;
Undisturbed :||: be our peace & rest;
Let us on thy merits feed,
In the path of grace proceed,
Be, in union :||: with thee, ever blest.

1076. T. 585.

JOIN to render thanks and praises
To your faithful covenant-God,
For the undeserved mercies
Freely upon you bestow'd:
Salem's daughters, :||:
In your happy lot rejoice.

2 He the Mighty, he the Holy,
From their seats puts down the proud,
While he lifts on high the lowly.
Fills the hungry soul with good;
He regardeth :||:
His handmaidens' low estate.

3 He his mercy doth remember,
This all they who fear him prove
Are we not of that bless'd number
Who are objects of his love?
Hallelujah, :||:
He for us great things hath done.

1077. T. 22.

THOU Bridegroom of the soul, be-
This part of thy beloved fold, [hold
Thy handmaids, who before thee meet;
Here may we find thy presence sweet.

2 Give us, O Lord, to feel thy peace,
And let the sanctifying grace
Which flows from thy humanity,
Make us well-pleasing unto thee.

3 O may we prove thy quickening power
And healing influence every hour;
Thy daily mercies then shall move
Our grateful souls to praise & love.

1078. T. 185.

TO the soul that seeks him Christ is gracious;
They who wait, ne'er wait in vain,
But experience him a God propitious;
He the feeble doth sustain:
Hungry souls he on rich pastures feedeth, [leadeth,
Those who thirst, to living waters
Hears the needy sinner's cry,
And to help and save is nigh.

2 Hath he join'd us to the church, his body,
O may we in him abide: [ready,
As wise virgins be to meet him
Be our lamps with oil supplied;
Looking unto him for preservation,
May we shielded be from each temptation,
And unto the end endure,
Making our election sure.

F. FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

1079. T. 14.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage-feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here:
Be thou our glorious guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts
Of all rich dowries best: [endow,
Their substance bless, and peace be-
To sweeten all the rest. [stow,

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine: [cheer,
Thy goodness more our hearts can
Than richest food or wine.

1080. T. 71.

O PRECIOUS thoughts of peace,
O undeserved grace,
That our Creator,
By love constrained, gave
Himself, that he might save
His rebel-creature.

2 The church, his ransom'd bride,
By him who for her died
Is much esteemed:
Unfeigned love in her
Doth to that Friend appear
Who her redeemed.

3 O might this mystery great
Be in our marriage-state
By our behaviour
Exemplified; and we
Be truly one in thee,
Our Head and Saviour.

1081. T. 22.

LORD, who ordain'dst the marriage-state,
When thou did t man at first create,
Thou who thy body's Saviour art,
To all of us thy grace impart.

2 The husbands sanctify and bless,
Thy mind upon their hearts impress,
Teach them thy Spirit to obey
In all they do, we humbly pray.

3 Unto the wives that grace dispense,
To cleave to thee with confidence;
Grant they may love thee fervently,
And walk in true humility.

4 Wisdom and faithfulness afford,
To train our children, gracious Lord,
That in thy knowledge they may grow,
Themselves and thee, their Saviour, know.

5 Lord Jesus, may each married pair
In all their walk thy praise declare;
O may their rule in all things be,
The union of thy church with thee.

1082. T. 159.

THE love which Jesus Christ displays
Towards the Church, his bride,
None can describe, it far outweighs
All other love beside:
Believing husbands are to prove,
By holy and unfeigned love
Towards their wives, that they in-
Resemble Christ our Head. [deed

2 The Church submits to Christ, her Lord;
"Thy will be done," we pray:
This teacheth wives who love God's
With meekness to obey; [word.
Adorn'd with true humility,
They aid their husbands willingly;
Are clothed with the beauteous dress
Of Jesus' righteousness.

3 To thee our vows with sweet accord,
Head of thy church, we pay:
We and our house will serve thee,
Thy word we will obey: [Lord,
Grant us and all our children grace,
In word & deed thy name to praise,
Yea, in each family, thy will
And purpose to fulfil.

1083. T. 590.

WE humbly thee adore, O Lord,
For thy unbounded grace;
Astonish'd, in thy sacred word
Thy love divine we trace:
Thou hast the church in love redeem'd,
Thou gav'st thyself for us;
We know we are by thee esteem'd,
When we behold thy cross.

2 The Holy Spirit hath reveal'd
To us this mystery great, [seal'd,
That Christ hath chosen, hallow'd,
Himself the marriage-state,
Him and his church to represent,
By love and unity:
Lord, may we ever be intent
On wholly following thee.

3 Grant unto every married pair,
By chaste, unfeigned love,
By meekness, patience, faith, and
And all we do, to prove [prayer,
That we, united unto thee,
Are truly one in heart;
Thus we shall live eternally
With thee, and never part.

1084. T. 205.

JESUS, lead each married pair
In the path of righteousness;
For thy service us prepare,
May we walk in truth and grace:
By the virtue of thy blood
Consecrate us priests to God,
That our marriage-covenant
Thee and thy church represent.

2 Be the carnal mind subdu'd,
All into subjection brought;
Purified, in heart renew'd,
By thy Holy Spirit taught,
May we more and more improve
In the lessons of thy love,
And unto our family
Edifying patterns be.

1085. T. 341.

FOUNTAIN of life and light,
Sole well-spring of delight,
Jesus, let thy blessings flow
Upon every married pair;
May we in thy knowledge grow,
Fruit unto thy honour bear.

2 O may our marriage-state,
In duties small and great,
In relations far and near,
In its trials numberless,
In all cases whatsoe'er,
Serve Christ's holy name to bless.

3 Constrain'd by Jesus' love
O may we clearly prove,
That we are his flock indeed,
Living branches in the Vine,
Heavenly plants, a holy seed,
Lights, who in Christ's image shine.

1086.* T. 9.

LOOK on every married pair,
Jesus, with compassion;
Grant that each may richly share
In thy great salvation.

2 Be thou with us, then indeed
We shall lack no blessing,
But with thee, O Christ, proceed
To meet joys unceasing.

3 O may we in all we do
Follow thy direction;
We commend ourselves anew
To thy kind protection.

4 Let our children, gracious Lord,
Share with us thy favour;
Grant they may be a reward
Of thy death for ever.

1087. T. 22.

O LORD, who number'st all our days,
Who guardest us in all our ways,
In whom we live, and move, & are,
Who know'st our wants, and hear-
est prayer;—

2 To this thy handmaid grant thy peace, [praise
Who comes to offer thanks and
To thee, her faithful covenant-God,
For the support thou hast bestow'd.

3 Thy powerful aid thou, gracious Lord,
In travail didst to her afford;
Her sorrows now are turn'd to praise,
Her sighs and tears to grateful lays.

4 O Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
Both child & mother bless & keep;
May they enjoy in their degree
The fruits of thy humanity.

5 Endow the parents with thy love,
And give them wisdom from above
To educate this child for thee,
As thy redeemed property.

6 Grant us and all our children grace,
So here on earth to run our race,
That we in heaven may meet, and sing
Eternal praise to thee, our King.

1088. T. 581.

PARENTS, weigh before the Lord
The importance of your state;
Learn from his most holy word
Your whole walk to regulate,
That each to his family
May a blessed pattern be.

2 All your children are his own,
He hath bought them with his blood,
Unto him their souls are known,
Full of sin and void of good:
Yet he saith most graciously,
"Suffer them to come to me."

3 'Tis by you they should be led
In the narrow way to bliss;
Grace is not inherited
As a worldly fortune is;
'Tis free mercy, we must own,
And the gift of God alone.

4 In this vain and wretched world
Children are expos'd and tried;
Many are to ruin hurl'd,
Few in Jesus Christ abide;
And no human prudence can
Save the soul of fallen man.

5 Here 's a task, may parents think,
Far beyond the reach of art;
But let not your courage sink,
Grace and wisdom he 'll impart,
Your sincere endeavours bless,
Hear your prayers, and grant success.

6 Hear, O Lord, a parent's prayer,
Let my tears prevail 'fore thee:
How should I in heaven appear,
If my child were not with me?
Therefore thou my steps direct,
Lest my duty I neglect.

7 In thy grace my children keep,
That when once, on that great day,
Thou shalt come to seek thy sheep,
I may gladly to thee say,
"Here am I, thro' mercy free,
And each child thou gavest me."

1089. T. 80.

I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear:
By actions, words, and temper show,
That I my heavenly Master know
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set:
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeas'd and reconcil'd,
A follower of my God;
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive;
Work in me both to will and do,
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.

1090. T. 166.

OUR children, gracious Lord and God,
With fervonr we to thee com- [mend;
Thou hast redeem'd them by thy blood;
Thy blessing on them all descend:
Kind Shepherd, take each little lamb
Into thy faithful arms of love;
Cause them to know thy saving name,
And thy redeeming grace to prove.

2 On us, their parents, grace bestow,
That we, with eare and faithful- [ness,
May lead them thee, our Lord, to know,
To obey thy word, & seek thy face:
Teach us the duties of our state,
To love each other heartily,
Our children so to educate
That they may love & follow thee.

1091. T. 83.

IN this world, so full of snares,
Take our children in thy keeping;
Hear the parents' sighs and prayers,
When for them before thee weep- [ing;
Mercy for our children we,
Gracious Lord, implore of thee.

1092. T. 586.

O MAKE each family a temple,
A consecrated house to thee;
May we by word and by example
To all around us patterns be: [ing
To every husband grant that bless-
To lift up holy hands unceasing;
And to the wives give grace,
Array'd in lowliness,
Thy name to praise.

G. FOR WIDOWERS.

1093. T. 22.

IN GOD, the mighty Lord of hosts,
A lonely widower gladly boasts;
No trials need oppress the mind,
For we in Christ may comfort find.

2 Whene'er by faith our Lord we
Cloth'd with our frail humanity, [see
Bearing our griefs and sicknesses,
This comforts us in all distress.

3 He is our Saviour & High-priest,
Who, when we suffer in the least,
Sustains us by his power and grace,
And helps in every trying case.

4 Yea, he supports us every day,
He is our comfort, help, and stay;
We 'll trust his boundless love and power
Until our happy dying-hour.

1094.* T. 22.

JESUS, accept the songs of praise
We lonely widowers to thee raise,
For blessings daily on us shed
By thee, who art the church's Head.

2 Grant that we all, with heart and voice,
In thee, our Saviour, may rejoice;
Let us in our retired state
The joys of heaven anticipate.

3 Fill us with peace, & joy, & love,
And our support in trials prove;
When weaknesses of age appear,
Keep thou our mind & senses clear.

4 This be our aim, on earth, thy will
To seek in all things to fulfil; [be
And, when thou call'st, prepar'd to
To leave this world and go to thee.

5 And when life's cares and conflicts cease,
Lord, let us then depart in peace:
Meanwhile thy coming we await
Like Simeon,—at the temple-gate.

1095. T. 14.

JESUS, our helper in all need,
And comfort in distress,
Thou art the widower's only stay
And hope in loneliness.

2 A foretaste of eternal joys,
O Lord, to us dispense,
And 'midst our weakness, bear us up,
Till we are summon'd hence.

1096. T. 167.

WHO for Israel's consolation
Here like Simeon humbly wait,
Shall behold the Lord's salvation:
Then their joy will be complete:
May we follow his example,
Trusting in God's promises,
Wait for Jesus, in his temple
Daily offer prayer and praise.

1097. T. 11.

ON our God we will rely,
Boldly unto him draw nigh,
And the Lord our righteousness
Both with hearts and voices bless.

2 We can from experience trace,
That in every trying case
Jesus truly can impart
Joy and comfort to the heart.

3 May we fix the eye of faith
On our Lord's atoning death,
Till we shall in heavenly bliss
See our Saviour as he is.

II. For Widows.

1098. T. 22.

'TIS true that our bereaved state
With various trials is beset;
But Christ, the widow's faithful Friend,
Will guide us safely to the end.

2 He saith to us repeatedly,
"Cast all your burden upon me,
For I in all things kindly care
For you, & in your troubles share."

3 Therefore whate'er our trials be,
Or weaknesses, or poverty,
Sickness of body, soul's distress,
Or sorrows which we can't express:

4 Our comfort is, that he doth feel
Whene'er his needy children ail;
He sympathizes with the weak,
Relieves the poor, and heals the sick.

5 Our prayers our Saviour kindly hears,
And numbers all our sighs and tears;
Afflict'ons, whether small or great,
His comforts can alleviate.

6 May we like Anna take delight
In constant prayer by day & night,
And thus for his appearing wait,
In joyful hope the Lord to meet.

1099.* T. 22.

GOD will the widows ne'er forsake,
To him we may our refuge take,
And on his care and faithfulness
Our whole dependence firmly place.

2 A widow, who her son belov'd
With tears bemoan'd, his pity mov'd;
And he his mother did commend,
When on the cross, to John, his friend.

3 Widows are objects of his care;
Since Scripture plainly doth declare,
That saints should visit in distress
The widow and the fatherless.

4 To Christ O may we closely cleave,
And in communion with him live;
To love the Lord be our first care,
The next, to serve his people here;

5 Till we, who here must often weep,
In heaven eternal joys shall reap;
Till he shall say to us, "Ye blest,
Enter into my joy and rest."

1100. T. 185.

WE with joy confess, beloved Saviour,
Thee, the widow's special Friend,
We are objects of thy love & favour,
Thou on us thy life didst spend;
Thou with more than husband's love dost lead us, [feed us,
Thy all-bounteous hand doth daily
All our wants thou dost supply;
Thus our cruse is never dry.

2 Thou hast promis'd, for our consolation,
That we shall not come behind
In the gifts, which to thy congregation
Thou dispensest, of each kind:
May we, to thy service dedicated,
And for thee, our Bridegroom, decorated,
For thy blest appearing wait;
Then to heaven our souls translate.

1101. T. 74.

CHRIST is the widow's Friend,
Our cause he doth defend;
For us he kindly cares,
And listens to our prayers:
His faithfulness and love
In every case we prove.

2 The feeble he makes strong,
With us he beareth long,
On him the weak can lean,
The youthful he keeps clean;
Each may in him confide,
Whate'er may her betide.

1102. T. 121.

BEFORE thee we appear,
Lord Jesus Christ, draw near,
Fill our hearts with gladness,
O wipe away each tear,
Dispelling all our sadness;
Make thy face to shine
On us, we are thine. :‖:

1103. T. 74.

O LORD, the widows' Friend,
To us thy Spirit send;
Be in our husbands' place,
Revive us with thy grace,
Give us whate'er we need
Widows to be indeed.

1104. T. 184.

THOU art our comfort, blessed Jesus,
To thee by faith O may we cleave;
For all thy mercies give thee praises,
In happy union with thee live:
Whene'er we call, thou, Lord, wilt hear us,
And blessings on us all bestow;
Yea, for that awful time prepare us,
When we in peace to thee shall go.

2 The needy share thy consolation,
The poor are objects of thy love;
Thou on the weakly hast compassion,
Thy sure support the aged prove:
Thou helpest us in our distresses,
Supplying kindly all our wants; [es
We 'll cast each burden that oppress-
On thee, who hearest our complaints.

1105. T. 168.

'MIDST the trials we experience,
May we not give way to fears,
But possess our souls in patience,
Passing thro' this vale of tears:
Wean'd thereby from things terres-
Let us look for joys celestial, [trial,
Waiting for that time, when we
From all sorrow shall be free.

2 Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit
Is our pledge of joys to come,
Of the bliss we shall inherit
When above with Christ at home:
Oh, this blessed meditation
Yields us solid consolation,
That we shall, when time is o'er,
With the Lord be evermore.

XXXIX. HYMNS FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

A. THE NEW YEAR.

1106.* T. 10.

YEAR after year commences,
And, as our life advances,
We, strength from Christ deriving,
Each year by faith are thriving.

2 As in tempestuous weather
A kind and tender mother
Her babe from harm protecteth,
And safely home conducteth:—

3 So shelters Christ our Saviour,
His children by his favour,
And proves in each temptation
Their refuge and salvation.

4 Lord, grant thy benediction
To every thought and action;
On youth and age declining,
Thou, Sun of grace, be shining.

5 O keep our souls and senses
Under the influences
Of thy most Holy Spirit,
Until we heaven inherit.

6 O God of our salvation,
Withhold no kind donation
From us, but let us savour
In this new year thy favour.

1107. T. 585.

WHILE successive years are wast-
Still our God abides the same; [ing,
All his words are everlasting,
All his works his love proclaim:
Men and angels, :‖:
Sing thrice holy to his name.

2 Out of love he man created,
And ordain'd him God's delight;
Nor was this his love abated,
When man lost God's image bright;
Then compassion :‖:
Brought redemption's plan to light.

3 Here is love divine portrayed,
So that man the lines may trace;
See, O man, God's love displayed
In thy Saviour's marred face:
Wouldst thou praise him, :‖:
Be thy theme redeeming grace.

4 Bear in mind how Jesus suffer'd,
He, the righteous, for the unjust;
How his sinless soul he offer'd
Unto God for sinful dust;
Love thus triumph'd, :||:
Mighty now to save the lost.

5 Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Now all enmity is ended,
Man is reconcil'd to God;
All the ruin :||:
Of his fall is now made good.

6 We shall see our Lord returning,
Then the sav'd their heads shall raise;
He will change their grief and mourning
Into notes of endless praise:
As Jehovah :||:
Every tongue will him confess.

7 Sing with glad anticipation,
Mortals and immortals, sing,
Jesus comes with full salvation,
Jesus doth his glory bring;
Hallelujah, :||:
Lord of Lords, of kings the King.

1108. T. 90.

LEADER of faithful souls, & Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place; [woe,—
But hasten through this vale of
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light;—
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The new Jerusalem to find:
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the new Jerusalem,

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiv'n,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King;
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way, with strength renew'd;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

1109. T. 14.

AGAIN another fleeting year
Of my short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Now a new scene of time begins;
Press on, my soul, to heaven;
Seek pardon of thy former sins,
By Christ it will be giv'n.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
Unwearied walk the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

1110.* T. 167.

FAITHFUL souls their Saviour's blessing
Crave on each succeeding day,
Asking, "Are we onward pressing?
What may Jesus have to say?
Are the ways of sin unpleasant?
Do we hold our Saviour fast?
Are we more like him at present,
Than we were in seasons past?"

2 Great defects are still revealed;
Short we fall of his blest aim;
Then the conscious soul is filled
With a deep but wholesome shame;
Earnest to improve the morrow,
We our yesterday review,
While the tear of godly sorrow
Saddens, but enlivens too.

3 Jesus, for thy faithful leading,
Which throughout our course we trace,
We adore thee, still proceeding
Onward in the path of grace;

While another year we enter,
We renew our vows of love,
All for thee resolv'd to venture;
Our benign conductor prove.

1111. T. 342.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise;
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found:
Yet mercy stay'd our doom severe:
"O spare them yet another year."

3 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year.

4 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

1112. T. 166.

LORD Jesus, 'midst thy flock appear,
Thy ransom'd congregation bless;
We meet to close another year,
Accept the thanks our hearts ex-
We are not able to record [press:
The boundless favours we have
prov'd; [Lord.
They show that we, most gracious
'Midst our defects by thee are lov'd.

1113. T. 97.

WHO can rehearse, most gracious
Lord,
The mercy which thou dost afford
Unto thy people every year?
We, thy poor congregation here,
Desire to thank and praise thee ever-
more, [adore.
And humbly in the dust thy name

2 For we, unworthy as we are,
Enjoy'd thy faithful shepherd-
care;
Thou always comfort didst impart
To every needy, contrite heart;
Thou didst to us thy dying love dis-
play, [day.
And wast our help and refuge every

3 The hearing of thy precious
word,
Thy gracious presence, holy Lord,
Have cheer'd our hearts abun-
dantly,
When met in fellowship 'fore thee:
But oh, what blessings were on us
bestow'd, [blood.
When we enjoy'd thy body and thy

4 Lord Jesus, we would fain ex-
press
To thee our cordial thankfulness,
For all thy boundless love & grace;
But how imperfect are our lays:
O take our hearts, to thee ourselves
we give, [live.
In future more unto thy praise to

1114. T. 184.

ACCEPT, O God of our salvation,
The sacrifice of praise & prayer;
Unto thy gracious invitation
Unto thy altars we repair:
Thou bidst us come; all things are
ready, [grace
The treasure of thy boundless
Is open to the poor and needy,
They ne'er go empty from thy face.

2 Thee we approach, most gracious
Saviour, [tears;
We pray thee, mark our sighs and
Accept our thanks for all thy favour
Bestow'd on us these many years:
We conscious are of our transgres-
sion, [blood,
Ah, cleanse us with thy precious
Seal with thy pardon our confession;
Thine are we, & thou art our God.

3 Thou God of mercy, thy salvation
Has been throughout this year our
stay;
Thy care of us, thy congregation,
Was manifested every day:
Yea, even trials and affliction
Prov'd thee our gracious God and
Lord;
In all we felt thy benediction:
We praise thee now with one ac-
cord.

O gracious Lord, thy name be blessed
By us, for all thy proofs of grace,
For all the gifts by us possessed;
Thou crownest all our years and days:
Tho' we with deep humiliation
Own, that we basely thee requite;
Yet will we joy in thy salvation,
Thou art our Lord, and Help, and Light.

1115. T. 595.

LET hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise;
'Tis duty mingled with delight,
The Saviour's name to praise.

2 To him we owe our breath,
He took us from the womb,
Which else had shut us up in death,
And prov'd an early tomb.

3 When on the breast we hung,
Our help was in the Lord;
'Twas he first taught our infant-tongue
To form the lisping word.

4 When in our blood we lay,
He would not let us die;
Because his love had fix'd a day
To bring salvation nigh.

5 In childhood and in youth
His eye was on us still;
Tho' strangers to his love and truth,
And prone to cross his will.

6 And since his name we knew,
How gracious hath he been;
What dangers hath he led us thro',
What mercies have we seen.

7 Now, thro' another year
Supported by his care,
We raise our Ebenezer here,
The Lord hath help'd thus far.

8 Our lot in future years
We cannot, Lord, foresee,
But kindly, to prevent our fears,
Thou sayst, Leave all to me.

9 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon thy breast;
Help us to praise thee for the past,
And trust thee for the rest.

B. THE SEASONS.

1116. T. 14.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are:
The changing seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew:
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft refreshing dew.

4 These varied mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own & bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand, all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

1117. T. 14.

O THOU, who givest all their food,
Causing thy sun to shine
Upon the evil and the good,
Earth's teeming stores are thine.

2 Thy covenant to man secures
The harvest of his toil;
Thy faithful word, while earth endures,
With plenty clothes the soil.

3 The wintry frost, the flowery prime,
Alike thy laws obey;
Each herb & blossom knows its time,
And feels the quickening ray.

4 Revolving seasons still proclaim
Thy all-sustaining word:
Seed-time & harvest speak thy name,
The promise-keeping Lord.

1118. T. 22.

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still has crown'd our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.

2 The harvest-song would we repeat,
Thou givest us the finest wheat:
The joys of harvest we have known;
The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stor'd,
O give us hearts to bless thee, Lord:
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace;
Ripen our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.

5 That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

C. MORNING AND EVENING.

1119. T. 22.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy former misspent time redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem;
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works, and ways.

4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of heavenly bliss partake.

5 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

6 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say; [might,
That all my powers, with all their
In thy sole glory may unite.

7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1120. T. 14.

WHAT secret hand, at morning-light,
By stealth, unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?

2 'Tis thine, my God,—the same that
My resting hours from harm; [kept
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.

3 'Tis thine—my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scatter'd round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

4 This is the hand that shap'd my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat;
That bare me oft through flood and flame,
Through tempest, cold, and heat.

5 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'Twould there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.

6 May that dear hand uphold me
Thro' life's uncertain race, [still
To bring me to thine holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

1121.* T. 10.

MY soul, awake, and render
To God, thy great defender,
Thy prayer and adoration
For his kind preservation.

2 With joy I still discover
Thy light, O Lord my Saviour;
My thanks shall be the spices,
Of morning-sacrifices.

3 Bless me this day, Lord Jesus,
And be to me propitious;
Grant me thy kind protection
From every sin's infection.

4 Bless every thought and action;
Afford me thy direction:
To thee alone be tending
Beginning, middle, ending.

5 Be thou my only treasure,
Fulfil in me thy pleasure;
May I in every station
Give thee due adoration.

1122. T. 26.

THAT favour grant to us, O Lord,
That we maintain our part in thee,
Unto thy voice attentive be,
And seek instruction in thy word.

2 Tho' often of encumbering care,
With busy Martha, we complain;
Yet, gracious Lord, we wish to gain
In Mary's happy lot a share.

1123.* T. 79.

MAY Jesus' grace and blessing
Attend me without ceasing;
Thus I stretch out my hand,
And do that work with pleasure,
Which, in my call and measure,
My God for me to do ordain'd.

1124. T. 22.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou would'st have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think this day,
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all, from thee.

3 Enrich me always with thy love,
My kind protector ever prove:
Lord, put thy seal upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4 Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorrest, let me flee,
And only love what pleaseth thee.

1125. T. 582.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to view;
And what I do in anything,
For thee alone to do:—

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend:
In all I do be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done to obey thy laws,
Ev'n servile labours shine;
Hallow'd is toil; if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

1126.* T. 89.

GOD, omnipotent Creator, [might,
Who madest all things by thy
Rulest everything in nature,
And commandest day and night,
Who the universe so wide
By thy power alone dost guide:—

2 Let my life and conversation
Be directed by thy word;
Lord, thy constant preservation
To thy erring child afford:
No where but alone in thee
From all harm can I be free.

3 Lord, my body, soul, and spirit
Keep in thine almighty hand;
Strengthen'd by thy powerful merit,
Let me follow thy command:
Thou, my glory and renown,
I would fain be all thine own.

1127. T. 22.

OH, timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise:
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restor'd to life, & power, & thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiv'n,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find, [price,
New treasures still, of countless
God will provide for sacrifice.

1128. T. 79.

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning-prayer shall offer'd be,
For thee my soul doth pant:
To me the enjoyment of thy love
Than life itself doth dearer prove;
Renewed strength from thee I want.

2 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
When I lie down sweet sleep to find,

And when I wake at night:
Since thou to me dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

1129. T. 14.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights;—

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows his mercies mine,
And whispers I am his.

1130.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, may I constantly,
Both day & night, be near to thee,
Both when I close at night my eyes,
And in the morn from sleep arise.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, my life & light,
I wish to love thee day and night;
Preserve my steps & guide my ways,
And let me live unto thy praise.

1131.* T. 14.

LORD, in the morning when I rise,
Accept my humble praise;
And when at night I close mine eyes,
Grant me thy pardoning grace.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, who is like thee?
Thou art, both day and night,
The source of my felicity,
And only true delight.

3 Thanks, dearest Jesus, for thy love
And great fidelity:
O may I truly thankful prove
To all eternity.

1132. T. 106.

O JESUS, may our whole behaviour
Rejoice thy heart and please thine eyes;
May we retire to rest and rise;
In thy communion, gracious Saviour,
Be present with us constantly,
Then shall we sleep & wake to thee.

1133. T. 16.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening-blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark & dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou, our Shepherd, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

1134. T. 89.

THROUGH the day thy love hath spar'd us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thy peace may we repose:
And when life's brief day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

1135.* T. 36.

LORD JESUS, thro' all temporal variation,
Thy loving-kindness be my consolation,
By night and day, whene'er I rest am taking,
Or when I 'm waking.

1136. T. 22.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

3 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure & light.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake, [take;
Ere through the world our way we
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

1137.* T. 22.

ANOTHER day is at an end,
And night doth now its shade extend; [raise,
To thee, O Lord, our hearts we
And thee for every mercy praise.

2 Yet we are of defects aware;
Forgive them, Lord; thy children spare:
Our souls be precious in thy sight,
Take us into thy care this night.

3 Now I'll lie down and safely sleep,
Lord Jesus, in thy fellowship;
Thus, under thy protection blest,
Will soul and body sweetly rest.

1138. T. 14.

THE hour of sleep is now at hand,
My spirit calls for rest;
O that my pillow may be found
The dear Redeemer's breast.

2 This night my longing soul with Christ
Would take up her abode,
I gladly would myself divest
Of everything but God.

3 The nightly watches would I spend
In fellowship above; [Lord,
Would hold communion with my
And feast upon his love.

4 Dead to the world when I 'm asleep,
I 'd be alive to God;
My soul would rest at peace with him
Who bought me with his blood.

5 O may I then of Christ this night
Be happily possess'd,
With holy angels round my bed,
And Jesus for my guest.

1139. T. 22.

THE hours decline and setting sun
Show that my course this day is run;
The evening-shade and silent night
My weary limbs to rest invite.

2 I now my soul and frail abode
Humbly commit to Israel's God,
To him who slumbers not nor sleeps,
And who his own in safety keeps.

3 Where'er I thee this day did grieve,
O Lord, me graciously forgive;
And with a mind from trouble freed
Let me sleep in thy peace indeed.

1140. T. 22.

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, & thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

1141.* T. 14.

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Be with me through this night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes;
Thou wilt not from me move:
Lord, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Oh, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promis'd rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

1142.* T. 165.

AUTHOR of the whole creation,
Light of light, eternal Word,
Soul and body 's preservation
I commit to thee, O Lord:

My Redeemer, dwell in me,
Let me sleep and wake with thee,
And perceive thy benediction
Both in joy and in affliction.

2 Ere I close my eyes in slumber,
While to rest I lay me down,
Let my grateful heart remember
All the mercies thou hast shown:
Fill my soul with sacred love,
Let me dream of things above;
And bestow on me the favour
Of thy presence, gracious Saviour.

3 Pardon, Jesus, each transgression,
Whether open or unknown,
Thus removing that oppression
Under which I else should groan:
I confess the guilt of sin,
But thy blood can make me clean,
Hear, O Lord, my supplication,
Grant me joy and consolation.

1143.* T. 164.

IN peace will I lie down to sleep;
O faithful Lord and Saviour,
Me under thy protection keep;
Let me enjoy thy favour:
Ev'n death I need not fear,
If thou to me art near;
For who with Jesus shuts his eyes,
He also shall with Jesus rise.

2 As oft this night as my pulse beats,
My spirit would embrace thee;
Oft as my heart its throbs repeats,
May I adore and praise thee:
Thus I can go to rest
In thy communion blest,
United unto thee by faith;
Thou art my joy in life and death.

1144. T. 157.

ERE I sleep, for every favour
Which my God—hath bestow'd,
I will bless my Saviour:
O my Lord, what shall I render
Unto thee?—Thou shalt be
This night my defender.

2 Thou, my Rock, my Strength, and Tower.
While I sleep,—deign to keep
Watch from hour to hour:
Visit me with thy salvation;
Be thou near,—that thy care
Guard my habitation.

1145. T. 14.

REFRESH me, Lord, with grace
Unto thy cross I flee, [divine,
And to thy care my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

2 Besprinkled with thy precious [blood,
May I lie down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

1146.* T. 14.

CHRIST'S precious blood, which from each vein
Our sin and curse forth press'd,
When, overwhelm'd with grief and [pain,
His soul was sore distress'd;

2 May that refresh us while we sleep,
And sanctify our rest,
And while we dream our spirits keep
With him in union blest.

1147. T. 79.

NO farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day;
Turn in, my Lord, with me:
And in the morning when I wake,
Me under thy protection take;
Thus day and night I spend with thee.

1148.* T. 79.

TO rest I now again retire,
Jesus, thy presence I desire,
Of thee I wish to dream;
Still near to thee by faith to keep,
And taste thy goodness while I sleep,
Who didst my soul with blood redeem.

1149.* T. 68.

JESUS, hear our prayer,
For thy children care;
While we sleep protect and bless us,
With thy pardon now refresh us:
Leave thy peace divine
With us, we are thine.

CRADLE HYMNS.

1150. T. 16.

HUSH, dear child, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

1162. T. 157.

JESUS, thou art my salvation;
Bow thine ear,—hear my prayer,
Grant my supplication:
Lo, thou seest me here a stranger;
Unto me—gracious be;
Lord, avert all danger.

2 In distress be thou my Saviour;
Hear my prayers,—see my tears,
Show thy servant favour:
Thro' life's journey safely lead me;
Guide my way,—lest I stray
From the hand that made me.

1163. T. 14.

FATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother we commend
To thy paternal care.

2 Before him set an open door;
His various efforts bless;
On him thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.

3 Endow him with a heavenly mind;
Supply his every need;
Make him in spirit meek, resign'd,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him by thy grace;
And guard him by thy mighty power,
Till he shall end his race.

5 Then, follow'd by a numerous train
Gather'd from heathen lands,
A crown of life may he obtain
From his Redeemer's hands.

1164.* T. 26.

LORD, let thy presence with us go,
Throughout our journey us direct,
Thy angels guard us and protect,
Yea, prosper thou whate'er we do.

1165. T. 22.

THIS ship we now commend to thee,
Thou God of providence & grace;
Here may thy presence ever dwell,
To sanctify and bless the place.

2 Lord, speed the vessel in its course:
Let winds & waves propitious be;
Let thy divine protection shield
All whom we now commend to thee.

3 Hallow'd to thee be every heart:
Instructed in thy righteous will,
Where'er they go, whate'er they do,
In all, thy great designs fulfil.

4 O God of Bethel, hear our prayer,
And keep thy servants to the end;
Then let us meet around thy throne,
A blest eternity to spend.

1166. T. 583.

PRESERVE this ship & company,
O Lord, [afford;
And thy protecting aid to them
Be their support when waves and tempests roar,
And bring them safely to their destin'd shore.

1167.* T. 97.

WHEN Jesus calls we ready stand,
Our future life is in his hand:
Tho' separated for a time,
We yet continue one in him;
And therefore, while we part, need not complain,
As if we never were to meet again.

1168. T. 14.

BLEST be that sacred covenant-
Uniting tho' we part; [love,
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And while we in his footsteps tread,
Show forth his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk with him,
And nothing know beside,
Nought else desire, nought else esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part
Those who, enjoying Jesus' grace,
In him are one in heart.

5 Soon will he wipe off every tear,
On Canaan's blissful shore,
Where all who friends in Jesus are,
Shall meet to part no more.

F. For the Sick.

1169. T. 166.

WHEN pining sickness wastes the frame,
Acute disease or weakening pain;
When life fast spends its feeble flame, [vain;
And all the help of man proves
Joyless and flat all things appear,
Languid the spirits, weak the flesh,
No medicines case, nor cordials cheer,
Food can't support, nor sleep refresh;

2 Then, then to have recourse to God,
To pray to him in time of need,
And feel the balm of Jesus' blood;
This is to find a friend indeed:
And this, O Christian, is thy lot,
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith;
He 'll never leave thee, doubt it not,
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

3 When flesh decays, when vigour fails, [be;
He will thy strength and portion
Support thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, Trust in me:
Himself will be thy helping friend,
Thy good physician, nay, thy nurse,
To make thy bed will condescend,
And from affliction take the curse.

1170. T. 22.

THO' I'm in body full of pain,
My soul doth heavenly comfort gain;
And death itself I need not dread,
Since Jesus suffer'd in my stead.

2 Yet one thing will I ask of thee:
Never, O Lord, forsake thou me;
But bless me often, keep my mind
Stay'd on thy help, to thee resign'd:

3 Then I shall be supremely blest,
Nor ask, tho' sick, to be releas'd;
I 'll wait thy time, thy love I feel,
I know thou rulest all things well.

1171. T. 22.

MY body 's weak, my heart unclean,
I pine with sickness and with sin;
My strength decays, my spirits droop, [up.
Bow'd down with guilt, I can't look

2 To thee, O Lord, in faith I turn,
Who all my sicknesses hast borne;
Sin thou hadst none, and yet didst
For guilty sinners, such as I. [die

3 Sin's rankling sores my soul corrode, [blood;
O heal them with thy precious
And if thou wilt my health restore,
Lord, let me ne'er offend thee more.

1172. T. 22.

OH, how I long to go and see
The Lamb of God, who died for me;
How do I languish night and day,
To hear him bid me come away.

2 His love to me, and mine to him
Constrain me, that I dross esteem
All things but Jesus, whom I prize
Above my life, or earth, or skies.

3 With pining sickness I decay,
Diseases wear my flesh away;
But I shall soon his leave obtain
To be releas'd from all my pain.

4 Quickly, O Lord, thy angels charge
To set my longing soul at large;
Quickly thy blessed hosts command
To carry me to thy right hand.

5 My loving friends, farewell, farewell,
I go with Jesus Christ to dwell;
He calls me to my heavenly home,
And says, "Come in, thou blessed, come."

G. Concerning the Holy Angels.

1173.* T. 22.

TO God let all the human race
Bring adoration, thanks, and praise;
He makes his love and wisdom known
By angels who surround his throne.

2 The angels whom his breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
With joy they in his service move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.

3 With gladness they obey his will,
And all his purposes fulfil;
All those who Jesus' children are,
Are special objects of their care.

4 Our God defends us day by day,
From many dangers in our way,
By angels, who for ever keep
A watchful eye, when we 're asleep.

5 O Lord, we 'll bless thee all our days,
Our souls shall glory in thy grace;
Thy praise shall dwell upon our tongues,
All saints and angels join our songs.

6 We pray thee, let the heavenly host
Be guardians of our land and coast;
Bid them watch o'er thy flock of grace,
That we may lead a life of peace.

1174. T. 22.

NOW let us join our hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs;
For sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain;
Not only say, He suffer'd thus:
But, that he suffer'd all for us.

3 When angels by transgression fell,
Justice consign'd them all to hell;
But mercy form'd a wondrous plan
To save and honour fallen man.

4 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die;
He who redeem'd us with his blood,
As man still fills the throne of God.

5 Immanuel, our Brother now,
Is he 'fore whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest interest claim.

6 But ah, how faint our praises rise:
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.

7 O glorious hour, it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see our God, who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

1175.* T. 70.

THE holy angels,
When they to Christ draw near,
Fall down before him,
Their God, with holy fear,
And with profound humiliation
Pay him the deepest adoration.

2 Heirs of salvation,
Redeemed with Christ's blood,
Their ministration
Demands our gratitude:
They 'll guard us till we shall assemble,
Where our glad voices shall fill the temple.

1176.* T. 249.

THE seraphim of God
Exalt :‖: their voices loud;
With joy 'fore him they shout:
Their holy choirs in heavenly blaze
Sing constantly with covered face,
Holy, holy is God,
Holy is God,
The Lord of Sabaoth.

2 Thereto the church of Christ,
His flesh :‖: and bone confess'd,
Sings, Amen, God be prais'd:
Above & here, one voice doth sound,
Praise him who hath for us aton'd:
To God in highest strain,
To the Lamb slain,
All glory be: Amen.

3 When Christ, once crucified,
Returns :‖: with his pierc'd side
In glory, to his bride,
And all the world shall quake with fear,
Then will with joy 'fore him appear
The countless ransom'd race,
And sing his praise
In never-ceasing lays.

1177. T. 14.

YE angels, who excel in power,
Praise ye, and bless the Lord;
Ye who delight to do his will,
Laud him with one accord.

2 Yea, all his works, in every place,
Extol his holy name:
My thankful heart, my mind, and soul,
Unite to praise the same.

1178. T. 590.

THEE, Lord, the angelic armies praise,
Those first-born sons of light,
But cannot look on Jesus' face
And bear the dazzling sight:
Ranks upon ranks, they fall before
His all-abasing name,
In silent ecstacy adore
The glories of the Lamb.

1179.* T. 141.

WHILE the pilgrim travels
On this earthly ground,
Watchful guardian-angels
Compass him around;
Like Elisha's servant,
He in faith espies
Hosts with fiery horses,
Flaming chariots rise.

1180. T. 166.

ANGELS astonish'd view their God,
As Son of Man to sinners giv'n;
With awe they saw his streaming blood,
Were struck, and silence was in heaven:
Now they, with all the saints in light,
Worship the Lamb enthron'd above,
And praise the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of God's stupendous love.

1181. T. 141.

HOLY, holy, holy,
Sing the angelic choir;
Might we, sinners, truly
Glow with heavenly fire,
Praising, all together,
Deeply bow'd in dust,
God, Jehovah,—Father,
Son, and Holy Ghost.

XL. DEPARTURE TO THE LORD, AND RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

1182.* T. 151.

FAREWELL, henceforth for ever,
All empty, worldly joys;
Farewell, for Christ my Saviour
Alone my thoughts employs:
In heaven's my conversation,
Where the redeem'd possess
In him complete salvation,
The gift of God's free grace.

2 Counsel me, dearest Jesus,
According to thy heart;
Heal thou all my diseases,
And every harm avert:
Be thou my consolation
While here on earth I live,
And at my expiration
Me to thyself receive.

3 May in my heart's recesses
Thy name and cross always
Shine forth, with all their graces,
To yield me joy and peace:
Stand 'fore me in that figure,
Wherein thou bar'st for us
Justice in all its rigour,
Expiring on the cross.

1183.* T. 146.

THE grace, enjoy'd by faith
In Jesus' incarnation,
His wounds, and bitter death,
That purchas'd our salvation,
Engageth our whole heart,
Prompts us to sing his praise,
Until we hence depart
To see him face to face.

2 If Jesus should appear
Now at this very moment,
What think ye, should ye fear?
No, we with deep abasement,
Yet joyful, would adore
The Lamb who shed his blood,
And own him evermore
Our Saviour, Lord, and God.

3 Ah, might the time soon come,
When he, our soul's Beloved,
Will fetch his children home;
Our inmost soul is moved,
To think we shall behold
Him, whom by faith we know
Chief Shepherd of his fold,
In whom we're one, and grow.

4 Hear thou our hearts' desire,
Most gracious Lord and Saviour,
Let us in peace expire,
And rise to meet thy favour;
And when thou shalt assign
His doom to every one,
Thy righteousness divine
Shall be our boast alone.

1184.* T. 74.

THE Lord my Portion is,
I know no other bliss,
Here nor eternally,
But that which flows to me
From Jesus' blood and death,
Whereon I trust by faith.

2 Thou know'st, O God, that I,
Were I just now to die,
No Saviour have beside,
But Christ who for me died;
He is my faithful Friend,
Whose mercies never end.

3 I shall, when time is o'er,
Behold for evermore
My Saviour, Lord, and God,
Who bought me with his blood;
And view the wounds which he
Receiv'd for guilty me.

4 The time to him is known;
Meanwhile be this alone
My care, that through his grace
I so may run my race,
That I in faith may die,
And live eternally.

1185.* T. 149.

YE, who Jesus' patients are,
Let your hearts be tending
Thither, where you wish to share
Bliss that's never-ending:
O may we—constantly,
Wean'd from things terrestrial,
Look for joys celestial.

2 Fixing all our thoughts above,
Where each true believer
Will, for his redeeming love,
Praise the Lord for ever,
Here, by faith—in his death,
We find consolation
And complete salvation.

1186.* T. 119.

HAD we nought, :‖:
Nought beyond this life to hope,
Here receiving our full measure,
Did no further prospect ope,
Laid we up no heavenly treasure,
Wretched were our state in life and death,
Vain our faith. :‖:

2 Here on earth, :‖:
Here on earth in tears we sow;
He who here goes forth & weepeth,
Bearing precious seed below,
Brings his sheaves with him and reapeth
There in joy, his sighs and sorrows [o'er,
Evermore. :‖:

1187.* T. 132.

THANK God, towards eternity
Another step is taken,
My heart with longing turns to thee;
Tho' not by thee forsaken,
I long and pant for my release,
When I shall hence depart in peace,
To be with thee for ever.

2 I tell the hours, and days, and years,
And think them tedious ages,
Until the wish'd-for time appears
Which all my grief assuages;
Meanwhile with haste I forward press,
Till I arrive, with thankfulness,
At my desired haven.

3 "Come," saith thy bride, who longs for thee,
And of all else is weary;
"Come," is her cry incessantly,
"Come soon, and do not tarry:"
Jesus, my Lord, my Bridegroom, come
And fetch my longing spirit home;
It is to thee betrothed.

4 I am assur'd, nor life, nor death
Me from thy love can sever,
While I abide in thee by faith,
And taste thy love and favour;
What tho' the time seem long to me,
A foretaste of eternity
I have in thy communion.

1188.* T. 244.

HOW soon, exalted Jesus,
Thou wilt to us reveal
Thy countenance, most glorious,
That none as yet can tell:
Meanwhile thy followers here
By frequent visits cheer;
As to thy first disciples
When ris'n thou didst draw near.

2 Till then, thou wilt call over
Out of thy family
Now one, and then another,
To be at rest with thee:
O grant us needful grace,
That we may run our race
Relying on thy mercy,
Till we shall see thy face.

1189. T. 11.

LORD, my times are in thy hand,
Be they then at thy command;
Let me live to thee alone.
Then the sting of death is gone.

2 Whither should I, sinner, flee,
Lord, for shelter, but to thee?
Thou hast gone before, in grace,
To prepare a resting-place.

3 Bearing my sins' heavy load,
All thy steps were mark'd with blood,
From the garden to the cross,
Suffering to retrieve our loss.

4 By thy bitter agony,
By thy life pour'd out for me,
O let me, a sinner, find
In my God a Friend most kind.

1190.* T. 14.

WHETHER the period of this life
Be long or short, we know
Tis in itself of no great weight,
We're pilgrims here below.

2 Thrice happy they who in this time
In Jesus Christ believe,
And as a living sacrifice
To him their bodies give.

3 He is, as long as life shall last,
The source of all their bliss,
And when they from this world depart,
They see him as he is.

4 Lord, may I live to thee by faith,
To thee O may I die;
For thine I am in life and death,
Thine, thine eternally.

1191. T. 97.

ALTHO' a pardon'd sinner's mind
To be with Christ is most inclin'd,
Yet, long as he remaineth here,
Be it a day, a month, or year,
If but his heart be daily cheer'd by grace,
He runs with patience his appointed race.

2 We in this world no city have,
Where we to fix our dwelling crave;
For as a traveller on the road
Oft rests, but hath no fix'd abode,
Life's comforts thus we welcome, not pursue,
But keep our heavenly mansion still in view.

1192. T. 166.

LORD, whither can I, sinner, flee,
When I go hence, but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have found no other rest:
When earthly cares engross the mind,
And turn my thoughts aside from thee,
Then the successive days & nights
Seem long and wearisome to me.

2 My God, and can a needy child,
That loves thee in humility,
From thy dear presence be exil'd,
Or ever separated be?
O no, for in thy wounded hands
By faith my name engrav'd I see;
Firm and secure thy promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends shall be.

1193. T. 96.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity.

1194.* T. 168.

MAKE my calling and election,
Jesus, every day more sure;
Keep me under thy direction,
Till I, thro' thy god-like power,
Unto endless glory raised,
In thy mansions shall be placed:
When in thee I end my race,
Weeping shall for ever cease.

1195.* T. 37.

MY happy lot is here
The Lamb to follow;
Be this my only care
Each step to hallow,
And thus await the time
When Christ my Saviour
Will call me hence, with him
To live for ever.

1196.* T. 124.

THEE we love and long to see,
Yea, dear Saviour,
We desire to be with thee;
But the favour
To have thee, tho' still unseen,
Ever near us
Doth revive and cheer us.

1197. T. 590.

OUR conversation is in heaven,
Whence also we expect
The Lord our Saviour, Christ, to come,
And gather his elect:
Then shall he our vile body change,
And fashion it like his,
A glorious body, form'd for realms
Of everlasting bliss.

1198.* T. 83.

CHRIST, my rock, my sure defence,
Jesus, my Redeemer, liveth;
O what pleasing hopes from thence
My believing heart derivetb:
Else death's long and gloomy night
Would my guilty soul affright.

2 Christ is risen from the dead,
"Thou shalt rise too," saith my Sa-
Of what should I be afraid? [viour;
I with him shall live for ever:
Can the HEAD forsake HIS limb,
And not draw me unto him?

3 No, my soul he cannot leave,
This, this is my consolation;
And my body in the grave
Rests in hope and expectation,
That this mortal flesh shall see
Incorruptibility.

4 Closely by love's sacred bands
I am join'd to him already,
And my faith's outstretched hands
To embrace my Lord are ready;
Death itself shall never part
Mine and my Redeemer's heart.

5 Flesh I bear, and therefore must
Unto dust be once reduced;
This I own, but from the dust
I shall be to life produced,
And, convey'd to endless bliss,
Live where my Redeemer is.

6 In my body, when restor'd
From the grave in which it slumber'd,
I shall see my God, my Lord,
With his saints in glory number'd;
In my flesh eternally
My Redeemer I shall see.

7 These mine eyes most certainly
Shall behold & know my Saviour,
I, no stranger, no, ev'n I,
Him to see shall have the favour:
Grieving, pining, in that day
Ever shall be done away.

8 What here sickens, sighs, & groans,
There o'er death shall prove victorious;
Earthly here are sown my bones,
Heavenly they shall rise, and glo-
What is natural sown here, [rious:
Shall as spiritual rise there.

9 Let us raise our minds above
This world's lusts, vain, transitory,
Cleave to him ev'n here in love,
Whom we hope to see in glory;
May our minds tend constantly
Where we ever wish to be.

1199.* T. 22.

MY life I now to God resign,
At his decree I'll not repine; [all,
My hairs the Lord hath number'd
Not one without his will can fall.

2 Lord, what is man! a clod of earth,
A needy mortal from his birth;

Brought nothing with him when he came,
And naked leaves this worldly frame.

3 Teach us to number so our days,
That we apply to wisdom's ways,
Knowing how swift our moments fly,
That all, both young & old, must die.

4 Evil and few, as Jacob says,
Alas, I count my pilgrim-days;
A stranger here on earth I roam,
Till God shall call his servant home.

5 How should I live in constant dread,
Harass'd by guilt, of death afraid,
Did I not know, God gave his Son,
Who did for all my sins atone.

6 'Tis he, my Saviour, Jesus Christ,
Who for my sins was sacrific'd,
And rose triumphant from the grave, [save.
That he my soul from death might

7 To him I yield my life & breath,
His love will guide my soul thro' death,
And bring me to the blissful place,
Where I shall see him face to face.

8 My flesh meanwhile doth rest in hope,
Till in his likeness I wake up;
Out of his hands no dust shall fall,
But rise immortal at his call.

9 This gives me comfort and relief,
In all my greatest pain and grief;
He 'll wipe away my every tear,
When he in glory shall appear.

10 Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly pray,
Me with thy righteousness array:
In garments of salvation drest,
I'm sure of endless joy and rest.

11 Amen, thou sovereign God of love,
O grant that, when we hence remove,
Our souls, redeemed with thy blood,
May find in thee their sure abode.

1200.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, fountain of my life,
Sole comfort in this world of strife,
I come both weary and oppress'd.
And pray, Lord, take my soul to rest,

2 When I shall yield my dying breath,
Support me by thy bitter death;
Thy mercy is my only plea;
Thy bonds have gain'd my liberty.

3 By all thy pains for me endur'd,
Thou hast eternal life procur'd;
Thy shame, reproach, and thorny crown,
Gain'd for me glory and renown.

4 Thy stripes have me, a sinne heal'd;
My pardon with thy blood is seal'd;
Thy agony, thy dying breath,
Redeem'd me from eternal death.

5 Unto my heart, when speech I want,
The utterance of thy Spirit grant:
O that my soul to heaven may rise,
When death in darkness seals my eyes.

6 Thy bitter death shall sweeten
My soul I to thy care resign: [mine,
Thou, since thou gav'st thy life for
Wilt keep me to eternity. [me,

7 How glad am I, that I have known, [done:
What thou to ransom me hast
How glad am I, that I believe,
Thou, when I die, wilt me receive.

8 Thanks be to thee, who hast endur'd
My curse, and life for me procur'd;
Nor doth the grave to me appear
A terror, since thou restedst there.

9 What songs of everlasting joy
Shall mine and angels' tongues employ;
How shall I to eternity [
Exalt thy love and mercy free.

1201.* T. 132.

JESUS, by thy almighty power
My soul from death deliver,
In that important, awful hour,
When soul and body sever;
To thee, my ever-faithful Friend,
My spirit I will then commend;
I trust thou wilt receive it.

2 Tho' guilt would fill my soul with dread,
Despair, & consternation.
I know I need not be afraid,
Since Christ is my salvation;

His precious blood, his wounds and death,
Shall, when I draw my latest breath,
Be my support and comfort.

I of his body am a limb,
This is my consolation;
And death between my soul and him
Shall make no separation:
He in me, I in him abide;
In him who for me liv'd and died,
I've found life everlasting.

4 Since he did from the dead arise,
And then ascend victorious,
I likewise in the hope rejoice,
To rise again more glorious:
Thus free from fear, I can in peace
Depart to see him as he is,
And live with him for ever.

1202.* T. 244.

IN spirit I am waiting,
Lord Jesus, near to thee,
Thy sufferings contemplating;
I know, they were for me:
I thee behold by faith
Bow down thy head in death,
I hear thee cry, "'Tis finish'd,"
And watch thy latest breath.

2 Thy sighs, thy groans in anguish,
Thy tears, a bitter flood,
When thou for me didst languish,
Thy wounds and precious blood,
Be present night and day
To me, while here I stay,
And at my dissolution
My soul to heaven convey.

3 'Midst joy beyond expression,
I shall abased be
With deep humiliation,
When called home to thee:
When I, completely blest,
Have leave with thee to rest,
Thy holy feet with rapture
By me shall be embrac'd.

4 O hasten thy appearance;
Yet as it pleaseth thee:
Meanwhile to me thy presence
Vouchsafe continually:
Fix thou my heart and eyes
Upon thy sacrifice,
Until my race is finish'd,
And I obtain the prize.

1203.* T. 151.

WHEN I shall gain permission
To leave this mortal tent,
And get from pain dismission,
Jesus, thyself present;
And let me, when expiring,
Recline upon thy breast,
Thus I shall be acquiring
Eternal life and rest.

1204.* T. 232.

LORD, let thy blest angelic bands
Convey my soul into thy hands,
When soul and body sever;
My body, tho' reduc'd to dust,
Thou wilt, O Lord, I firmly trust,
Raise up to live for ever:
Then shall I see thee face to face
In everlasting joy and peace,
And sing with all the saints above
The wonders of redeeming love;
O Christ, my Lord, :||:
I'll thee adore
Here and above for evermore.

1205.* T. 14.

O HOW I long with Christ to be,
And in his presence rest,
He draws my soul most powerfully;
I to his bosom haste.

2 Meanwhile may I in spirit view
His sufferings, cross, and death;
These to my heart be daily new,
Till I resign my breath.

3 Me for thy coming, Lord, prepare;
Grant I may ready be,
Whene'er thou callest, without fear
To meet and welcome thee.

4 Thou know'st my insufficiency
All my diseases cure;
O let thy stripes and wounds on me
Exert their healing power.

5 Thus will my wants be well supplied,
Thus will my soul with grace
Abundantly be satisfied,
And kept in heavenly peace;—

6 Until the hour shall strike at last,
When I, from sorrow free,
Shall hasten to thy arms and breast
And ever live with thee.

1206. T. 582.

THE spirits of the just,
Confin'd in bodies, groan, [dust,
Till death consigns the corpse to
And then the conflict's done:
Jesus, who came to save,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Hath sanctified the gloomy grave,
And made ev'n death our gain.

2 Why should we fear to trust
The place where Jesus lay?
He 'll raise our bodies from the dust,
And unto life convey:
Sin 's pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin condemning power,
But Jesus for us died.

3 Confiding in thy name,
Jesus, the church's Head, [frame,
We give to earth the breathless
Remembering thou wast dead:
A bitter death indeed
Was thine, O Lamb of God;
But from the curse thou hast us
By thy atoning blood. [freed,

4 O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, thy victory?
He that believes in Christ can sing,
"He hath redeemed me:"
Trusting in him by faith,
We now the victory gain;
In him we triumph over death,
Who for us rose again.

1207. T. 14.

WHY dowe mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their relics to the tomb?
There the Redeemer's body lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his saints he
And soften'd every bed; [blest,
Where should the dying members
But with the dying Head. [rest,

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising-day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet
And bid our kindred rise; [sound,
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

1208. T. 102.

WHERE is this infant? It is gone:
To whom? To Jesus who redeem'd
it:
It now appears before his throne,
Where he continues still to tend it,
His favour—for ever
To prove: he doth bear
This lamb in his bosom, 'tis safe in
his care.

2 He took such in his arms on
earth,
And show'd to them peculiar favour;
Hence we may know, that from
their birth,
He is their ever-gracious Saviour:
He gave them,—he takes them,
Whene'er he sees best
For them to come to him, and with
him to rest.

3 This infant rests now happily
In Christ, the source of our salva-
Rejoicing to eternity; [tion,
Join'd to the perfect congregation:
The body—we bury;
We know that, from pain [again.
Released, we shall once behold it

1209. T. 14.

HOW sweetly this our *brother* sleeps,
Enjoying endless peace;
The grave, wherein *his* Saviour lay,
Is now *his* resting-place.

2 Nought can disturb this heir of
life,
All worldly cares are fled;
To be with Christ was *his* desire,
And now *he*'s perfected.

1210. T. 16.

HAPPY soul thy days are ended,
All thy mourning-days below;
Thou, by angel-guards attended,
Didst to Jesus' presence go.

2 Trusting in thy Saviour's merit,
Thou hast seen thy Lord above,
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Reaching out the crown of love.

3 For the joy he set before thee,
Thou didst bear a moment's pain,
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

1211.* T. 79.

WHEN children, bless'd by Jesus,
To whom their souls are precious,
Depart in early years,
They are not lost; for heaven
To children shall be given;
Eternal happiness is theirs.

2 This child is therefore blessed,
Let no one be distressed,
Christ bid it fall asleep:
The body dead, the spirit
Will endless life inherit
With his redeem'd & happy sheep.

1212.* T. 14.

BLEST soul, how sweetly dost thou rest
From every toil and care,
Enjoying now, on Jesus' breast,
Bliss far beyond compare.

2 His sufferings have deliver'd thee
From misery, woe, and death; [be
His word, "'Tis finish'd," prov'd to
The triumph of thy faith.

3 Now to the earth let these remains
In hope committed be;
Until the body, chang'd, obtains
Blest immortality.

1213.* T. 483.

NOW rest in peace: :‖:
Our prayers, when dying, thee at-
Thou hast ended [tended:
Thy mortal life, and now thro' grace
Beholdest Jesus face to face:
The holy angels did convey
Thy soul to realms of endless day;
There bless thee, God,—the Father,
and the Son, [in One:
And Holy Ghost,—Jehovah, Three
With saints adore the Lamb
That sitteth on the throne.

XLI. THE LAST JUDGMENT.

1214. T. 585.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders,
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons :‖:
Will the sinner's heart confound.

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine;
Ye who love the Lord's appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine:
Gracious Saviour, :‖:
Own me on that day as thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken,
At his call prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, :‖:
What will then become of thee?

4 Then to all who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever :‖:
Shall my love and glory know."

5 Under sorrows and reproaches
May this thought our courage raise,
Swiftly God's great day approaches;
Sighs will then be chang'd to
We shall triumph :‖: [praise:
When the world is in a blaze.

1215.* T. 132.

'TIS sure that awful time will come
When Christ, the Lord of glory,
Shall from his throne give men their doom,
And change things transitory:
This will strike dumb each impious jeer,
When all things are consum'd by fire,
And heav'n and earth dissolved.

2 The wakening trumpet all shall hear,
The dead shall then be raised,
And 'fore the judgment-seat appear,
On the right and left hand placed:
Those in the body at that time
Shall, in a manner most sublime,
Endure a transmutation.

3 Woe, then, to him that hath de-
God's word & revelation, [spis'd
And here done nothing but devis'd
His lust's gratification:
Then, how confounded will he stand,
When he must go, at Christ's com-
To everlasting torment. [mand,

4 When all with awe shall stand
around
To hear their doom allotted,
O may my worthless name be found
In the Lamb's book unblotted:
Grant me that firm unshaken faith,
That thou, my Saviour, by thy death
Hast purchas'd my salvation.

5 Before thou shalt as Judge ap-
Plead as my Intercessor, [pear,
And on that awful day declare
That I am thy confessor;
Then bring me to that blessed place,
Where I shall see with open face
The glory of thy kingdom.

6 O Jesus, shorten the delay,
And hasten thy salvation,
That we may see that glorious day
Produce a new creation: [King,
Lord Jesus, come, our Judge and
Come, change our mournful notes,
to sing
Thy praise for ever: Amen.

1216. T. 581.

HARK, the trump of God is heard,
And the archangel's voice on high;
Yea, the Lord himself descends
With a shout that rends the sky;
Lo, the bars of death are burst,
See, the dead in Christ rise first.

2 His blest people, still on earth,
In a moment chang'd, arise,
And with them, in clouds caught up,
Meet their Saviour in the skies;
Fears and doubts are far remov'd,
Him they see whom here they lov'd.

3 See this transient, mortal life
Swallow'd up eternally:
Death, O death, where is thy sting?
Where, O grave, thy victory?
Thanks to God, thro' Christ we have
Victory over death and grave.

4 Now all tears are wip'd away;
Free from guilt, and fear, & pain,
All his ransom'd saints with him
Kings and priests for ever reign:
Henceforth his unbounded grace
Is their theme of endless praise.

5 In the hope of all this joy,
Brethren, let us still be found;
Steadfast in the faith of Christ,
May we all in love abound,
Till we shall, when time is o'er,
Live with him for evermore.

1217. T. 585.

LO, he cometh; countless trumpets
Christ's appearance usher in:
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See our Judge and Saviour shine
Hallelujah, :‖: [slain.
Welcome, welcome, Lamb once

2 Now the song of all the saved,
"Worthy is the Lamb," resounds;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds:
Great his glory; :‖:
Every knee to him shall bow.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Earth and heaven flee away;
All his enemies confounded
Hear the trump proclaim his day:
Come to judgment; :‖:
Stand before the Son of Man.

4 All who love him view his glory,
In his bright once marred face:
Jesus cometh; all his people
Now their heads with gladness
Happy mourners, :‖: [raise;
Lo, on clouds he comes, he comes.

5 See redemption, long expected,
On that awful day appear;
All his people, once despised,
Joyful meet him in the air:
Hallelujah, :‖:
Saviour, now thy kingdom comes.

1218. T. 590.

MY faith shall triumph o'er the
grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes:
Ere long I know he shall appear
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

2 Then, tho' the worms my flesh devour,
And make my corpse their prey,
I know I shall arise with power,
On the last judgment day:
When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him these mine eyes shall see,
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.

3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
Shall cease eternally:
How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Oh, hasten thy appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

1219. T. 14.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
Thy mercy I've not sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,—

3 That thou, O Lord, wilt stand disclos'd,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul:
How then shall I appear?
But thou declarest in thy word,
That sinners who to thee,
While here they live, repenting turn,
Shall live eternally.

5 Grant then, that I may favour'd be,
Full pardon to obtain,
Since Jesus Christ, to save my soul,
Upon the cross was slain.

1220.* T. 592.

THIS transient world is not our home,
No soul finds here or rest or bliss;
The man by this vain world o'ercome,
Will of salvation surely miss:
Jesus alone yields comfort true,
Jesus is pleasure void of pain;
His mercies every day are new,
His friendship's fire doth still remain:
How happy are,
The scorn'd selected few thrice
Who have in Jesus' love and grace a share.

2 His shame to all will be display'd,
However specious here his dress,
Who is not in the robe array'd
Of Jesus' perfect righteousness;
Who of Christ's fulness ne'er receiv'd,
Will tremble at the judgment-day;
However righteous here believ'd,
Then naked must he go away:
Haste then to Jesus Christ; thrice happy they,
Who to the mercy-seat have found their way.

1221.* T. 22.

REJOICE, thou happy little flock,
Which, grounded firm on Christ the rock,
Shall dwell with him in lasting day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

2 Who will not turn to him while here,
And love him truly, shall with fear
And trembling seek a sheltering place,
To hide himself from Jesus' face.

3 May Christ continue still to keep,
To feed and tend his dear-bought sheep,
Until his ransom'd flock shall be
Gather'd to him eternally.

4 Help us, O Lord, to watch and pray,
That we be ready every day,
To stand before thee thro' thy grace,
And in thy kingdom have a place.

1222. T. 151.

WHEN conscious sinners tremble,
To hear the trumpet's sound,
That bids the dead assemble
The judgment-seat around;
O then among that number
May we thy call obey,
Who burst the bands of slumber
To view a glorious day.

1223.* T. 16.

JUDGE me now, my God and Saviour,
Ev'n before the judgment-day;
Then to me, a worm, thy favour
Thro' eternity display.

1224.* T. 205.

ARE you form'd a creature new,
Cleans'd by Jesus' precious blood?
Can you Christ in spirit view,
Reconcil'd by him to God?
Rise, to meet the Bridegroom go,
Mingle with the virgin-row;
Have you oil, you need not fear,
Tho' this moment he appear.

2 Rise, go forth to meet the Lamb,
Slumber not 'midst worldly care;
Let your lamps be all on flame,
For his coming now prepare:
Then whene'er you hear the cry,
"Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh,"
You will not confounded be,
But can meet him cheerfully.

3 Let us walk the narrow way,
Watchful, cheerful, free from toil,
Trim our lamps from day to day,
Adding still recruits of oil:
Doubly doth the Spirit rest
On his happy, peaceful breast,
Who himself to praying gives,
Who a life of watching lives.

1225* T. 588.

YE virgins be
Girt with alacrity;
At midnight cometh He:
Cease all your mourning,
The Lord will be returning:
Him ye shall see
In majesty.

2 Now ready stand,
Yea, always ready stand,
The Bridegroom is at hand:
Sleep not nor slumber,
Let nothing you encumber,
But ready stand;
He is at hand.

1226.* T. 244.

PREPARE your lamps, stand ready,
Your vessels fill with oil;
Be clean in soul and body,
Let nought your garments soil:
Hark, 'tis the midnight cry,
The Bridegroom draweth nigh;
Arise, go forth to meet him
With songs of praise and joy.

1227.* T. 79.

LORD, for thy coming us prepare,
May we to meet thee without fear,
At all times ready be:
In faith and love preserve us sound;
O let us day and night be found
Waiting with joy to welcome thee.

XLII. THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

1228. T. 159.

MOUNT Zion, where the Lamb of God,
Who for our sins aton'd
And bought us by his precious blood,
For ever is enthron'd;
Where his redeem'd & chosen bride
Thro' endless ages shall reside;
Is here thro' faith in Jesus' name
Our joy and final aim.

2 Jerusalem, the church above,
Now triumphs over death;
And when we, perfected in love,
Shall once resign our breath,
We shall with all the saints in light
In cheerful songs of praise unite,
And with his chosen evermore
His saving name adore.

3 Deliver'd from this mortal clay,
From sorrow, sin, and pain,
We shall with Christ in lasting day
True holiness obtain:
Lord Jesus, hear our fervent prayer,
Us needy sinners all prepare,
By faith in thee to end our race,
And to behold thy face.

1229. T. 14.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know: [scenes
Bless'd seats, through rude & stormy
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
And feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

1230.* T. 97.

HOW greatly doth my soul rejoice,
That by my faithful Shepherd's choice,
My name is certainly enroll'd
Among the sheep of his blest fold:
May I by nothing e'er be drawn aside, [bride.
But be a happy member of his

2 My faith victorious now doth
Above all earthly vanities, [rise
And hath Jerusalem full in view,
That holy city, fair and new;
Thro' faith in Christ I am God's child and heir, [share.
And shall the glories of his kingdom

3 Then all old things will pass away,
And a new scene itself display;
We wait for thee, Immanuel,
Come soon, thy majesty reveal;
Our voices then in higher strains shall raise
A joyful Hallelujah to thy praise.

1231. T. 591.

RISE, my soul, & stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So, a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and we know,
Happy entrance will be giv'n;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

1232.* T. 585.

JESUS' life of grief and sorrows,
All his sufferings, death, & pain,
Prove in life our consolation,
And in death our joy remain;
Hallelujah, :||: [gain.
Christ's our life, hence death is

2 On his precious death and merit
All our hopes are safely built;
We rejoice in his salvation,
Freed from sin's condemning guilt;
Sing his triumphs, :||:
'Twas for us his blood was spilt.

3 Jesus yieldeth up his spirit,
Lo, he bows his head and dies;
From his death we life inherit,
Hence our happiness takes rise;
We now glory :||:
Oply in his sacrifice.

4 Jesus' body once interred,
Sanctifies his brethren's rest,
And the place which keeps their bodies,
Since earth lodg'd that heavenly guest,
Now is hallow'd; :||:
We lie down in hope most blest.

5 Our Redeemer rose victorious,
O what joy doth this afford;
Lasting bliss awaits us yonder,
Rais'd to glory, like our Lord:
Blessed Saviour, :||.
Ever be by us ador'd.

6 Conquering Lord, to heaven ascended
To prepare for us a place,
Pleading thine own blood and merit;
Here our faith rests on thy grace,
There in glory :||:
We shall see thee face to face.

7 Jesus, at thy blest appearing,
Freed from weakness, grief, and pain,
We, restored to thy likeness,
Then shall join the happy train:
Make us ready, :||:
Lord, thy glory to obtain.

1233.* T. 58.

HAPPY I am, yet o'er my happiness
Can ne'er rejoice but with a blushing face;
For it is mere mercy,
Remains a wonder
Of Christ's long-suffering, when thereon I ponder,
Now and always.

2 In the glorious presence
Of God my Saviour,
Tho' with abasement, this great truth I 'll ever
Own to his praise:—

3 That his incarnation,
His bitter passion,
And meritorious death procur'd salvation
And life for me.

4 In his great atonement
I 'll trust unshaken,
Until I once to see him shall be taken,
Whom here I love.

5 Grant to me, Lord Jesus,
Thy special favour,
Depending on thy grace both now and ever,
To look to thee,—

6 In that ever lovely,
Heart-piercing figure,
As for us bearing justice in its rigour
Upon the cross.

7 What ecstatic pleasure
Shall I then savour,
When face to face beholding thee for ever,
So as thou art.

8 On what joys celestial
Shall I be feasting,
When, in thy presence from all labour resting,
I sabbath keep.

9 Oh, what songs of praises
Will then in heaven
Resound, when all the ransom'd souls thanksgiving
To Jesus bring.

10 Lamb once slain for sinners,
Receive our praises;
Honour and glory from all choirs and classes
To thee are due.

11 Now let all say, Amen,
The Lord be praised,
In heaven and earth his name for ever blessed
By all that breathe.

1234.* T. 71.

WHAT shall I feel, when I
The glorious choirs espy
In bliss unceasing:
Already in my heart
Rays from bright Salem dart,
With hopes most pleasing.

2 I hear the enraptur'd song
Rais'd by the blessed throng
Of the redeemed:
Seated upon the throne,
The Lamb once slain alone
Is worthy deemed.

3 Rejoice, my soul, thou soon,
When here thy race is run,
Shalt have the favour
To go and join the blest,
And there at home to rest
With Christ thy Saviour.

4 Then shall our woe and grief
Find a most sure relief
In joys unbounded;
Triumphant songs shall be
To the blest Trinity
For ever sounded.

5 How blest when we can say,
All else is fled away,
And love prevaileth:
No longer faith and hope
We need to bear us up,
Love never faileth.

6 See, how the victors go
In raiment white as snow,
With glory crowned:
He grants to them thro' grace
Around his throne a place,
On whom death frowned.

7 The Bridegroom now appears,
He wipes off all our tears,
And ends all sadness;
To him I had resign'd
Myself, and now am join'd
In perfect gladness.

8 O Lord, grant my request,
To be in heaven at rest,
When 'tis thy pleasure:
Then to eternity
I ne'er shall parted be
From thee, my treasure.

9 At thy thro'-pierced feet
I'll humbly take my seat,
There's heaven's enjoyment:
To give thee thanks and praise,
For all thy love and grace,
Be my employment.

10 While here, I live by faith,
Relying on thy death,
For thou'rt my Saviour;
There I shall sweetly rest,
Reclining on thy breast,
In peace for ever.

1235. T. 136.

MY Lord and God,
Who hast for me atoned,
And in death's agony for me hast [groaned;
I weep for joy,
And raise my feeble song;
For both in life and death this meditation
Proves unto me a sweet and strengthening consolation:
My pardon's sealed with thy blood,
My Lord, my God.

2 The time will come,
When endless consolation
Will be their lot, who wait for Christ's salvation:
"I am redeem'd,"
Saith a believing heart;
"Ev'n here the Lord, whose mercy never endeth,
Wipes oft my tears away, and all my steps attendeth;
The time to be with him at home
At last will come."

3 Come soon, O come,
Ye hours, wherein for ever
With hosts of saints I too shall have the favour
To see my Lord:
With joy for him I wait:
Who knows but I this day may leave the body,
Call'd forth to meet the Bridegroom; may he find me ready:
I long to be with him at home;
Come soon, O come.

4 O happy lot,
To live in blessed union
With Christ, and with his church in close communion;
To look to him,
Prompted by love and need;
To feed by faith upon his death and merit,
And, purified in heart, become with him one spirit;
To love him, tho' we see him not;
O happy lot.

5 O happy lot,
To dwell with Christ our Saviour,
There to behold his countenance for ever;
In songs of joy
His holy name to praise;
To thank him for our blessed consummation,
And view his wounds, those pledges of complete salvation,
All pain and sorrow then forgot;
O happy lot.

1236. T. 30.

O YE heavenly souls, full joys possessing,
At the fountain-head of every blessing,
From your bright legions
Waft your praises to these lowly regions.

2 Songs of victory to the Lamb once wounded,
With immortal glory now surrounded,
O'erwhelm my senses,
And my heaven already here commences.

3 Hear I not the golden harps resounding?
See I not the crowds the throne surrounding?
Adore, adore him,
They exclaim, and prostrate fall before him.

4 O that I could join their adoration,
Lie with them in awful, deep prostration,
His feet embracing,
Bath'd in tears, yet hymns of gladness raising.

5 O Jerusalem, from God descending:
To thy pinnacles my flight I'm bending:
Begone for ever,
World & sin;—and welcome Christ my Saviour.

6 But what gentle voice my flight prevented?
Whispering to my spirit, Rest contented,
Thy days are number'd,
And thy sighs and prayers 'fore God remember'd.

7 Am I longer here, 'midst tribulation,
As a pilgrim to maintain my station,
May I unmoved
Lean upon the arm of my Beloved.

8 May the tears and sweat of Olivet's mountain,
May the scene of Calvary's purple fountain,
The dying Saviour,
Hover 'fore my eyes of faith for ever.

9 May this deaden nature's inclination,
Awe me from the world and sin's temptation,
And sanctify me,
Till each word and deed may glorify thee.

10 May I grow in spirit daily poorer,
Make my calling and election surer;
Thy word instruct me,
And thy guardian Spirit still conduct me.

1237.* T. 83.

JESU'S' sufferings were for me,
That my hence departing spirit
Full of joy and peace might be,
And eternal life inherit:
I 'm from judgment freed, by faith
In his meritorious death.

2 When I leave this world in peace,
I shall have the grace and favour
To behold him face to face
Whom I love, ev'n God my Saviour:
Then I shall for evermore
Him in endless joy adore.

3 When I shall permitted be,
To enjoy in fullest measure,
What his sufferings gain'd for me,
And possess salvation's treasure,
With what rapture shall I sing
Hallelujah to my King.

1238.* T. 119.

O WHAT joy, :‖:
O what joy awaiteth me;
I rejoice in expectation,
That I in my flesh shall see
Him, the God of my salvation,
And behold the Lord in endless bliss,
As he is. :‖:

2 Yea, Amen, :‖:
Pardon'd sinners, here rejoice
In this hope and consolation,
Till we shall with sweeter voice
Sing in the great congregation,
Thou, O Lamb, hast brought us nigh to God
By thy blood. :‖:

1239.* T. 45.

MY lot of grace—will be always
Beyond description blessed;
Yea, the bliss I shall enjoy
Cannot be expressed.

2 Him I shall see,—whose love to me
My heart hath captivated;
From his presence I no more
Shall be separated.

1240.* T. 208.

WHAT hast thou, Lord Jesus,
To redeem and bless us,
For us undergone:
Here we know but partly,
But there will be shortly
More of this depth known,
When above—we shall remove,
And shall live with thee for ever,
Our beloved Saviour.

2 I am lost in wonder,
When I duly ponder,
Jesus, on thy grace;
That I shall in glory
Evermore adore thee;
And that, face to face,
I shall see—eternally
Thee, the God of my salvation;
O what consolation.

1241.* T. 58.

WHEN Jesus had to his disciples giv'n
His blessing, and ascended up to heaven,
With deep sorrow filled,
They upwards gazed.
Then to Jerusalem their steps retraced
With inward joy.

2 When he in like manner
Shall be returning,
His church on earth will change her grief and mourning
To songs of praise.

3 This bright prospect fills us
With joy unbounded,
That we the Lord, who for our sins was wounded,
Shall once behold.

4 O might we, poor sinners,
For his salvation [summation,
Hunger and thirst until our con-
By day and night.

5 Thus shall we believing
Ne'er be confounded, [rounded,
And here already, with his peace sur-
Taste heavenly joys.

6 May we cleave to Jesus,
Till we've obtained
The prize, & till our faith and hope have gained
Their highest aim.

7 So as she believed,
Christ's congregation [salvation
Shall find it, and behold the Lord's
In endless bliss.

8 At his blest appearing,
Freed from all weakness,
Our bodies shall be chang'd into his likeness
By his great power.

9 Amen, Lord, afford us
Thy kind direction, [tection,
Keep us from evil, under thy pro-
Always secure.

10 Till we shall in heaven
Behold thy glory,
And free from sin and sorrow there adore thee,
World without end.

1242.* T. 205.

O EXALT and praise the Lord,
Laud his name for evermore,
Gratefully with one accord
With the angels him adore;
Thank him for the faithfulness
Wherewith he his witnesses,
Who in heaven are perfected,
Thro' great tribulation led.

2 Here by Jesus' precious blood
Cleans'd from sin & render'd chaste,
They, as ministers of God,
Him by word and deed confess'd;
In their Lord's reproach a share,
Hated by the world, they bare,
Now they, with the angelic train,
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

3 They, with patience having run
Their appointed race, in hope,
Have the crown of glory won,
Won the prize for them laid up;
Now they stand before his face,
Trophies of redeeming grace,
Pillars in his house approv'd,
Never thence to be remov'd.

4 In fine, spotless linen dress'd,
Palms of victory they bear,
By no sorrows now oppress'd,
Unmolested now by care,
Free from hunger, thirst, and heat,
They, possessing joys complete,
Unto living fountains led,
By the Lamb himself are fed.

5 Since we likewise may attain
To this happiness thro' grace,
And, by following Jesus, gain
With the saints in heaven a place;
May we tread the narrow path,
Not unfruitful in the faith,
And unto the end endure,
Making our election sure.

6 May we always have in view
The example of our Lord,
Faithfully his steps pursue,
Giving heed unto his word;
In our bodies while we've breath,
May we bear about his death,
That his life may even here
In our mortal flesh appear.

7 Let us call to mind with joy
Those who have before us gone,
Who obtain'd the victory
Thro' the blood of Christ alone;
That we all may zealously
Imitate their constancy,
Till we too the prize receive,
And with them in glory live.

1243. T. 205.

WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song:
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tear.

1244. T. 14.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they [stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy.
Tunes every voice to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

5 Hunger & thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun; whose cheering [beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine
And all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

1245.* T. 166.

ALL who in Jesus' presence live,
Remov'd from mortal vision,
The crown of righteousness receive,
In endless life's fruition:
They are for ever with the Lord;
We wait in expectation,
Till he to us the grace accord,
To join that congregation.

1246.* T. 149.

O HOW excellent and fair,
Goodly beyond measure,
Is the lot which we shall share,
And how rich the treasure,
When we see—bodily
Our beloved Saviour,
As he is, for ever.

2 Countless hosts before God's throne,
Where the Lamb resideth,
And, as God and Man, his own
To life's fountain guideth,
Now possess—perfect bliss,
Which to us is wanting,
And for which we're panting.

3 What here sickens, sighs, and groans,
There will prove victorious;
Earthly here are sown our bones,
They shall rise most glorious;
Death and woe—every foe,
Which us here annoyed,
There will be destroyed.

4 May this ever blessed hope
Fill our hearts with gladness,
And 'midst weakness bear us up,
Till from sin and sadness
We shall be—wholly free,
And above for ever
Praise our gracious Saviour.

1247.* T. 594.

AT God's right hand in countless numbers
The just made perfect, joyful stand;
And myriads more from earth's dark slumbers
Shall gain with songs the heavenly land:
Our souls, with sweet anticipation,
By faith these glorious realms descry;
And from each kindred, tongue, and [nation
We hear loud anthems fill the sky.

2 When, O when shall I have the favour
To see the approach of those blest [days,
When I shall welcome my dear Saviour
With solemn strains, with joyful [lays?
How bless'd will then be my condition,
When in my flesh I Christ shall [see:
Tho' happy in his love's fruition
Ev'n here, with him I long to be.

3 What heavenly joy and consolation
This hope affords unto my heart,
That Christ, the God of my salvation,
Will me receive when I depart;
Then in his presence I for ever
With the redeem'd shall sing his praise:
O make me ready, blessed Saviour,
To leave this world, and see thy face.

1248. T. 79.

WHILE we anticipate the day,
That calls our longing souls away,
What transports fill the breast;
For lo, our great Redeemer waits,
Unfolds the everlasting gates,
And calls us to eternal rest.

2 Ev'n now to our expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Ev'n now with glad survey
We view her mansions, that contain
The angelic hosts, the blessed train,
And shine with everlasting day.

3 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo, the redeem'd of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here crown'd with everlasting joy,
To sing his praise is their employ,
To hail with songs the immortal King.

4 We too shall join the choirs above,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
Where faith is chang'd to sight:
Then shall we mix with that blest throng,
And raise the ransom'd sinners' song,
In realms of everlasting light.

1249. T. 14.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and above;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till it shall hence remove.

2 My Saviour by his saving grace
Prepareth me for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Hath his own Spirit giv'n.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

4 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we would rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present Lord with thee.

1250. T. 14.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord, there shall cease;
And perfect joy and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

1251. T. 14.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church above no other theme
But Jesus' love doth know;
In joyful hymns they praise his name
We do the same below.

3 Him in his glorious realm they praise,
And bow before his throne;
We, in the kingdom of his grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

1252. T. 14.

THERE, where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I shall a long eternity
Spend in ne'er-ceasing praise.

2 Dear Jesus, every smile of thine
Will fresh endearments bring;
And streams of ever-new delight
From all thy graces spring.

3 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Haste, for my spirit longs to be
With thee, my Lord and God.

1253. T. 14.

GOD hath laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Will place it on my head.

2 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all shall it obtain who love
The appearance of his Son.

1254.* T. 205.

WITH thee, Lord, while I remain,
Thou wilt near thy child abide,
Till, thy perfect aim to attain,
I am wholly sanctified:
All my wants, all my distress,
I'll to thee, my Lord, confess;
Soon will come the happy day,
When all tears are wip'd away.

2 Amen, yea, Hallelujah,
Jesus, praise to thee be giv'n,
That a place for me, thro' grace,
Is by thee prepar'd in heaven:
Ah, how blest will be my case,
When I shall behold thy face,
And, from pain and sorrow free,
Live for evermore with thee.

1255. T. 114.

THE just made perfect, now in glory seated [bliss,
Around the throne enjoy eternal
Beholding God our Saviour as he is; [permitted
Ah, when shall I poor traveller be
To join that happy, numerous company, [see.
And my Redeemer face to face to

1256.* T. 588.

WHAT happiness,
What joy and happiness,
Lord, shall we then possess,
When we adore thee,
With angels fall before thee,
And see thy face:
What happiness!

2 Amen, Amen,
Then will in highest strain
Unto the Lamb once slain
Eternal praises
Resound in heavenly places;
Hallelujah. :||:

1257. T. 582.

FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
t times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease;
And sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

7 "For ever with the Lord:"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Ev'n now to me fulfil.

8 Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand:
Fight, and I must prevail.

9 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend this veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

10 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before thy throne
"For ever with the Lord!"

1258. T. 249.

TO God we render praise,
Who grants :||: us new displays
Of mercy all our days:
When Christ, the Son of man, again
Shall come, the angels in his train,
May all of us who here
'Fore him appear,
Then meet him without fear.

2 How great our joy will be
In heaven, :||: O Lord, where we
Thy glorious face shall see;
We then shall thee for evermore,
As the Lamb slain for us, adore;
In realms of glory bright,
With saints in light
In hymns of praise unite.

3 Repeat the solemn strain,
Worthy :||: the Lamb once slain!
Let all reply, Amen;
Blessing, and power, and majesty,
Thro' endless ages be to thee,
Who us by blood hast bought,
In mercy sought,
And to thy fold us brought.

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

1259.* T. 159.

NOW, Lord, who in this vale of tears
Dost lift thy gracious face
Upon thy church, which thee reveres,
And givest us such peace,
That sweetly we anticipate
The heavenly bliss for which we wait,
In thee rejoicing here below,
Ev'n while in tears we sow:—

2 O form us all, while we remain
On earth, unto thy praise;
That each one fully may obtain
Thy blessed aim thro' grace:
Till we in heaven thy face shall see,
May spirit, soul, and body be
Preserv'd by thee against that day
Blameless, O Lord, we pray.

CONCLUSION.

1260. T. 159.

SING Hallelujah, praise the Lord,
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice: [host,
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd
Praise Father, Son, & Holy Ghost,
Until in realms of endless light
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
Shall join the angelic lays,
And sing in perfect harmony
To God, our Saviour's praise:
He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings & priests to God;
For us, for us the Lamb was slain:
Praise ye the Lord:—
AMEN.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY. T. 600.

CHRISTIANS awake, salute the happy morn, [was born;
Whereon the Saviour of the world
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above; begun,
With them the joyful tidings first
Of God incarnate, and the Virgin's Son. :‖:

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told, ["Behold,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth, [earth:
To you and all the nations upon
This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd word, [the Lord. :‖:
This day is born a Saviour, Christ

3 In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find, [kind,
The long-foretold Redeemer of man-
Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the Babe divine [sign:"
Lies in a manger, this shall be the

He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire; :‖:

4 The praises of redeeming love they sang, [lujahs sang:
And heaven's whole orb with Halle-
God's highest glory was their anthem still, [good will:
Peace upon earth, and unto men
To Bethlehem straight, the enlightcn'd shepherds ran
To see the wonder God had wrought for man. :‖:

5 O may we hope, the angelic throngs among, [ant song:
To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumph-
He that was born upon this joyful day, [play;
Around us all his glory shall dis-
Sav'd by his love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels, and of angel-men, the King. :‖:

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4	251, 366, 402, 469, 527, 616, 889, 972.
9	(see T. 152) 111, 252, 639, 675, 822, 827, 892, 958, 963, 1086.
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15	358, 416, 467, 607, 830, 970.
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26	502, 504, 773, 780, 787, 797, 835, 884, 985, 1013, 1122, 1164.
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37	312, 455, 520, 844, 1052, 1195.
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69	611, 763, 843, 951.
70	1175.
71	98, 577, 842, 966, 1080, 1234.
74	353, 450, 908, 1101, 1103, 1184.
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79	(or T. 580) 23, 29, 42, 83, 88, 104, 165, 176, 229, 263, 303, 356, 376, 379, 382, 435, 441, 541, 578, 581, 590, 638, 652, 654, 671, 713, 716, 717, 731, 784, 805, 852, 858, 896, 920, 995, 1054, 1073, 1123, 1128, 1147, 1148, 1157, 1160, 1161, 1211, 1227, 1248.
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82	998.
83	14, 53, 172, 403, 464, 503, 565, 643, 691, 715, 999, 1010, 1015, 1091, 1198, 1237.
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89	15, 21, 446, 648, 1126, 1134.
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124	100, 492, 994, 1196.
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146	68, 175, 380, 412, 414, 673, 861, 883, 898, 971, 990, 1183.
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161	786, 811, 818, 924.
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234	437, 657, 771.
235	663.
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587	(or T. 596) 1049.
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